AEON TRESPASS
• ODYSSEY •

TRUTH OF THE LABYRINTH

· CYCLE I ·

Contents

What is this Book?	4
Special Cycle I Rules	4
Truth of the Labyrinth Main Story	6
Fated Conundrum	31
Plight of the People	38
Hidden in Plain Sight	44
Man of Purpose	51
Uneasy Rests the Head	59
Tears of a Minotaur	67
Dreams Laid Bare	74
Special Events	83
R&R Adventures	85
Dreams of Pharos	89
Inward Odyssey	92
Mnemos Breakthroughs	98
Hekaton Battle	108
Labyrinthauros Battle	110
Ambush Battle	112
Temenos Battle	114
There is No Maze Battle	116
Pursuer Battle	118
Pursuit's End Battle	120
Special Aftermath	122

Credits

INTO THE UNKNOWN STUDIO IS
Marcin Wełnicki, Mateusz Lenart and Konrad Rekieć
Idea and Worldbuilding: Marcin Wełnicki
Producer: Marcin Wełnicki and Konrad Rekieć
Art Direction: Mateusz Lenart
Creative Direction: Marcin Wełnicki
Game Design: Marcin Wełnicki
Lead Writer: Marcin Wełnicki
Writing: Marcin Wełnicki, Iain MacAskill, Sylvie Gorak
Additional Writing: Olivia Wood, George Lockett, Nick Henning, Thomas Warmbrodt
Editing: Katherine Kirk
Graphic Design: Mateusz Lenart, Daniel Comerci, Michał Teliga, Mikołaj Olejniczak, Marcin Wełnicki, Stephanie Gustafsson
Compositor: Alina Mielnik
Cover Art: Piotr Słota
Game Art: Mateusz Lenart, Jan Różański, Seweryn Borkowski, Michał Teliga, Augustinas Raginskis, Bartłomiej Fedyczak, Sarunas Macijauskas, Fotis Kalialis, Michał Orzechowski
Additional Game Art: Lius Lasahido, Rafael Dioli, Raul Tavares, Marcin Cecot, Tushank Jaiswal, Piotr Foksowicz, Gino Cruz, Ali Jalali, Luigi Terzi, Alessandro Depaoli, Piotr Gacek, Rakib Hasan, Mateusz Michalski, Łukasz Matuszek, Krzysztof Piasek, Azmend Undram, Alessandro Paviolo, Kamila Szutenberg, Piotr Kryński, Patryk Stefaniak, Damian Żukowski, Michał Motulewicz, Aneta Bielas
Test Lead: Marcin Wełnicki and Łukasz Walczak
Testers: Testers: Mikołaj Olejniczak, Rafał Skwarek, Stanisław Jakubaszek, Przemysław Mróz, Jarosław Losiak, Łukasz Bacherycz, Rafał Godlewski, Kamil Mroczkowski, Oskar Bir, Wiktor Krogulec, Monika Wocial, Dominik Czuba, Kevin Ecker, Tony Nelson, Yuseph Maghsoudlou, Geoffrey Fuqua, Tyler Scott, David Titus, Łukasz Smurzyński, Antoni Polak-Warchałowski, Bartosz Odorowicz, Jaśmina Przybysz

Adventure Hubs

Story I	Story II	Story III	Story IV	Adventure Hub	Battle Terrain
1–3	1–2			Fated Conundrum	Maze Outcrop (Inner 3)
4–6	3–4			Plight of the People	Giant Shell (Inner 3)
7–9	5–6	1–2		Hidden in Plain Sight	Minos Manos Unit (Outer 3)
10	7–8	3–4	1–2	Man of Purpose	Abandoned Temple (Outer 3)
	9–10	5–6	3–5	Uneasy Rests the Head	Giant Shell (Inner 3)
		7–8	6–8	Tears of a Minotaur	Minos Manos Unit (Outer 3)
		9–10	9–10	Dreams Laid Bare	Maze Outcrop (Inner 3)

What is this book?

The document you're holding is the Storybook for the first *Aeon Trespass: Odyssey* campaign (Cycle), "Truth of the Labyrinth." A Storybook contains all the Cycle-specific rules, main story passages, and adventures encountered through adventure hubs, the Inward Odyssey, Dreams of Pharos and Mnemos Breakthroughs and special events. It also includes all the setups for battles with this Cycle's Primordials.

HOW TO USE THIS BOOK?

All the general rules for using Storybooks and going on adventures can be found in the Rulebook. However, the first and most important rule of the Storybook is: never read the Storybook unless you are clearly instructed to! This will ensure you don't spoil the story for yourself or other players. Read only the paragraphs you've been directed to and try not to look at those around them.

Starting a Cycle I Campaign

Prepare the Campaign according to the standard rules found in the Rulebook (p. 11). If it's not your first Cycle I campaign, see the *Unfathomable Aeons* Special Event on page 84 (skip this on your first campaign run). Then, proceed to the Tutorial in the *Learn to Play* book or, if you intend to skip it, see the *Tutorial Summary (Skipping the Tutorial)* Special Event on page 84.

Special Cycle I Rules

Below you will find rules specific to the "Truth of the Labyrinth" Cycle. We highly recommend you familiarize yourself with these rules before you start your campaign. You won't find these rules in the Rulebook. They are, however, referred to in the master index (Rulebook, p. 76) in case you need to find them after completing Cycle I.

Campaign Loss

Some lose conditions will refer you to a paragraph that will instruct you how to proceed. If you are not directed to a specific paragraph, simply mark 1 fated box in the *Unfathomable Aeons* Cycle I Special Event. In both cases, the campaign is considered to be lost all the same!

» If 0 or less, see 0981

Example of a Lose Condition paragraph

Labyrinth Tiles

Labyrinth O *Labyrinth Z* *Labyrinth L* *Labyrinth I*

The Labyrinth plays a major role in both the story and gameplay of Cycle I. On the Battle Board, the Labyrinth is represented by Labyrinth tiles placed during Battle setup and as a result of some game effects (see Labyrinth X below). Red lines on a Labyrinth tile denote the *Obstacle* and *Obscuring* part of that tile, meaning that they block **Titans'** line of sight, movement, and adjacency. Titans can freely move through Labyrinth spaces not separated by red lines. **Primordials** ignore Labyrinth tiles for the purpose of movement and attack, but red lines block their line of sight for targeting. Finally, Labyrinth tiles connected by sides showing green lines are considered a single tile for some game effects.

Labyrinth X

Labyrinth track

The keyword "Labyrinth X" instructs you to place X Labyrinth tiles, following these rules:

· When instructed to place a Labyrinth tile, you place the tile of the shape indicated by the marker on the Labyrinth track, then move the marker clockwise to the next Labyrinth shape space.

· Unless stated otherwise, Labyrinth tiles are always placed **in front of** and **adjacent** to the Primordial. They cannot be placed (partially or fully) under the Primordial.

· If the tile is placed as part of an Attack, it must be placed underneath the Target, if possible.

· If you can place the Labyrinth tile in such a way that it would end up underneath more than 1 Titan, place it so it goes under the most Titans (the Target must be one of them).

· When instructed to place more than 1 Labyrinth tile at the same time, place each tile in a way that would not invalidate the placement of other tiles (if possible).

· If a Labyrinth tile would overlap with another Terrain tile (without the *Indestructible* Trait) remove the other Terrain tile before placing the Labyrinth tile (following the Terrain placement rules, see Rulebook, p. 34)

In rare situations, some of these rules may contradict one another. When in doubt, always prioritize the rules in the order of their appearance on the above list.

In some cases, however, there may be no legal way to place a Labyrinth tile according to the Terrain placement rules (Rulebook, p. 34). Specifically, Labyrinth tiles cannot:

· be placed (partially or fully) outside the Board Edge.

· overlap with another *Indestructible* Terrain tile.

If it is impossible to place a Labyrinth tile according to the rules, the keyword has no effect but you should still move the marker on the Labyrinth track.

Fear and Dread

Fear and Dread are conditions representing the otherworldly horror creeping into the minds of Argonauts as they face monstrous Primordials. They not only impair your Precision, but also put you at risk of gaining a Fated Mnemos. Note that when your Titan dies, conditions are not discarded. This means that an untimely death will make it impossible to rid yourself of these conditions.

Despair

Whenever you gain a Despair token in Battle or as a result of a Story passage, place it on your Argonaut card. These tokens greatly influence your performance in Battle. As long as you have Despair tokens and don't stand adjacent to another Titan, you gain the following penalties:

· **1 token:** You have -1 Precision.

· **2 tokens:** You have -3 Precision.

· **3 tokens:** You cannot perform .

· **4+ tokens:** Your Titan dies.

Despair token

Discard one Despair token each time you deal a Wound. All Despair tokens are discarded during the Casualties step of the Battle Aftermath. Note that if you gain Despair tokens outside of Battle, they will remain on your Argonaut card until the end of the next Battle or until they are otherwise discarded.

Despair Limit

When an ability raises or lowers your Despair Limit, it means it changes the threshold of death caused by Despair tokens. The Despair Limit has no bearing on other Despair effects (i.e. if you gain Despair Limit +1, you would die if you had 5+ Despair tokens, instead of 4+, but you would still not be able to perform [combat action] as soon as you had 3+ tokens).

Trample

Trample is a Trait that makes the Labyrinthauros a truly formidable foe. Not only is its movement less predictable, but it is also extremely dangerous to any Titans in its path. When a game effect instructs you to perform Trample, Labyrinthauros moves at full Speed in a straight line (without turning). It follows all rules of Primordial movement with the following exception: if, during Trample, Labyrinthauros moves through or ends its movement on a space occupied by a Titan with the *Knockdown* Condition card, instead of suffering Crash, that Titan must perform an Obol Draw (regardless of their current Trauma level).

Mazetouched (Affliction)

Mazetouched is a term used to distinguish people suffering from a mysterious ailment spreading throughout Crete. When you gain the Mazetouched Affliction, note it down on your Argonaut Sheet in the "Boons, Afflictions, Notes" section. From this moment onward, your Argonaut is considered to be Mazetouched. Being Mazetouched has no inherent effect, but beware: it will influence your game in many ways. Some say that it is possible to stop its spread, at least temporarily, through an exorcism of sorts. Researching new technologies on the *Argo* may bring you closer to discovering a cure.

Strangers

Strangers represent foreign forces infiltrating the *Argo*, as well as low morale, growing doubt in your leadership, and a general sense of alienation. These may be spies, saboteurs, or just disgruntled crew, but the result is the same: internal security has been compromised. have no inherent effects of their own, but may trigger other negative events and effects.

Map Symbols Key

The "Truth of the Labyrinth" map shows the island of Crete. There are several unique features to Crete and the following list is not comprehensive. **If you see a symbol you're not familiar with, don't worry.** Its function will become clear as you progress through the Cycle's story.

River space: These spaces are considered rivers and are not accessible without an appropriate Technology. The Restricted symbol is there to denote just that. If you don't know how to traverse the river, you cannot access Map tiles with numbers accompanied by .

Cretan City space: These represent a variety of mortal settlements. Some game effects and Technology abilities require the *Argo* to be on a City space. When an effect instructs you to place a token on an **unoccupied** , place it on a symbol **with no tokens** other than the Last Visited City token. Exception: Do not place any tokens on Knossos (treat it as an occupied for this purpose).

Truth of the Labyrinth Main Story

0001 So it begins

The Argo cuts through the evening waves as the sun sets on the hunched silhouette of Knossos, the Horned City. With great trepidation, the crew watches the shoreline for any signs of danger. Has the kingdom of Minos fallen, or has the calamity passed by the ancient metropolis, leaving it unscathed?

When darkness finally comes, you hear a collective sigh of relief as the city lights up with the calming glow of oil lamps.

But only a few.

"The fires of Knossos burned high and bright all year round, in remembrance," says the Old Priest who tended to you after your rude awakening, "for its king, great Minos of Crete, could not bear the passing of his favorite son, Androgeos. Now only embers remain."

"Still, if the Argo *is to sail the high seas again, we need access to Daedalus Vault, a thing only Minos can provide."*

There are many mouths to feed on the grand Argo *and the hold is all but empty. The engineers say the aeolipile engines will run cold without ambrosia to sate them and replacement parts only the great Daedalus Vault may contain. And the Titans are becoming restless, not having set foot on dry land for many days now.*

After some debate, you decide to send a landing party ashore to meet with the Minoans: a few envoys and an armed escort.

Choose a party leader and continue.

The pier is all but deserted, save for a few fishers tending to their nets and a beggar standing on an overturned crate, addressing them, like a priest of old.

As you pass the beggar, he catches your gaze and says:

"Have you come to witness the squalor of splendor, outsiders? The sins of the Bull and the Bull-slayer? You will soon learn that it is all meaningless. I clung to meaning for far too long and have been punished for it!"

You quicken your pace; you have no patience for raving madmen. "Only the Truth matters, though it is bitter!" he shouts after you.

You make your way into the silent, half-lit city. The streets are empty but well maintained, paved with ornate cobblestones and lined with statues of the gods, and the great Minotaur. Here and there you get glimpses of movement. Knossos is far from abandoned. It is fear that subdues the metropolis.

On your way to the palace, you may take interest in one of the following:

1. A mixed group of children and teenagers, their faces covered in strange tattoos of fine geometric lines.
Note "passage 0003." (do not go to it yet!)
2. An old, blind woman, crawling on all fours, looking for something and mumbling to herself, to the amusement of a few gaping onlookers.
Note "passage 0047." (do not go to it yet!)

You have no time for distractions, though, so you hurry past the curious gathering and head straight for the palace. There, the Horned Guard stand watch. Ah, so there is some semblance of order in the city after all, you think, and, after introducing yourselves, you ask for an audience with King Minos.

You cannot see the guards' faces hidden underneath the elaborate helms, but as they turn to each other, you imagine them exchanging meaningful glances. One of them enters the palace, but the rest remain silent. As time passes and more guards converge on the gate, you become uneasy. You are outnumbered and you chose—maybe poorly—not to take Titans with you.

The party leader tests Wisdom (7+) or gains +2 ▼ to get an automatic success:
Fail: *Someone loses their nerve and throws the first spear. The stalemate devolves into a chaotic melee. You are outnumbered, but their strikes are slow and weak and clumsy. These are not the elite but the leftovers, old and frail. You stop your men before too many of them fall to your blades.*
Minoans: Diplomacy -1. Hornsworn: Diplomacy +1.
Success: *One of your company tells a joke. Not a good one, mind you. Someone laughs nervously. Nonetheless, the tension that was building deflates and blades remain sheathed. They do not see your mettle—and you theirs.*
Minoans: Diplomacy +1.

The gate opens with a creak and a slender woman with jet-black hair emerges. She holds a torch in her hand. She gives you and the guards a fleeting look, as if this was what she was expecting.

"I am Phaedra, daughter of Minos," she tells you in a soft, soothing voice. "Follow me. There is much to discuss."

See 0068.

0002 The Absent Rule

As the morning mists part, you witness a view that beggars belief: an island metropolis to rival the fading beauty of Knossos. Among the tall white buildings of marble—temples, agoras, and academies—soaring machines of bronze scrape the skies and cast long, elliptical shadows on carefully preserved patches of greenery.

Yet it all seems unfinished, like the artist or architect got distracted halfway.

"A tapestry of ivory, gold and jade," says the Old Priest absentmindedly. "If only a fraction of the wealth spent here went to the people . . ."

You recall a Labyrinthian sermon you heard not long ago in one of the Minoan ports, a teaching of the one they call the Punished, a prophet of the Maze:

"We surround ourselves with baubles and build towers of dreams and ivory, but there is no escaping the truth that the towers will topple and the baubles are mere decorations on the walls of the Maze we are all trapped in."

You shiver.

"Let's hope we find Minos here and end this wild search."

The Argo *grinds to a halt just off the island. The rest of the way, you'll have to travel in less grand a vessel.*

If the Minoan Guide is with you, **see 0150.** If the Old Spinner is with you, **see 0151.**

Choose a party leader. They'll be going on foot. Each other Argonaut chooses to go on foot or to junction with a Titan and go that way (select a *Weapon* card too). More Titans means more raw power if it comes to blows, though only Argonauts can engage in diplomacy, manipulate delicate devices, and enter small spaces. Choose carefully, then proceed.

The city port is a far cry from the run-down docks of Knossos, though on closer inspection it's not all pristine marble and lacquered wood. The pier has weathered through years of neglect, water and wind and weeds biting deep into its foundations.

Further into the city, this aura of abandonment persists, joined by another, more bizarre look: the perfect unfinishedness of it all. Buildings cut in half like a fish on a chopping block, showing their innards. Skeletal towers, high but naked. Temples with half-sculpted statues, Olympian muscles chiseled, almost lifelike, with faces missing, still perfect rectangular blocks of stone. Incomplete pavements bring to mind discarded puzzle pieces. Among all this, bronze machinery looms cold and lifeless, frozen in motion, feeding rocks, laying stone, cutting wood.

Check these in descending order, line by line. If you meet the conditions of a line, see that passage.
If Labyrinthians: Unfriendly or worse, **see 0015.**
If Minoans: Denounced or worse, **see 0012.**
Otherwise, **see 0018.**

0003 *You cannot shake the feeling that there is something you are missing, so you split the party: your armed entourage continues toward the* Argo*, while you and a few trusted companions take the long way round. The narrow back alleys drenched in perpetual shadow tell a story of a different, more brutal Knossos. 'Beware the Bull,' says a sign written on a moss-covered wall with a trembling hand. 'Minos lies,' says another.*

You wander into a shaded plaza with an overturned statue of the Minotaur lying in the center. As you make your way across it, hooded figures flood in from narrow alleyways with clubs, sharpened stones, fist, and tooth.

You are quick on your feet and your spear strikes true. Blood spurts up like water from a wave crushing on the jagged coastline. But there is no triumph here, no glory to be had. A hood falls back, revealing the tattooed face of a young girl on the brink of womanhood. You stagger back, appalled at what you have done, as memories long buried boil to the surface.

Least likely party member gains the *Blood on Your Hands* Mnemos card. Each Argonaut rolls on the following table. Add +2 if you have the Minoan Guide with you.
1–4: *You struggle to get free from the scuffle, but are scratched and bruised in the process. Back on the ship, you notice black lines spreading from the inflamed wounds.*
Gain +2 **A**. Gain the Mazetouched Affliction.
5–8: *You struggle to get free from the scuffle, but are bruised in the process.*
Gain +1 **A**.
9+: *You manage to gracefully break free from the fighting without being wounded.*
Gain +1 **Ω**.
Regardless of your outcome, Labyrinthians: Diplomacy -1.
If the Minoan Guide is with you, **see 0007.** If the Minoan Guide is not with you, **see 0037.**

0004 Shape of Things to Come

You find yourself in an olive garden overlooking a peaceful bay, at a feast thrown in your name by the local Minoan leader, a governor by the name of Tryphena. The moon is high. Its soft glow bathes the revelers in silver light.

Outside, you do not have time for social visits, but the Argo does need to restock from time to time and without the cooperation of the locals you would quickly find yourself resigned to rationing. So, on a rare occasion such as this, you indulge your hosts. Besides, the last few weeks have put an unbelievable amount of strain on your crew, so everybody is due a break.

"To our most honorable guests, the Argonauts of the Mighty Iron Ship!" Tryphena raises a cup in a toast. Her face, flushed with red, reveals she does not spill her wine. "May your journey lead you safely to your destination!"

"Hear, hear!"

A shadow passes through your thoughts. The question has been eating at you since you were awakened in the Mausoleum. Who are you, really? Why are you here? Where are you supposed to go? The Argo may sail on its own, but you, the Argonauts, and the crew, are rudderless. You were driven to Crete by survival instincts alone, but that is merely subsistence. Apathy has started to set in.

"But you do not know that destination, do you, O Argonauts?" Tryphena continues amusingly, as if she read your mind.

"We—" you muster.

"Consider Theseus!" she interrupts you, clearly inebriated. "Like him or not, that was a man of purpose! He set out to stop the sacrifices, to kill the Minotaur, to topple a tyrannous king!"

You see the uneasy glances of the Horned Guard and of some of the older nobles, though the room is divided more evenly than you would have presumed.

"He had it all figured out! King Minos—"

An adviser rushes in, but Tryphena dismisses him with a rude wave.

"No, no, let me speak. King Minos, even the king, would have bowed before that will . . ." She starts pacing frantically along the low wall enclosing the garden. "Yet betrayed Theseus now lies dead, as does Princess Ariadne—a love unfulfilled, his designs mere drawings on the sand. The land is poorer for it, the people—yes, let me say it, dead gods be damned—the people made lesser for it. Fewer too!" she shouts accusingly.

She stops in her tracks and pierces you with a cold gaze.

"So tell us this, our esteemed guests: where are you sailing?" Tryphena's voice is now openly mocking. "Or are you drowning in the sea of life, like the rest of us?"

You have no answer.

"Then maybe it's time to embrace the Truth? It's all pointless anyway."

"Traitor!" someone shouts. "Labyrinthian!"

How did it come to this? Just a few moments ago, the garden was loud with laughter. Now the atmosphere has turned cold and foreboding.

"Traitor?" She scowls. "When the call to arms came, I gave Crete my husband. It still took my sons. When the war ended, famine took my daughters. It spared me. For what? So I could mourn them till the day I die? They are right! There is no reason to it, don't you see?"

Tryphena draws a serrated dagger. The guests back away, stricken with fear, though it's clear there is only one life she intends to take. And no one will stop her. No one but you.

Choose a party leader. They will try to talk Tryphena down. The leader tests Wisdom or Cunning (9+). They may gain +X **A** to add +X. Add +2 if you finished the *Plight of the People* hub.
Fail: See 0006.
Success: See 0005.

0005 *You reason with Tryphena. You understand her loss and empathize with her pain, yet you point out the light she doesn't immediately see. You tell her of the stories yet unwritten, of the good she may do and the peace she may feel. There are many Tryphenas out there, some not as strong as she. There is meaning in overcoming despair and sharing that newfound strength with others.*

Tryphena drops the dagger and smiles through her tears.

"Maybe you are right."

"Why are you defending her?" a bold Minoan noble blurts. "She consorted with the Labyrinthians at their temple and this is what comes of it! Left alone, she will poison the minds of others with this folly."

You look with disdain toward the guests, who are too afraid or prideful to see they mistake cause with effect. Unfortunately, you see that many agree with the angry noble.

By helping Tryphena, the leader finds something in himself: gain a Mnemos node. Then choose:

1. *You've saved her, but you cannot bear the consequences of her actions. You're merely guests on Crete. Meddling in the affairs of the local people will only bring you trouble. You allow the Horned Guard to take Tryphena into custody.*
Minoans: Diplomacy +2, Hornsworn: Diplomacy -1, Labyrinthians: Diplomacy -1. **See 0013.**
2. *You won't risk your tenuous relations with the Minoans for one person. But you won't let them punish her either. She has suffered enough. You allow Tryphena to leave, hoping she may find a home someplace else.*
Minoans: Diplomacy -2, Hornsworn: Diplomacy +1, Labyrinthians: Diplomacy +1. **See 0014.**
3. *You've told Tryphena there is purpose in helping those in greater need than you. It's time to walk the walk. If they don't want her, you'll take her. There's always space on the* Argo*. You allow Tryphena to join your crew.*
Minoans: Diplomacy -1, Hornsworn: Diplomacy -1, Labyrinthians: Diplomacy -1. **See 0017.**

0006 *You try to reason with Tryphena, but with every sentence she backs away, ever so slightly. It's as if she can hear your words, but not the meaning behind them. Despair deafens her. She reaches the precipice and drops the dagger.*

"No. There's nothing for me here." With those words she takes one last step back, into the abyss.

Could you have saved her? Or was she too far gone? Either way, this was a preventable death, a pointless death.

"You see?" a bold Minoan noble blurts. "She consorted with the Labyrinthians at their temple and this is what comes of it! They will poison us all."

You look with disdain toward the guests, who are too afraid or prideful to see they mistake cause with effect.

"Labyrinthians? It's not the Labyrinthians who've taken the light from her, or who failed to help her."

"But they do encourage this," insists an old woman, by the way she carries herself a former Olympian priest. "I can show you were they congregate."

You vow to investigate this Labyrinthian Temple.

Place 2 ⛪ tokens on the next Doom card. The party leader vows to make Tryphena's death matter. Note a new ability on your Argonaut Sheet: "You ignore your first Despair token." Gain +1 Priest (of Hera).
Hornsworn: Diplomacy -1. Then, **see 0023.**

0007 *When you ask about the children, your royal guide looks visibly uncomfortable. Hesitantly, she says:*

"They are the Labyrinthians. They come from—"

"It's not hard to guess," interrupts one of the Argonauts. "But the Minotaur is dead, we hear, slain by the one called Theseus."

"That . . . that is true." The woman clearly struggles with words. "But old habits . . . When the gods fell silent, the people turned to what they knew. Those children . . . they are failed offerings to the Labyrinth. It changed them, somehow."

"Minoans started worshipping a structure of wood and stone?"

"It is far more than that. But it is not my place to say. Only Daedalus, the Great Architect, knew the secrets of its design—and he left Crete a long time ago. Him and Minos, that is." The implication of her words is apparent. "We should get back to your ship and start the search."

Make an Acacallis tally mark, then read side 1A of the *Absent Rule* Story card. **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0008 *A one-eyed war veteran steps forward.*

"Only the truth of the uncaring world. Life is a cage and we all want out. That disgusts you? What care you what we do with our lives?"

"You coerce people."

"People who come here do not need convincing. You see the entrance? When one grows tired of this ceaseless struggle, they jump. The maze takes them."

Angry at the pointless loss of life, you declare:

"No one will be taken here again!"

As if answering your challenge, the ground begins to shake. Maze outcrops pierce the clearing around you, and the earth parts, swallowing the bonfires and many of the Labyrinthians. The pyramid rises to the surface, towering over you. The symmetrical stone is broken up by pink veiny flesh like that of a newborn mole.

This is no temple.

You race to the Argo while the Labyrinth manifests itself in a perverted blend of stone and flesh.

Go to Temenos Battle on p. 114 (note "Special Aftermath 0002").

0009

Here, among the fossilized shells, you find a patch of verdure. Strange it grew so lush in the absence of the sun. There is a round stone in the grass and on it, a barely visible inscription in ancient glyphs.

There are some more recent markings here in Greek. Someone was trying to decipher the glyphs. They were convinced the third symbol meant three.

Return to 0030.

0010

It's still night when you reach the outskirts of town. There's a small maze outcrop here, shaped almost like a pyramid, with a triangular black opening at the base. Just beyond the threshold, almost out of sight, a chasm opens up.

People congregate here, clustered around half a dozen bonfires. People of diverse genders, ages, tribes, and walks of life, united only in destitution and sickness.

As you approach, some flee in fear while others remain, bold and belligerent.

"We have nothing you want, outsiders."

A woman tried to commit suicide after visiting you. What have you told her?"

See 0008.

0011

"This is how you repay our hospitality?" asks the daughter of Minos, clearly shocked you would dismiss her.

"Please, do not misunderstand us, Princess. We will keep our side of the bargain. But it seems Crete is an island divided. We may find out more about your father as an impartial third party, unburdened by . . . local politics." You speak the truth, of a sort.

"I see. Though I do not agree, I will respect your decision and take my leave. I will convey your decision to my sisters in Knossos, where we will await your return."

Discard the *Minoan Guide* Ally Card and lose -1 . Mark G4, then **return to the Voyage Phase.**

0012

The place is not completely abandoned, though. In the corner of your eye, you notice movement: a puff of dust here, a creak there. Someone is following you. Before you can form a response, they reveal themselves, weapons drawn. They are the Horned Guard.

"The mighty Argonauts. You are trespassing," says Princess Acacallis.

"Just looking for your father, as we promised your sister."

"Your services are no longer required. Your Titans and weapons are in violation of the royal peace edict. Lay down your arms and surrender immediately."

If you still have the *Minoan Guide* Ally card, discard it, then choose. If 6+, you must choose Option 1.

1. *You've invested too much of your time and resources, too many people have died already, and you've uncovered too many secrets to just quit. You are the Argonauts. You will not be hindered. You fight your way out.*

   Party leader gains +1 . Labyrinthians: Diplomacy +1. **See 0042.**

2. *There is no need for bloodshed. You may have had your differences, but at the end of the day, you have the same enemy and goal. You may have had some slight misunderstandings, but you're still very much committed to your agreement. Every relationship needs an adjustment period. You both still have a lot to offer each other, and you will need each other before this crisis ends. You need to work together. You propose a renewed alliance.*

   The leader tests Cunning or Wisdom (12+). Add +2 if you finished *Plight of the People* hub. Subtract -1 if Hornsworn: Friendly or better and -1 if Labyrinthians: Friendly or better. Each Argonaut on foot can gain +1 and/or +1 to add +1 each. Gain +2 to add +1.

   Success: See 0048.
   Fail: Gain +1 . **See 0042.**

0013

Tryphena allows herself to be taken by the guards. Imprisonment is preferable to death. Still, the reaction of the Minoans leaves you with a sour taste.

"Thank you," says an old woman, by the way she carries herself a former Olympian priest. She clearly doesn't notice your distaste. "These Labyrinthians are corrupting us from within. They've erected a temple just outside of town. I can show you were they congregate."

Hesitantly, you vow to investigate this 'Labyrinthian Temple.'

Gain +1 . Gain 4 Monument resources. **See 0010.**

0014

You intercept the guards and tactfully block their way. They won't risk an open conflict. Tryphena gives you one last glance, a blend of sorrow, relief, and happiness, then leaves the garden.

"The Dynasty will remember this," says the noble who first made the accusation. "Will you just let these Labyrinthians corrupt us from within?"

"Labyrinthians," one of you mutters. "It's not the Labyrinthians who've taken the light from her, or who failed to help her."

"But they encourage this. They've erected a temple just outside of town. How many more need to fall prey to their poisoned words?"

"If it will ease your mind, we will investigate this 'Labyrinthian Temple.'"

Gain +1 . Subtract -2 . **See 0010.**

0015

Here you start noticing the maze-like grafiti. Subtle at first, but more visible with each street that takes you closer to the elevated city center.

Your scouts tell of an encampment further uphill. Men and women clothed in tatters, covered in the maze tattoos of the Cult of the Labyrinth, but also armored warriors of the Bull, with their helms coated black with soot and a maze pattern drawn on them. The Labyrinthian ranks are growing, it seems.

They have not noticed your arrival yet, so you are left with a choice: fight or sneak around them.

If 6+, you must choose Option 1. Otherwise, choose:

1. *Leaving them be will only postpone the problem—you'll still cross their camp on the way back. And right now you've got the element of surprise on your side. You need to crush them in one fell swoop and be done with it. You confront them.*

   Party leader gains +1 . **See 0021.**

2. *You have neither time nor patience for senseless bloodshed. Moreover, none of your previous encounters with the Labyrinthians proved worth the effort or the cost in lives. No, you're here for one reason and one reason alone: King Minos. The sooner you find him, the sooner you can get off this island and possibly Crete altogether. You evade the Labyrinthians.*

   Labyrinthian: Diplomacy +1. The leader tests Cunning or Fury (12+). Add +2 if the Old Spinner is with you, +2 if you finished the *Fated Conundrum* hub. Subtract -2 for F2 and H10, and -1 if at least one of the Argonauts is Mazetouched. Each Argonaut on foot can gain +1 and/or +1 to add +1 each. Gain +2 to add +1.

   Success: Place 1 on the next Story card. **See 0034.**
   Fail: Gain +1 . **See 0021.**

0016

As you emerge from the holes, you notice shadows on the walls bending and morphing into angular shapes and geometric patterns. The ground begins to shake and the city is drowned in a thunderous roar, almost like a threnody of despair.

As the wise men say, "You pay for your curiosity with the oldest currency. Blood."

Go to Temenos Battle (note "Special Aftermath 0001"). At the start of battle, Escalate 1. Argonauts on foot gain +1 as they double back to junction with their Titans.

0017

You intercept the guards and tactfully block their way. They won't risk an open conflict.

"If you're not prone to seasickness," one of you says with a chuckle, "we can probably find you a spare bunk."

Tryphena looks at you with a blend of relief and happiness, then slowly nods.

"The Dynasty will remember this," says the noble who first made the accusation. "Will you just let these Labyrinthians corrupt us from within?"

"They did not force me. But they did show me the Truth," Tryphena agrees guiltily.

"Where are they?"

"They've erected a temple just outside of town."

"If it will ease your mind, we will investigate this 'Labyrinthian Temple,'" you say.

You send Tryphena to Argo, not wanting her to relive her trauma, while you head to the temple.

Gain +1 and +1 . The leader notes "Friend: Tryphena" on their Argonaut Sheet. Then, **see 0010.**

0018

"Hello there," says a strange man, stepping out from the shadow cast by a propylon column. You don't know how he could've gotten so close without you noticing. Your Titan leans over and growls. "I come in peace! I come in peace!" the stranger almost whimpers, raising his arms.

"Who are you and what are you doing on this island?"

"Magnificent creature," he muses, looking with fear and awe at the Titan. "Name's Markos. I serve under Archon Militiades of the Symmachy."

"Athenian?"

"By birth. Nobody goes to Athens anymore," says the man with a grim look. "But the ideals of democracy live on in us. I was told to find you and propose an alliance."

"Told by whom?" you ask suspiciously.

"Why, the king of Crete himself, Minos. He has heard you were looking for him, though the company you've kept prevented him from contacting you sooner."

"How so?"

"Let's just say there is no love lost between Minos and his daughters. But I digress, and time is short. We're here on a mission to recover an item of great import. We stand a better chance if we join forces. What say you?"

If you have the Minoan Guide with you, **see 0019.** Then choose:

1. *This world is harsh and unforgiving, and true friends are hard to come by. Better to risk getting burned than to live the sleepless life of a paranoiac. Besides, this Markos knows where Minos is . . . You agree to an alliance.*

   If you still have the *Minoan Guide* Ally card, discard it. Gain 6 Armament and 8 Trireme resources. Minoans: Diplomacy -2 and mark L2. **See 0033.**

2. *You don't know much of this Symmachy and you've been burned before. There is no sense in fighting each other, but there is also little wisdom in embracing strangers with open arms. They need to earn your trust first. You propose a truce, but nothing more.*

   Gain +1 . **See 0153.**

3. *You know nothing about this Symmachy. It's best to stick to the people you know—people who supply you with food and fuel, and whose princess risked her neck following you. You politely decline the offer.*

   Minoans: Diplomacy +1. **See 0152.**

0019

The princess will not stand for an alliance which she deems a threat to Crete. Tread wisely.

"This Symmachy is no different from the Persian Empire. A great hungry beast that swallows polis after polis. They say my father is their guest. I say he's a prisoner. And they want to harvest the Labyrinth? Madmen!" she exclaims. "If you ally with them, consider yourselves enemies of Crete."

Place 1 on Inward Odyssey. **Return to 0018.**

0020

You follow your guide to a lonely house on the outskirts of Knossos. It's a peculiar building, long and squat, with small rectangular windows—now shut—and many pipes wreathing it like metal snakes or heads of the dreaded Hydra.

In fact, the whole house is made of bronze. You ask about it.

"The locals say the man is of the Bronze People," she offers casually. The Bronze People, the warrior nation that came before us and supposedly collapsed under the weight of its own sins. "But they also say Crete crests the back of a giant turtle. People like to talk."

Gain +1 .

You knock on the door and enter. There's a great fireplace in the back of the room. You start to sweat. A man comes to you, short of height, but broad of shoulders, with a great copper mane and a pointy, oiled beard to match. His skin is tanned and his eyes burn with fierce defiance, though the wrinkles around them betray his old age.

You ask about his heritage and he neither denies nor confirms it. You explain your mission and ask about the artifact. He reveals the blade, a weird fin-like sword made of unknown metal.

"I don't want anything to do with the servants of the Bull," he proclaims, pointing the blade at your guide. "You'd better leave, while you still can."

One of you tests Wisdom (7+). Each Argonaut may gain +2 to add +1.
Success: See 0027.
Fail: See 0049.

0021

Deep down, you knew it would come to this. Behind the veil of promises and good will, every cult hides an ugly truth. This was true during the times of the Olympians, and it is true now. And this cult wears its Truth on its sleeve. You will not let this rot fester and spread. You've seen enough evil done by those who preach their gods' will.

Each Argonaut on foot makes a Fury or Endurance test (6+). Each Titan makes an attack (5+), then a Power Roll. Each point of Power counts as 1 success. If the Old Spinner is with you, you may add 1 success.

Fail: *You are wounded during the battle.*

Gain the Mazetouched Affliction.

0–1 success: *The Labyrinthians are no match for the wrath of the Titans, but they keep coming, pouring from every street and alley in an endless wave of desperation. Women, children, the young and the frail, armed with no more than rakes and clubs, with no hope of victory. Yet they keep on coming. Keep on dying. The bodies start to pile up. The streets run red. You watch this in terror and you know you cannot continue, not against such ferocious, unwavering faith. They will turn you into mass murderers and your men into butchers. They will break you without winning the battle. You order a hasty retreat.*

Each Argonaut gains +2 . Two random Argonauts gain 1 Despair token each. Gain +2 . Gain +1 . Mark J7.

Labyrinthians: Diplomacy -1. **See 0035.**

2–3 successes: *You soon learn the Labyrinthians are endless and relentless, and your only hope is to break through their ranks and lose them in the upper city. You manage to do that with minimal casualties, but it takes a lot of time.*

Each Argonaut (on foot or linked with a Titan) gains +2 . Gain +1 . Random Argonaut gains 1 Despair token.

Labyrinthians: Diplomacy -1. **See 0045.**

4–5 successes: *The primal ferocity of the Titans strikes fear in even the stoutest Labyrinthian hearts. You break through the cultist horde, collapsing whole buildings behind you to cut off their pursuit. You need to find Minos and put an end to this madness.*

Each Argonaut gains +1 .

Labyrinthians: Diplomacy -1. **See 0040.**

6+ successes: *The Labyrinthians die at the feet of Titans by the dozens. The Antikratos Helms barely contain the giants' primal rage. It's like they almost enjoy killing mortals. That realization gives you pause. After the dust settles, half of the lower city is razed. There are no survivors, only wet smears on walls that terrifyingly form geometric lines. Somewhere on the horizon, a lone black bolt of lighting strikes and a cackle-like thunder sounds. Somewhere in the city a creature roars, as if to answer the call. You may have gone too far.*

Each Argonaut gains +1 . Gain +1 . Labyrinthians: Diplomacy -2. Spawn the Hermesian Pursuer or, if it's already on the Map, move it 2 tiles toward the *Argo*. **See 0040.**

0022

One evening, when you are poring over maps in the Bridge Tholos, the Old Spinner visits you.

"Are you the kind that weighs evils?" she asks. "Or the kind that would rather stand by the wayside and avert their eyes?"

"Are there only two kinds?"

"Even sophistry has its limits, O Argonaut," says the Old Spinner with a dry smile. "Be wary, lest you get lost in the maze of your own making, like the Punished has."

Place 1 on Inward Odyssey. **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0023

It's still night when you reach the outskirts of town. There's a small maze outcrop here, shaped almost like a pyramid, with a triangular black opening at the base. Just beyond the threshold, almost out of sight, a chasm opens up.

People congregate here, clustered around half a dozen bonfires. People of diverse genders, ages, tribes, and walks of life, united only in destitution and sickness.

As you approach, some flee in fear while others remain, bold and belligerent.

"We have nothing you want, outsiders."

A woman committed suicide after visiting you! What have you told her?"

Party leader gains +1 . **See 0008.**

0024

When you return to the Argo, Acacallis asks you about your mission to the Marathonian.

Choose:

1. *Tell the truth, even if it hurts.* Make an Acacallis tally mark. Mark D1. Discard the *Minoan Guide* Ally card. Minoans: Diplomacy -1.

2. *Lie and hide the fact that the Symmachy is keeping Xenodice prisoner.* Mark F3.

Regardless of your choice, **return to 0067.**

0025

Invisible Weights

The sea is veiled in a thick fog and the Argo must slow down to avoid colliding with other ships. It's an all-hands-on-deck situation. Sailors light additional braziers and lookouts are posted evenly along the sides and bow. Everyone is tense.

After several hours of sailing blind, an enormous silhouette slowly looms up through the gray vapor. At first you take it for a coastal rock formation, as tall as a mountain, but as you get closer and maneuver to avoid it, you realize it's too symmetrical to be natural.

"Labyrinth ahead!" shouts one of the lookouts.

Indeed, the maze rises from the sea like a titanic wall made up of individual fragments that separate and intertwine at right angles, like a giant klismos wicker chair weaved by a deranged student of Pythagoras.

Thankfully, you manage to steer clear of the hazard and only several of the longest and most outstretched maze fragments loom over the deck.

The passing of the Argo disturbs a large flock of seagulls that have made their home in the maze tangle. The birds take flight.

"Living statues . . ." mumbles one of you.

The birds resemble the labyrinth they call home, their shapes right-angled and unnatural, more structure than nature. You have no idea how they are alive, though by this point you've stopped questioning the transformative power that grips Crete. At least the birds are not hostile.

As you travel through the fog, you encounter more of these maze fragments, forcing you to make course corrections . . . guiding you.

Choose a party leader. Then, if you're on Story Card 4 (A or B), **see 0039.** Otherwise, **see 0032.**

0026

"Who are you?"

The man waves a hand, dismissively. "No one of import. Like you, I thought I was somebody once, but thankfully I was punished for my insolence."

You recognize the man from the stories you've heard. The Punished, a prophet of the Labyrinth. "What do you want from us?"

"I heard so much about you and your mighty ship," he says, dreamily. "I wanted to see the folly with my own eyes."

You know all too well what danger lies in conferring with the Labyrinthians.

"Maybe we will just turn you away, old man."

"Maybe."

Choose:

1. *You gain nothing by sending him away. The man would not come here if he didn't want something. And if he does want something, then maybe the 'Truth' is not that all-encompassing after all. You take the Punished into custody.*
   Subtract -1 . **See 0036.**

2. *You want nothing to do with the Labyrinthians and their so-called prophet. All this man can offer you is lies in the service of his cause. You turn the Punished away.*
   See 0108.

3. If you finished the *Dreams Laid Bare* hub only: *ask about that.* **See 0103.**

0027

You successfully persuade the man to hand over the weapon.

"This is far more than a sword," he says. "It's of Atlantean design. They supposedly called these

control rods . . . Its life is all but spent, but maybe . . . The people who made it may be gone, but their machinas stayed behind. I heard there was a ship. They called it a subrime, hidden in a secret cove north of here. If you go that way, be sure to look for hidden markings that will point you there."

Note "Control Rod Blade" under the Boons section of your Argonaut Sheet. It gives +1 Fury. Least likely Argonaut quest. *Death Follows* Mnemos card. Read side 1A of the *Absent Rule* Story card. **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0028

As you traverse the sloped streets, you find more and more of these strange machinas, large and small. They bear the Mark of the Maker, of brilliant Daedalus, and so you are tempted to investigate them further.

Each Argonaut on foot can try to learn about the workings of the strange machinas. If they do, roll on the table below, adding Cunning.

1–4: *You injure yourself trying to manipulate the complicated system of levers and pulleys.*
Gain +1 **A**.

5–9: *You grasp the basic functions of the device and manage to refine some bronze ore into slabs.*
Gain 2 Armament resources.

10+: *The ease with which you manipulate the machina surprises even you. Have you . . . operated something like this before?*
Gain +1 (once per adventure). If you have the *Minoan Heritage* Mnemos card, also gain 1 node for that card.

Regardless of your results, *you continue your search and move further into the city, onto the hillside streets of what was to be the merchant and craftsmen quarters. There is so much beauty and wasted potential here, you cannot help but wonder what could have been if only Minos's firstborn was spared.*
See 0030.

0029

You have not forgotten the punished man's disfigured visage.
"As you have graced me with your presence," he says, lowering his head, "let me humbly ask for your hospitality. The polis of the broken has been abandoned and we are on a pilgrimage."
"Why should we believe anything you say?"
"You don't have to believe anything. But I did let you go freely and unharmed. If you're not going to repay me in kind, then cut me down and be done with it, O great heroes."

If you finished the *Dreams Laid Bare* hub, ask about that. **See 0103.**
Otherwise, *you're not prepared to kill an unarmed old man. Your warriors restrain the Punished and lead him to a cell while you figure out what to do with him.*
Gain +1 . **See 0036.**

0030

You make it all the way to the top of the hill the city was built on. Here the buildings are the most incomplete, mere skeletons of wood and bronze. Even the ground itself seems unfinished. As you peer down into one of the holes, you realize it's hollow. It all is.

Each Argonaut on foot can go down into one of the holes to see where they lead to. If they do, roll on the table below, adding Cunning. Add +4 if K10 is marked.

1–4: *You don't get very far. The bronze scaffolding you've been using as a ladder suddenly gives way to perfectly cut stone blocks. The Labyrinth is eating this island from the inside, like rot.*
Gain +1 **A** and +1 . Mark K10 (only after each Argonaut makes the roll).

5–9: *You go further down, avoiding the maze outcrops, until you find some solid ground to stand on. You realize you've reached a fossilized siren shell. It makes sense: a solid foundation would make building a city of this size that much easier.*
Gain 1 Ancient Shell Rare Resource and +1 (only once per encounter).

10+: *Not satisfied, or maybe driven forward by the push of the Moirai, you descend to the very bottom.*
See 0009.
Regardless of how many Argonauts ventured into the holes in the pavement or what they found, **see 0016.**

0031

Not wanting to reveal your approach, you send a hemiolia scouting party. After hours of nervous anticipation, your ship returns. They've found the Marathonian at the mouth of the river among the treacherous coastal isles and hidden in dusk's mist. It's a vessel like no other, several times larger than the largest of triremes. It would be the undisputed king of the seas—if the Argo didn't grace those same waves. Your scouts did not register any activity on the deck and there were no other ships in the vicinity. No rear guard, no escorts, no pilot boats. The Marathonian looked eerily abandoned. Per orders, the scouts returned to the Argo without initiating contact.
You move to intercept.

This is the place you're looking for! **See 0057.**

0032

You are woken by your crew in the early hours of the morning. A trireme approaches from the bow—by the looks of it belonging to the old Labyrinth Stewards fleet—escorted by your scout hemiolias.
You're told the ship is carrying Cretan refugees.
You make your way to the Trade Fleet Dock. As the trireme stops by the pier, you notice black-clad Labyrinthians among the crowd of passengers. So this isn't just any refugee ship. You order your warriors to be on their guard—you won't take any chances. While your hoplites rush to form a defensive line, the Labyrinthians approach the bulwark and throw down a gangway. The crowd parts and a man in tattered robes walks down.
His body hangs in long tufts along the shreds of fabric, each one a cross section of tissue, muscle, sinew, and bone. More corpse than man. "Forsaken by Hades,' you hear your warriors whisper. 'Styx-turned.'
Your javelin throwers ready their weapons and this makes the man freeze mid step.
"I come only to talk," he says weakly. When he opens his mouth, it unfolds into countless fragments of skin and muscle. That you are free to slaughter us all. Our lives are forfeit from birth. There are children and sick onboard, if such things matter to you."

If E4 is marked, **see 0029.** Otherwise, **see 0026.**

0033

"Thank you for the vote of confidence," says Markos earnestly. "Good will is hard to come by these days. As I said, we came here following information provided by King Minos himself. We were sent to recover a . . . stone tablet." He doesn't elaborate further. "My warriors got to it, but then were cut off by the Labyrinthians."
"So you want us to fight?"
"We can take care of the cultists. But there's some kind of monster there too . . ." Markos eyes your Titans with a glint of envy. "More your weight class than ours."
You send the Argonauts back to the ship to junction with their Titans, while the rest follow Markos and his hoplites to the temple quarter. The place is crawling with Labyrinthians.
Markos nods to you knowingly, then gives the order to charge. You watch as the Symmachy hoplites engage the enemy. The former are better trained and better equipped, but the fanaticism seen in the cultists' eyes gives them an almost inhuman ferocity.
As the fight goes on, you hear a strange song, almost like a threnody of despair, growing louder and louder. Shadows on the walls bend and morph into angular shapes and geometric patterns. The ground begins to shake.
This is no Hekaton. You bire your lip and order the Titans to engage.

Gain +1 . Thanks to the Symmachy's help, you gain the *Wise Providence* boon and place 2 Opening ( ) tokens in the Kratos Pool. Go to Temenos Battle on p. 114 (note "Special Aftermath 0001").

0034

As you sneak through the sprawling Labyrinthian camp, you can't help but feel for these people. The squalor they are forced to live in, the scraps they have to eat, the sheer hopelessness in their eyes moves something inside you. When you first heard of the cult, you imagined a well-oiled machine of exploitation and subjugation, much like the old Olympian religions, but this is nothing like that.
This is a group of war-displaced people with nowhere to go and nothing awaiting them but decay and meaninglessness. It's no wonder they've turned to something, anything, that rationalizes their position, that vindicates them and promises an out.
What could have been, if only Theseus was spared and allowed to liberate Crete from the tyrant Minos?
Instead, the island was left to fester like an open wound. Civil war begat misery and misery is fertile ground for something like the Cult of the Labyrinth. Someone like the Punished, the movement's charismatic leader, was bound to show up.
Maybe if your fled Minos, you could tell him all of this. Maybe he'll even listen . . .
Your thoughts are drowned in the thunderous roar, almost like a threnody of despair. Shadows on the walls bend and morph into angular shapes and geometric patterns. The ground begins to shake.

Mark G9. Go to Temenos Battle on p. 114 (note "Special Aftermath 0001").

0035

You return to the white marble harbor with a sense of defeat. The fanatical devotion with which the Labyrinthians marched to their deaths makes you quiver. How can you fight this?
"They are terrifying," says a bloodied man waiting for you at the pier. He is not one of your crew. "Just as Minos told us."
Of all the questions you could ask this unassuming man, one comes to the forefront:
"You know Minos?"
"It's time you met with him too. If you will just—"
But his words are drowned in the thunderous roar, almost like a threnody of despair. Shadows on the walls bend and morph into angular shapes and geometric patterns. The ground begins to shake.

Go to Temenos Battle on p. 114 (note "Special Aftermath 0001").

0036

You send someone to feed the refugees, but keep them confined to their ship. You don't want any stowaways or saboteurs. The Punished is led to the part of the Argo *you occasionally use as a brig. Once he is rested, you come to question him. One of you says bluntly:*
"Talk."
The Punished looks at you and sighs.
"I suppose I came here to ask you to give up. These are not your people and this is not your fight. Drift away into the unknown, just like you appeared. It'll be so much easier on you."
"Is that a threat?"
"A threat?" The Punished gurgles. It takes you a moment to realize that was laughter. "Do I look like I'm in a position to threaten anyone? No. I feel . . . sympathy. I know of you, Argonauts. You are without purpose or cause, the perfect embodiment of the Truth of the Labyrinth. If circumstances had been different, you would be its chosen disciples instead of me. This is a . . . courtesy call."
It sure sounded like a threat to you.
"And if we don't take your 'advice'? Will the Labyrinth send more of its creatures after us?"
The Punished looks at you with pity.
"You are as reckless as Theseus and as arrogant as Minos. Where are they now, my poor Argonaut? Let me tell you a story of Crete. Once there was a Minotaur," he says solemnly. "and even the condemned believed it had a purpose. You escaped the Labyrinth or you died trying. All died trying. Still, the illusion of meaning was there." The Punished's voice is drowned in the thunderous roar of the Maze. What of it? Other ones, stronger, will take their place." He stands up, his body, cut to the bone in a maze pattern, barely holding together. "You cannot win. Not because you are weak. Not because you will fail or you'll stop trying. There simply is no winning. There is only the inevitability of the Truth of the Labyrinth."

Check if you have lost a battle with a Hekaton or Labyrinthauros. If not, next battle: Escalate 2. If you are on Story card 3 (A or B), swap Map tiles 9, 13, 14 and 18 with special ( ) tiles 9, 13, 14 and 18. If you are on Story card 4 (A or B), additionally swap Map tile 35 with special ( ) tile 35.

If Labyrinthians: Unfriendly or worse, **add event 0014** from the *Fated Conundrum* hub to the Timeline, 5 days from now. If you don't have *Hope Logic* Technology card, each Argonaut gains 1 Despair token.

Then, choose:
1. *Time and time again you have proven that your actions have meaning. You have defeated the minions of the Labyrinth and the presence of the Punished here is proof that the Labyrinth can be beaten. Intimidate him. Challenge the Punished.*
Gain +1 . See **0064.**
2. *There is no point in antagonizing this man or arguing semantics. Goad him into revealing more. Concede to the Punished.*
Labyrinthians: Diplomacy +1. See **0091**.

0037

Even in a foreign, unfriendly place like the Horned City, you swiftly find your ground. Quick of wit and golden-tongued, your leader strikes a conversation with a destitute old priest of Aphrodite.
"The gods are gone and with them all hope," the man despairs. "People turn to wicked things for answers. Especially the Labyrinthians. Those who mentioned are the Labyrinthians, who entered the Labyrinth as offerings and emerged as sacrificial daggers. Do not meddle in their affairs, and pray they don't come for you."
As you turn to leave, the priest stops you and says, "There is nothing for me in this city of broken horns and promises. Please, take me with you."

Gain +1 and +1 Priest (of Aphrodite) and the party leader tests Cunning (8+). If they fail, gain +1 **A**.
Then read side 1A of the *Absent Rule* Story card. **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0038

You follow the princess to a hidden pier where several foreign vessels lie in wait. You just need to follow one of them to their fleet—or take some of their officers prisoner . . .
As you prepare your approach, you hear a thunderous roar, almost like a threnody of despair. Shadows on the walls bend and morph into angular shapes and geometric patterns. The ground begins to shake.

Mark J10. Argonauts on foot gain +1 **A** as they double back to junction with their Titans. Go to Temenos Battle on p. 114 (note "Special Aftermath 0001").

0039

The silence is pierced by a distant roar. The sound of Zeus's wrath . . . But the gods are long dead. The wind, which for the past few hours was at your back, dies down. A thousand mazed birds take flight and dies down. A thousand mazed birds take flight and dies down. You hear clanging head in the opposite direction. You hear clanging on the hull, soft but rhythmic, like hail tapping on the roof.
You make your way to the railing and look down to the clear sea. Countless schools of fish, big and small, and dolphins too, are mindlessly banging on the Argo's hull. Fleeing.
In the distance, labyrinth mountains erupt from the sea's depths, sending ahead harbingers, waves the height of Titans . . .
"Hard to port! Then reverse course!"
As the Argo starts to make the impossible turn, all artificial lights go out, their energy redirected to the aeolipilean engines. You run to the engine room, hoping to lend your wisdom or a strong arm, hoping it will be enough.

Choose a party leader. You will try to help wring out every last drop of power from the engines. Each Argonaut tests Wisdom or Fury (10+). Each Argonaut with a *Voyage* Mnemos card adds +1. Gain up to +2 to add up to +2.

Fail: *The hull grunts and groans as the terrible forces of the world conspire to tear the ship apart. The* Argo *endures, but you are less fortunate—a piece of unsecured Titan equipment slides across the room and pins you to the bulkhead.*
Gain +3 **A**.

0–1 success: *You do what you can, but it is not enough. The turn is impossible and time has run out. The first wave hits the* Argo *at the worst possible moment, mid turn. The sheer force wipes the deck clean of anyone who was foolish enough to stay topside, then casts the* Argo *onto one of the emerging labyrinth formations. The damage is catastrophic.*
Lose -2 and/or (divide the losses between those two attributes). A random Argonaut gains 1 Despair token.

2 successes: *You coordinate the engineers' efforts, but that's all you can do. The cataclysmic wave still comes, almost capsizing the* Argo.
Lose -2 and/or (divide the losses between those two attributes). A random Argonaut gains 1 Despair token.

3 successes: *You help Alkibiades's artificers and stop one of the ambrosia-fueled engines from exploding. The bronze pipes glow from the heavenly energies running through them. Still, the wave catches the* Argo *at the tail end of the maneuver. It could have been worse . . .*
Lose -1 and/or (divide the losses between those two attributes).

4 successes: *Somehow, you manage to pump out more energy from the engines than you thought possible. The blindingly gleaming bronze pipes vibrate at varying frequencies. The valves melt, letting loose jets of steam. The engines themselves spin so fast they seem to be motionless. Yet you are calm, serene even, and all the sounds of the engine room blend into one. A song. You notice a scantily clad woman in an artificers cap walk a scantily clad woman in an artificers cap walk among the pipes. She looks your way, smiles, gives a thumbs up and winks. When you turn to face her, she's gone.*
Gain 1 Summon Charge and +1 . Next time you move the *Argo*, do not advance the Timeline: you're riding the wave!
Regardless of the result, the Labyrinth emerges, revealing the true extent of corruption: swap Map tiles 9, 13, 14 and 18 with special ( ) tiles 9, 13, 14 and 18.
If you're on side 4B of the Story card, *the Old Priest yells, "It's not over yet!"*
See 0100.
Otherwise, archive the *Invisible Weights* Doom card and read side 3A of the *No Way Out* Doom card. Then **return to the Voyage Phase.**

0040

You make it all the way to the top of the sloping hill the city was built on. Here the buildings are mere skeletons of wood and bronze and even the ground itself seems unfinished, dotted with giant holes, revealing the truth of the artificial island: that it is hollow.
Well, not quite. Down below, the Labyrinth creeps toward the surface like some kind of parasitic plant. You can almost see how it morphs and builds upon itself.
"A remarkable weapon, right?" says a strange man stepping out of the shadows near you. He's bloodied and limping. You don't know how he could've gotten so close without you noticing, especially in his condition. "By the looks on your faces, you don't share the Ecclesia's assessment." You glare at him and that gives him pause. "I am Markos of the Symmachy," he says. "I am a friend. I come at the behest of the one you seek."
"Is that so?"
"Yes," he insists angrily. "Minos—"
His words are drowned in the thunderous roar, almost like a threnody of despair. Shadows on the walls bend and morph into angular shapes and geometric patterns. The ground begins to shake.

Mark J7. Go to Temenos Battle on p. 114 (note "Special Aftermath 0001"). If Labyrinthians: At War, Escalate 1. Argonauts on foot gain +1 **A** as they double back to junction with their Titans.

0041

You feel as if something is nudging you along, guiding you through the steep streets. You cannot tell its intent, only its urgency. You make your way to the temple quarters atop the city hill, expecting splendor and grandiose architecture, only to find it nearly abandoned and in a state of disrepair.
Sprouting from the cracked stylobate, overgrowth clings to marble columns. The walls, once pristine, have been covered in obscene writing, not befitting the seat of the gods.
The old woman sits on a pedestal of the statue of Helios, rocking back and forth, doing something with her hands, as if she is—
"Come closer," she says loudly, not raising her head. "I am blind, not deaf, and you're no Odysseus."
You step forth but still keep your distance.
"Caution is good," she says. "I know it well. You came from the metal ship and sought me out. But for what purpose? It is for us to witness, I suppose."

Gain the *Old Spinner* Ally (clue) card. Least likely Argonaut gains the *Death Follows* Mnemos card.

As you are about to leave, a ragtag group of priests stops you. Some are famished, others sickly, and others still glare at you with a mad gleam in their eyes.
"She belongs here," says one of them. "You will not take her."

Choose:
1. *When they were alive, the gods thought only about themselves. Now, that they're dead, their chains bind you no longer. You draw the ire of the dead gods.*
A random party member gains a Fated Mnemos card.
2. *There are things worse than the dead gods out there. You notice some of these priests bearing a dark look: they know it too. A cackle-like thunder sounds in the distance. You've drawn the ire of something different, unknown.*
Move the *Cackle* Event 1 day closer on the Timeline.

Regardless of your choice, *one of the priests, a young adherent of Helios, offers to tend to the old blind woman.* Gain +1 Priest (of Helios). Then read side 1A of the *Absent Rule* Story card. **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0042

When the mind is set, words become meaningless. The enemy starts to surround you from all sides. Spearmen at the front, javeliners in the back and on rooftops, a ballista set up in a city square. There are scores of them and only a handful of you. But you've got

Titans. Dead gods help them.

Each Argonaut gains +1 to each makes a Fury or Endurance test (8+). Each Titan makes an attack (5+), then a Power Roll. Each point of Power counts as one success.

Fail: *You are badly wounded during the battle.* Gain 1 Despair token.

0–2 successes: *The Horned Guard are well organized and determined. These are the elites, held in reserve for an occasion such as this. The Titans could still decimate them, but none of the Argonauts and crew accompanying them would be alive to see it. You take several of the warriors hostage and order a retreat to pier, where you hope to regroup.*

Each Argonaut gains +1 and +2 . Lose -1 . Minoans: Diplomacy -1. **See 0046.**

3–4 successes: *You hold your own. These Horned Guard are made of sterner stuff than those you have met before, yet no army can withstand the awesome power of the Titans. After a prolonged skirmish, the Horned Guard survivors are forced to flee deeper into the city. All they cost you is time. But maybe time was the one thing you needed.*

Each Argonaut gains +1 . Minoans: Diplomacy -1. **See 0045.**

5–6 successes: *You easily take on the Horned Guard. No army can match the Titans' strength and rage, and these men and women will remember that for the rest of their lives. Those who make it out alive, that is. After the dust settles, the lower city has been painted red. No one remains standing to impede your search.*

Each Argonaut gains +1 . Minoans: Diplomacy -1. **See 0040.**

7+ successes: *This is a massacre. You barely contain the rage of the Titans. It's like they almost enjoy killing mortals—and that realization gives you pause. After the dust settles, half of the lower city is razed. No survivors. Somewhere on the horizon, a lone black bolt of lighting strikes and a cackle-like thunder sounds. You may have gone too far.*

Each Argonaut gains +1 . Gain +1 . Spawn the Hermesian Pursuer or, if it's already on the Map, move it 2 tiles toward the *Argo*. Minoans: Diplomacy -2. **See 0040.**

0043 *One night, when you are discussing your next move in the Bridge Tholos, you hear a knock on the massive door. It's your Minoan Guide, the Princess Acacallis.*

Her presence here at this hour is odd. She usually retires to her quarters early in the evening and doesn't come out until the sun is already climbing above the horizon.

"Princess." One of you bows formally.

"Acacallis, please," she says timidly. "Can I take a moment of your time?"

You invite her to sit by your table, offer her watered down wine and fruit, and exchange a few pleasantries. When she feels comfortable enough to speak, she declares:

"I have not been entirely honest with you." Admitting this clearly takes her a lot of effort. "My presence here . . . I have been sent to keep tabs on you. Spy, even."

"We would never have guessed," one of you replies with a chuckle.

"I am deeply sorry for that," she continues with a soft smile. "During my travels with you, I-I have learned a great deal about life and myself. Once, I thought my fate was sealed. Now, I know I have a choice. Thank you." She lowers her head. "My sisters aren't evil and I will not betray them. But neither are they in the right. I cannot accept the course the Dynasty has taken. We were once given a chance to change something, yet we've continued to repeat the mistakes of the past. I now see we still have that chance, and I will do everything in my power to make it happen. For that I am also grateful. Please, help me save Crete."

You feel something deep inside you. A promise fulfilled. A hope realized. You look at Acacallis and you know. You've already made a change.

Mark I4. Gain +1 . Gain +1 . Discard all Despair tokens and lose -1 .

Minoans: Diplomacy +2. Hornsworn: Diplomacy +1.

From this point on, the Minoan Guide cannot leave you. **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0044 *You leave the Daedalus Vault, but not before giving strict orders to salvage anything and everything that isn't bolted down. After all, you have no idea what might be of use on the voyage ahead, nor when you will have another opportunity to get your hands on tekne, if ever.*

Satisfied with the pace with which your crew load the carts, you take a unit of warriors and head further into the valley, where your scouts found the Grave of Ariadne.

As the valley narrows, the sepulchres become more tightly packed. Newer Minoan structures raised on the valley floor bridge the gap between both cliffs, creating the illusion of a city. You follow an overgrown road up a small hill, hugging the eastern wall all the way up to a cavernous alcove flanked by large statues of the Minotaur.

"It is not abandoned," warned the scout before you left for the Grave. "An old man roams about, his beard unkempt and clothes tattered. Be careful."

You find that pale and haggard man hunched over a large stone slab jutting from the mosaic floor of the alcove. Bronze tentacle-like tubes connect to round indentations in the slab and disappear in the far corner of the room. A translucent coffin laid in an indentation in the middle of the slab reveals the face of a beautiful woman in regal robes. The body is perfectly preserved, though the slashing wound through the chest, laid bare for all to see, leaves no question as to her state.

The dead woman in the glass grave is Ariadne, and the old man, Minos. Minos! King of Crete! You barely believe your eyes! You've risked your necks more than once, crossed paths with the Primordials and made enemies big and small, just to find this man. And now, with the contents of Daedalus Vault on its way to the Argo*, all you need him for is to fulfill a promise.*

Minos looks at you with tired eyes. There's heartbreaking sadness there, but also the coldness and determination of a tyrant who sent countless victims to appease the Minotaur.

His hands are tied around his back.

A host of warriors steps out of the shadows, all with dented breastplates, helms with broken horns and determined looks on their faces. The Hornsworn.

If I1 is marked, **see 0076.**
If G1 is marked, **see 0082.**
If neither, **see 0083.**

0045 *As your search narrows, you move further into the city, onto the hillside streets of what was to be the merchant and craftsmen quarters. There is so much beauty and wasted potential here, you cannot help but wonder what could have been if only Minos's firstborn had been spared.*

One of your scouts comes back with news of a maze outcrop. They say the place is crawling with warriors bearing the mark of the closed fist, trying to sever a part of it.

As you prepare your approach, you hear a thunderous roar, almost like a threnody of despair. Shadows on the walls bend and morph into angular shapes and geometric patterns. The ground begins to shake.

Mark G9. Place 2 Break ( ) and 2 Opening ( ) tokens in the Kratos Pool. Argonauts on foot gain +1 as they double back to junction with their Titans. Go to Temenos Battle on p. 114 (note "Special Aftermath 0001").

0046 *You return to the white marble harbor with a sense of defeat. The knowledge of Minos's possible whereabouts was paid for with blood and scars, yet the secrets of this island remain hidden from you, possibly forever.*

As you prepare the boats, you hear a thunderous roar, almost like a threnody of despair. Shadows on the walls bend and morph into angular shapes and geometric patterns. The ground begins to shake.

Mark G9. Argonauts on foot gain +1 as they double back to junction with their Titans. Go to Temenos Battle on p. 114 (note "Special Aftermath 0001").

0047 *The image of the blind woman is etched in your memory, filling you with a sense of both hope and dread. Feeling the maddening pull of the Moirai, you decide to remain in the Horned City, and against your better judgment, look for the woman.*

As the sun rises and people flock to the streets, Knossos begins to resemble the fabled metropolis it was supposed to be. But there's still something amiss. Gilded statues of the gods and the Minotaur watch silently as you navigate the complicated web of streets and alleyways.

If the Minoan Guide is not with you, **see 0041.** If you have the Minoan Guide with you, she grows restless and suggests you abandon the fruitless search:

"My sister asked me to aid you in all things, and so I will, but this time could be better spent. There is a man here who claims he has one of Daedalus's lost heirlooms. The Horned Guard could not persuade him to hand it over—maybe you will?"

Choose:

1. If you listen to the Guide's advice, make an Accallis tally mark and **See 0020.**
2. If you don't, Minoan: Diplomacy -1. **See 0041.**

0048 *"We may have started off on the wrong foot," says the princess with a smile. "The Minoan Dynasty is besieged from all sides, from without and within, so you must excuse us if we seem a bit . . . paranoid. I am sure we can work out our differences to the benefit of all. As a gesture of good faith, let me tell you what I know."*

The princess reaffirms her willingness to share resources and access to the Daedalus Vault in exchange for helping her find Minos and end the crisis.

The Horned Guard has sent scouts to all corners of the unfinished city. Some were never heard from again. Others clashed with warriors marching under the closed fist banner, who the princess calls the Symmachy.

"I've learned they have captured my father and are keeping him on their flagship, the Marathonian. Its very name strikes anger in those faithful to the Dynasty.

"The Symmachy are silver-tongued snakes who will stop at nothing to expand their empire. As we speak, they're trying to harvest the maze uphill, the fools!"

Minoans: Diplomacy +2 and gain the *Minoan Guide* Ally (clue) card. Then choose:

1. *The princess believes Minos is being held on the Symmachy flagship, the* Marathonian. *You should focus your efforts on locating the vessel. You follow the lead on Minos.* Make an Acacallis tally mark. Gain the *Wise Providence* boon and place 1 on the next Story card. **See 0038.**
2. *If the princess is telling the truth, this Symmachy is trying to get their hands on a piece of the maze. If you want to find them, you just need to move further inland. And if you harvest a piece of the maze for yourself, you may bargain with it for Minos's life. You follow the lead on the Symmachy harvesting the maze.*

Gain 1 Maze Fragment resource. **See 0040.**

0049 *The man becomes violent. You don't want to harm him, but he draws on you. The air crackles with strange electricity, and you have no choice but to defend yourself. The fabled blade is powerful but brittle, and it shatters on contact with your argoxiphos. The discharge burns your arm. The man is less fortunate—your blade swiftly cuts him down. You don't know how this happened. It must've been pure instinct . . .*

The Argonaut who failed the test gains the *Blood on Your Hands* Mnemos card. Note "Bronze Tech Remains" under the Boons section of your Argonaut Sheet. Read side 1A of the *Absent Rule* Story card. **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0050 *You have seen this change firsthand and you know no good can come of it. Minos may have demanded sacrifices for the Minotaur, but at least he was restrained and there was some semblance of reason to the bloodshed. This cult, these Labyrinthians, target the young and the helpless, offering them a glimmer of hope . . . for the price of everything.*

You need to warn your crew about the seductive power of their "Truth."

Gain +1 , then **return to the Voyage Phase.**

0051 *As the dust settles, your course is clear. During your brief exchange, Markos of Symmachy mentioned King Minos was aboard their flagship, the Marathonian. You're still not sure you can trust these people, but this is the only solid lead you have. You send scouts to look for the river Markos mentioned.*

Archive the *Absent Rule* Story card, read side 2A of the *A Fateful Rendezvous* Story card, and **return to the Voyage Phase.**

0052 *After the battle, you take a headcount of survivors. To your surprise, it seems you've taken on a few unexpected passengers. Among them, Markos of Symmachy:*

"I am terribly sorry for boarding your fine ship uninvited, but the circumstances were less than favorable," he says with mischievous remorse. You find his positive attitude, not dampened by the many wounds he has suffered, a breath of fresh air amid the gloom. "I will not burden you with another mouth to feed for long, do not worry. Just give me a seaworthy vessel and I will sail to Militiades to arrange a meeting between our two factions. I think King Minos would also like to know you're looking for him . . ."

You prepare a sendoff for Markos and his warriors.

"Look for the Marathonian near the estuary of one of the major rivers of Crete. When I left, it was Geropotamos, though Militiades may have moved since. The Minoan Dynasty is not fond of our presence on the island, even though they've clearly lost control of the situation."

You watch as Markos's ship crests the horizon and wonder about the Symmachy's motives.

Archive the *Absent Rule* Story card, and read side 2A of the *A Fateful Rendezvous* Story card. Finally, place 1 on it and **return to the Voyage Phase.**

0053 *After the battle, you confine yourselves to the Bridge Tholos to ponder your next move. Soon a sailor arrives, telling of a foreigner that got onto the* Argo *during the evacuation of the City of the Bull.*

"I am terribly sorry for boarding your fine ship uninvited," the stranger says without any remorse. "I know of your mission, and I can help you find King Minos."

"What's in it for you?" one of you asks.

"Duty, I suppose. I'm merely fulfilling King Minos's wish, as he too wants to be found. Look for the Marathonian near the estuary of one of the major rivers of Crete. When I left, it was at Geropotamos, though the captain, Militiades, may have moved since. The Minoan princesses are not fond of their father, though if you want to know why, you'll have to ask the king himself."

You hope to get some more information from this mysterious man, but in the night he slips away unseen. You're not sure you can trust him, but this is the only solid lead you have.

Archive the *Absent Rule* Story card, and read side 2A of the *A Fateful Rendezvous* Story card. Finally, gain +1 and **return to the Voyage Phase.**

0054 *As the dust settles, your course is clear. From the brief exchange you had with the Minoan princess, you've learned that her father was being held prisoner aboard the Symmachy flagship, the Marathonian. Find it, rescue the king and return to Knossos.*

If only it were so simple. The actions of the Minoans make you question their veracity. However, this is the only solid lead you have.

You send scouts to look for the flagship.

Archive the *Absent Rule* Story card, read the side 2A of the *A Fateful Rendezvous* Story card and **return to the Voyage Phase.**

0055 *After the battle you confine yourselves to the Bridge Tholos to ponder your next move. The City of the Bull lead turned out to be a dead end. Morale is low and many are starting to question the achievability of the quest the Minoan princesses have burdened you with. Still, you don't lose hope. You've sent scouts to the far reaches of the island, so you just need to be patient.*

Soon enough, you learn of a mysterious vessel of Athenian origin skirting the coasts of Crete. If the reports are to be believed, its passengers are equally interested in retracing Minos's footsteps, and they seem to have a head start.

You're not sure how reliable this information is. However, this is the only solid lead you have.

You send scouts to look for the mysterious Athenian ship.

Archive the *Absent Rule* Story card, and read side 2A of the *A Fateful Rendezvous* Story card. Then gain +1 and **return to the Voyage Phase.**

0056 *As the labyrinth outcrop submerges, you get one last glimpse of the creature and of the gaping maw where its face should be, and you shiver, for this is the true form of despair. You've just brushed against oblivion itself. You made it out by the skin of your teeth.*

"A glorious triumph!" announces the Old Priest. You have never seen this wizened man so overjoyed.

"We barely scratched the thing," says the boldest of you. "It's power is overwhelming and you say 'triumph'?"

"Its power is indeed ungodly," agrees the Old Priest with a wily smile. "And the Labyrinth threw it all against you. If everything is meaningless, as its Truth proclaims, why does it want to stop you so badly?" He gazes at the horizon with a dreamy look in his eyes. "Do you feel it now, that sweetest of sensations? Hope."

You feel as if a giant burden has just been lifted from your shoulders.

Reset . Move from Labyrinthians: At War to Labyrinthians: 8. If you meet all the requirements, immediately take the *Hope Logic* Technology card. If not, subtract -1 .

You survey the estuary, now filled with flotsam and wrecks, but do not see the distinct hull of the Marathonian. Even if it was destroyed, there would be some remains left. As there are none, you surmise the Symmachy flagship managed to slip away—and the only direction it could have gone is upriver.

Flip the *A Fateful Rendezvous* Story card to side 2B. You need to catch up to the Symmachy flagship. **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0057 A Fateful Rendezvous: Bearing Gifts

The Argo *makes its ponderous approach toward the Marathonian. Its aeolipilean engines are pushed to capacity as you constantly need to make micro course corrections to avoid isles, shoals, and rocks. The mist is thick. You can barely see a few meters ahead. Many perceive it as a bad omen. Pilot hemiolias are deployed to help you navigate the treacherous estuary, but they're resigned to using fire signals that may give away their position.*

You wonder what fate befell the Symmachy ship and its crew, or if this is an elaborate ruse to lure you into the river network, where the Argo *is less maneuverable. But who would be foolish enough to lay a trap for the* Argo*? Have they not seen the mighty iron vessel?*

Nevertheless, you mobilize your warriors, passing weapons to the sailors, and some of you venture into the Balaneion. Forewarned is forearmed.

There are no dolphins in these waters and no seabird's song breaks the silence. The wait is excruciating.

As you close in on the Marathonian, the mist finally begins to lift. The immense hull of the foreign trireme pierces the milky veil. The Symmachy ship looks almost like it was based on the Argo *or a similar design, but its wooden bow pales in comparison to the iron decks of your vessel.*

You notice scout fire signals on the starboard bow, but quickly realize they're too far away and too numerous to be your hemiolias.

If Labyrinthians: At War, **see 0065.**
Otherwise, **see 0060.**

0058 A Fateful Rendezvous: Embers

As you journey through the strangely deep river, rolling hills and natural formations slowly give way to sheer cliffs rising seemingly vertically from the waterline. Though far inland, you've still been seeing fish species native to the open seas, and the water's salinity is well above what you would usually find in a river or even an estuary.

One evening, a returning scout notices a disturbing change:

"This stretch of the river . . . It was narrower when I passed through here a few days ago."

And then you realize the terrible truth. This is no longer a river, but a widening chasm. The whole island is being sundered into pieces.

"The Labyrinth does not want to be contained," says the Old Priest ominously.

After what seems like days of pursuit, your scouts bring news of the Symmachy's super-trireme, the Marathonian, apparently marooned on a sandbar in one of the newly formed tributaries. Stonelike protrusions suggest it's not a natural geological formation but rather an efflorescence of the Labyrinth.

Not wanting to make the same mistake twice, you send a smaller team to investigate.

Choose a party leader.

You take a hemiolia and quickly head to the tributary. Not wanting to be spotted, you come ashore in an oddly rectangular bay and journey the rest of way on foot. The flora and fauna here have been completely transformed by the Labyrinth. You feel anxious walking under square shadows of the angular oak trees. Even the songs of birds seem eerily synchronous, as if carefully guided by a skilled conductor.

As you close in on the Marathonian, you notice activity on the beach. A ragtag crowd has gathered here and more are coming down from the hills every minute. These are the Labyrinthians. You recognize them by the maze pattern tattoos covering their frail bodies.

Most of them look famished and sickly, on the verge of collapse, but there are some among them clad in rusted Horned Guard armor who still carry weapons and have a violent glint in their eyes.

And then there are . . . the things. Misshapen get perfectly symmetric, humanoid yet made inhuman by the many thin appendages or limbs or strands or whatever those things are that protrude from their bodies and zigzag in the air like a three-dimensional reflection of the many dead ends of the Labyrinth itself. Those fleshy ribbons trembling with each step taken give the creatures the appearance of human hedgehogs, at once funny and grotesque. You suddenly realize the terrible truth: these were humans once. And those appendages? Strips of skin and sinew, muscle, and veins, opened up like a monstrous flower. You do not know how they still draw breath.

If ▼ 7+, you must choose option 2 as the Labyrinthians get wind of your party.

Otherwise, choose:

1. *The Truth of the Labyrinth is insidious. These people have not chosen their fate, so it would be cruel to punish them for it. Besides, you don't know what awaits you on the* Marathonian *and each skirmish depletes your resources. You are few and they are endless. You need to choose your battles carefully. You sneak past them.*

Labyrinthians: Diplomacy +1. Gain +2 ▼. **See 0059**.

2. *Some of these people may be victims, but there are enough abusers among them to make them a dangerous mob. They are clearly gathering to attack the ship. You need to escape now, while their numbers are still low, and break them so they don't overwhelm you later. You ambush them.*

Labyrinthians: Diplomacy -1. Gain +1 ⛵. **See 0061**.

3. *These people are clearly in pain and are as much victims as the land itself. War and famine made them desperate, and desperation pushed them into the open arms of the Labyrinth. If you want to make a change, you need to be better than the ones who came before you. You try to help them.*

The leader tests Wisdom (12+). Add +2 if you finished the *Plight of the People* hub, and +1 if at least one of the Argonauts is Mazetouched. Add +3 if you have *Hope Logic* Technology card. Gain +1 Ψ to add +1.

Success: See 0062.

Fail: *Your words fall on deaf ears and your compassion is seen as another ruse meant to soften their vigilance and take advantage of them. Some turn violent and from there . . .*

Gain +1 ⛵. Lose -1 ✕. Gain +1 ▼. **See 0061**.

0059

You wait until evening and then circle around the Labyrinthian encampment. It's easy, as they neither post guards nor care about masking their presence.

You soon make your way inside the ship undetected.

Mark K4.

If L2 is marked or Minoans: At War, **see 0066**. Otherwise, **see 0063**.

0060

The Marathonian's empty deck buzzes with activity. Sails are unfolded, many rows of oars emerge from the oarholes, and the massive ship begins to move away from the Argo *and into the mouth of the river.*

Before you can give any orders, a deafening boom fills the air, and the deck shakes as if from an aeolipilean engine explosion.

"Fireship!" shouts one of the sailors.

As you look overboard, you see a burning bireme wreck and a smoldering mark on the Argo's bow. Whoever built your vessel made sure it could withstand a direct ramming attack. You breathe a sigh of relief . . .

And then you notice the orange glow on the horizon. The quickly darkening sky makes a great canvas for the enemy fleet: biremes, triremes, and a few larger vessels—all burning, all moving in unison toward the Argo *with a singular purpose. Dozens of ships. You feel the cold hands of fear grip your hearts. This is enough to sink the largest of vessels.*

You had not realized the lengths to which some will go to extinguish your odyssey—until now.

You scramble for the Titans and hope they will be enough.

Each Argonaut Junctions with a Titan and gains +1 Ω, then chooses a ranged weapon or reach weapon. They will make attacks to try and sink the fireships before they reach the *Argo*. Each Argonaut decides how many attacks they want to perform, raising their A by 1 for each attack. The To Hit value is 5+ for range weapons and 7+ for reach weapons. If ▼ 7+, the To Hit value is 7+ and 9+ instead. Perform a Power Roll as normal, but add up all the Power from every attack. Finally, subtract that Total Power from 25 and check the result in the table below:

0 or less: *Hot sweat glistens on the mighty bodies of the Titans as they toil at the only craft they know: war. Ship after ship after ship is hit with a ballista bolt or a petrified javelin with such force that it shatters into minuscule splinters. No fireship even gets close. As the moon rises on the horizon, only a smoldering sea of wreckage stands between you and the* Marathonian. *Somewhere far away, a cackle echoes.*

Gain +1 ▼. Move the Adversary 1 space toward the *Argo* (but not onto the *Argo*'s space).

1–5: *Your Titans move as fast as they can, but even their colossal frames have limits. As they tire, a few fireships make it through the barrage. The hull damage is minimal, but many crewmembers are lost in ensuing fires.*

Lose -1 ✕.

6–10: *The* Argo *takes the brunt of the suicide attack. Repeated explosions finally punch through the iron hull in a few places. The fires are being contained, though not without losses.*

Lose -1 ❤.

11+: *As fireship after fireship explodes on your starboard bow, the* Argo *creaks. There are leaks on numerous decks, fires on many others. This is an unmitigated disaster.*

Lose -2 ❤.

After you resolve the fireship attack, the Argonaut with the most A makes an Evasion Attempt with 3 dice at 9+, as their Titan is being shot at from the *Marathonian*.

These are not regular ballista bolts.

1 hit: Draw a Grave Trauma card, but disregard any card other than *Disemboweled*.

2+ hits: The Titan dies.

You survey the estuary, still aglow, and catch a glimpse of the Marathonian's silhouette disappearing into the mouth of the river. That ship is faster and more maneuverable than you thought. You will engage in pursuit as soon as the Argo's hull has been checked for damage. After a few hours, you come to the conclusion that the goal of attack was to cripple the Argo*, not sink it. One question is bothering you: why?*

Flip the *A Fateful Rendezvous* Story card to side 2B. You need to catch up to the Symmachy flagship. **Return to the Voyage Phase**.

0061

You draw your weapons and charge the disorganized mob of Labyrinthians, with grim determination.

Each Argonaut makes a Fury test (9+). Each Argonaut may gain +X A to add +X.

Fail: *You are wounded during the battle.*

Gain +1 Ψ and Mazetouched Affliction.

0–1 success: *Desperation can make a vicious warrior out of anyone. Though they die easily, pathetically even, they are many, and for each four or five of them a former Horned Guard deserter or a Hornsworn veteran deals a killing blow. You manage to break through to the ship, but not without losses.*

Two random Argonauts gain 1 Despair token each. Lose -1 ✕. Each Argonaut gains +1 A.

2–3 successes: *You hold your own and manage to punch through the unruly ranks of the Labyrinthians with minimal losses.*

Random Argonaut gains 1 Despair token. Each Argonaut gains +1 A.

4 successes: *You cut through the masses easily, maybe too easily, reenacting the mindless rage of the Titans. Survivors scatter into the hills.*

Each Argonaut gains +1 Ω. Spawn the Hermesian Pursuer or, if it's already on the table, move it 2 spaces toward the *Argo*.

Regardless of the result, if L2 is marked or Minoans: At War, **see 0066**. Otherwise, **see 0063**.

0062

As you suspected, these people have been tested beyond the limits of mere mortals: first came the Minoans who requisitioned their food and conscripted their able-bodied. Then the Hornsworn guerrilla fighters pillaged what was left. And then famine and plagues: a story old as time itself. Nobody had to convince these people of the Truth of the Labyrinth. They sought it out.

But there is another way, and they see a glimpse of it in your concerned faces, hear a whisper of it in you kind, caring words.

At the very least, they will not hinder you here.

Some of them look at you with a glimmer of renewed hope. Will you truly help them?

You may give these people shelter and gain +1 ✕. If you do, gain +2 ⛪ and 1 Sisyphus Tear, Labyrinthians: Diplomacy +1.

If L2 is marked or Minoans: At War, **see 0066**. Otherwise, **see 0063**.

0063

The hull of the Symmachy super-trireme was damaged when the ship run aground. A twisted maze fragment protrudes from the sandbar and pierces the starboard hull like a crooked spear. If there are any sentries on the upper deck, they don't make their presence known.

That maze fragment is your way onboard: a twisting walkway, gray and slick, almost gleaming with an oily substance reminiscent of saliva. As you head to the breach in the hull, you feel cold and sad, as if the mere contact with the stone surface elicits an emotional response.

The inside of the vessel is dark and foreboding, though quite mundane compared to the world outside. This is clearly a ship built in accordance with the Athenian seafaring doctrine, though more advanced than what you've seen before.

You carefully advance from compartment to compartment, from the bilge to the first oar deck and then beyond, into a series of holds that seem to have been hastily emptied. As you enter the next one, you are faced with a makeshift barricade manned by determined hoplites.

"It's nice to finally meet you, Argonauts," says an older man standing on top of the barricade, "though the circumstances could have been more favorable. I'm Archon Militiades of the Symmachy."

"Maybe if you didn't try to destroy our ship, we'd be having this conversation over wine and fruit."

"Maybe. I came to Crete as an envoy to parley with King Minos. What I found was a corrupt empire run by usurpers, King Minos a fugitive in his own kingdom, and a metal ship full of strangers in league with the Minoans, hot in pursuit with their 30-foot murder machines of flesh and bone in tow. How would you have reacted?"

"Wouldn't try to burn them at first sight."

"Then we differ. The world is overrun by monsters now and not everybody can sit comfortably on a vessel as grand as yours, with a legion of mighty Titans to protect them," says the man with a grim look on his face. "On the mainland, you strike first or you are dead." He sighs and lowers his head. "But you are here and we're in no position to resist, so let me offer you the truth of my mission and you can decide what to do with us afterward. Hoplites, stand down and relinquish your weapons."

The Symmachy troops surrender to your warriors. As the situation de-escalates, you feel strange. Is this some sort of ploy? You advise your crew to be on their guard, but for now you decide to go with it.

"I will take you to our prisoner," says Militiades. He leads you through the many compartments of the Flagship. "Let me tell you about why I came here." He pauses. "There is a terrible war raging in the north, one that will decide the future of all Hellas. I've been tasked by the Ecclesia to seek allies—or weapons—that could aid us in that war. The maze is a powerful weapon, indeed. But I learned too late that it can't be contained."

He stops by a reinforced door leading to what you presume is the brig.

"We caught her, half mad, on the southern coast." He unlatches the door. The cell is dimly lit, but even in the half-light you can see the hunched woman in the corner, scribbling on the wall. She seems disturbed but doesn't look like she was harmed in captivity. "Xenodice, the youngest princess of Crete. I only knew of one of Minos's daughters, Ariadne, and she died around the time of Theseus's Rebellion, so I couldn't verify her lineage. I do know the Minoan Dynasty wants her back as much as their father. So you see, when I learned you were coming for us, I had little choice, but to act."

As you enter the cell, you notice the walls are covered in manic drawings and almost illegible script.

"Xenodice," says Militiades softly. "These people have been hired by your sisters to find your father. Please tell them what you told me."

See 0067.

0064

"You do not frighten us. The very existence of things like the Labyrinth gives this vessel meaning and its crew purpose." As soon as you say it, warmth washes over you.

The Punished is at a loss for words and takes a moment to respond. When he does, there is a bitterness in his voice that wasn't there before. "I wonder if you will retain this point of view once you look meaningless death in the eyes."

Mark I3. Reset ▼ and the party leader's Ψ. Then, if you have *Hope Logic* Technology card, the party leader starts the next battle with the *Marked for Death* Major Trauma card. If you do not have *Hope Logic* Technology card, they start with the *Fused Souls* Grave Trauma card instead.

As the Punished's words reverberate in your minds, he whispers, "We march on Knossos and there it will end. I have no doubt what justice the followers of the Truth will receive at the hands of the Minoan Dynasty. Do you?"

See 0092.

0065

Off your starboard bow, a large fleet of ships emerges from the dissipating mist: biremes, triremes, and a few larger vessels. By their formation it's hard to tell if they are preparing an attack, though you notice some of the ships carry large amphorae, typically used to store sea fire.

The sea's surface erupts in a fountain of foam and splintered wrecks, as if a gargantuan whale jumped out of the water. The ensuing splash sends near-tidal waves that capsize some of the ships and send others onto the jagged coastal rocks.

A deafening roar resounds over the estuary bay, wild and terrifying, yet oddly melodic, like a funerary hymn.

A familiar dread fills you. But how?

You notice the surviving triremes in the bay starting to rise, as if during a tide, and then abruptly tip, beached on the slick, seamless blocks emerging from below. Seaweed, shells, and long-forgotten and decaying wrecks, crumbling ruins and petrified trees, all unearthed by the moving stone.

The Argo, too, rises then slants a little as it rests on top of a giant labyrinth outcrop, stranded. In a heartbeat, the estuary turns into a dried seabed of symmetrical slabs. One megalithic maze-patterned shape begins to move.

The Temenos.

It raises its pyramid-crested head over the mazed landscape as if surveying its domain. It could not cross the sea to reach you, so it parted it.

You scramble for the Titans. If this thing reaches the Argo, it's all over.

Immediately go to the Temenos Battle on p. 114 (note "Special Aftermath 0003"). Warning: If you lose this battle, your campaign will be over.

0066

The hull of the Symmachy super-trireme was damaged when the ship ran aground. A twisted maze fragment protrudes from the sandbar and pierces the starboard hull like a crooked spear. If there are any sentries on the upper deck, they don't make their presence known.

That maze fragment is your way onboard: a twisting walkway, gray and slick, almost gleaning with an oily substance reminiscent of saliva. As you head to the breach in the hull, you feel cold and sad, as if the mere contact with the stone surface elicits an emotional response.

The inside of the vessel is dark and foreboding, though quite mundane compared to the world outside: this is clearly a ship built in accordance with the Athenian seafaring doctrine, though more advanced than what you've seen before.

You carefully advance from compartment to compartment, from the bilge to the first oar deck and then beyond, into a series of holds. You notice signs of a struggle here: chipped wood and dried blood. This must have happened some time ago.

You hear distant sounds of battle—this one is clearly not finished!

If L2 is marked, **see 0073.**
If Minoans: At War, **see 0070.**

0067

"It's pointless," she says. "Go away." The young woman's voice is forced and monotonous.

"To you, perhaps, but some of us still cling to our silly ideals of sense and purpose." Militiades clearly knows how to talk to her, because her head perks up. "The quicker you tell us, the quicker we'll leave."

She turns to you and pierces you with a cold gaze. Was that a trick of light and shadow, or did you just see tiny lines crisscrossing her pupils?

"When we captured him—the second time, I mean—Minos was on his way to the Grave of Ariadne. At least, that's what he told us," Xenodice says with a scowl. "He knew much of the Labyrinth plague and its source, the living mountain of flesh and stone. He said it couldn't be killed, that it wasn't here. Madman." She pauses and shakes her head. "But Deukalion, my dear brother, wanted the glory of Theseus. The Athenian slew the Minotaur. He'd slay the Temenos and be remembered forever. He bound Minos in chains and lead us to the old maze, to put an end to the Labyrinthian Cult once and for all. Deukalion had devised a cunning plan and executed it perfectly. For three days our Horned Guard army harassed the Labyrinthians who congregated there, until the abyssal creature arrived. Our warriors sacrificed their lives to lure it to a defunct Manos Unit, a machina of Daedalus design, made for building cities. But it was not defunct at all. As soon as the Temenos went through, Deukalion brought it to life and—snap!—cut the monster in two." She stops abruptly.

"And?" one of you asks.

"And in the end," she continues, "I did not matter. Even as the monster's body begun to dissipate, another of its ilk—or perhaps the same one, reborn—rose from the ground right beneath what was left of our army. For you see, the Truth of the Labyrinth cannot be denied. All is nothing."

With that, she slumps to the ground and does not respond to further questions.

"We know not if Minos survived," says Militiades. "But we think we may find answers at the grave of his daughter, in the Sepulchre Acropolis. Nobody save Minos himself, and Daedalus the Inventor, knows where it is located, but Xenodice believes Daedalus left clues to its whereabouts. She drew us a crude map based on what Minos told her." With that, he hands you a piece of papyrus. "Maybe you'll have better luck than we did."

Several locations are clearly marked, corresponding to the places of worship of the Minotaur.

"Now that you know our tale," Militiades continues, "our fate is in your hands. Without your help, or rather Your Titans' help, the Marathonian will remain stranded and we will surely die here. The Symmachy and the Argo need not be enemies."

Gain the *Xenodice Map* Clue card.

Then, choose:

1. *Help the Symmachy launch the Marathonian back into the water.* Mark C2.

2. *The Symmachy sealed their fate when they attacked you at the mouth of the Geropotamos. You will not kill them, but you will certainly not help them.* Mark C3.

Then, if you still have the Minoan Guide, choose the fate of Xenodice:

1. *Xenodice will not remain a Symmachy captive while you're a Minoan ally. Besides, maybe her sister can help her remember more.*

Request Militiades hand over Xenodice. Note "0069."

2. *If there is truth in what Militiades said about the Minoan Dynasty, betraying that you know more to Acoulis might not be the wisest move.*

Leave Xenodice on the *Marathonian*. Note "0024."

Read your noted paragraph and return here. Then, regardless of your choices, archive the *A Fateful Rendezvous* Story card, read the side 3A of the *A Phantom Thread* Story card, and **return to the Voyage Phase**.

0068

Uneasily, you do as she says. She leads you through the meandering hallways of the palace—maybe mirroring the corridors of the fabled Labyrinth itself—to the empty throne room, a large chamber with an open balcony overlooking the city.

"I saw you enter the bay. That marvelous ship of yours—its design seems familiar, and yet quite alien." She stops by a large spyglass mounted on a brass base and leans on it. "I saw Titans serve you as if they were slaves. You must have come from far away and have stories to tell." She sighs. "But I have not brought you here for idle chitchat." She moves back into the chamber. "For you see, in everything there is a purpose. I had a need, and here you are."

"We would kindly ask for an audience with your father, the king."

"Exquisitely, as it is Minos who I would like you to find. The king has not been seen for many months now. Some say he went into exile. Others say that he died at the Labyrinth, but I know it is not so. The Horned Guard are a bleak shadow of their former selves, as you might have already noticed, and I cannot spare a single one on the search, lest the city fall."

"Fall to what?" you ask quietly.

"A dark fog has engulfed the world. There are crazed men and monstrous things out there. Minos took seven boys and seven girls every nine years to appease the Minotaur and they called him a ruthless tyrant. Now the darkness beckons endlessly and does not care who it takes, just that it takes them by the dozens." She turns to you with a determined look on her stricken face. "Find him, and you will be rewarded beyond imagining.

The kingdom of Minos may be diminished, but its treasures are yours for the taking."

"We came here for supplies and access to the Daedalus Vault," you say slowly, contemplating her offer.

"I will send some right away. A taste of our gratitude. Even in absence, Minos will welcome you like equals. Now, what of my plea?"

After this unconditional show of hospitality, you cannot refuse. You need the supplies and spare parts for the ship. And without access to the Daedalus Vault, the Argo will be restrained to the shallows around Crete.

"I am glad to hear there are still brave good men in the world," she says, smiling ever so slightly. "Please, take my sister, Acacallis, with you." She calls for her. Soon a guard returns with a younger woman with curly blond hair and a disarming smile. "She knows the land. She can be your guide."

Choose:

1. *You are unfamiliar with the lay of the land and the surrounding waters. It may be a good idea to have a local, of the ruling family no less, as a member of your crew.*
   Minoans: Diplomacy +1, gain the *Minoan Guide* Ally (chae) card.
2. *The Argo is a powerful and deadly vessel, hiding an even deadlier secret: Triskelion Junction. It would be unwise to let an outsider onboard, much less a representative of an imperialistic kingdom like Crete.*
   Minoans: Diplomacy -1, mark E7.

"Very well. I will keep your crew fed and your ship running. You, in turn, will inform me of your progress. If you return our dear father to us, you'll have first pick from the Daedalus Vault."

You leave the palace at the break of dawn, deep in thought, when one of the nobles drawn here by the news of your arrival comes to you and says:

"You look familiar. You have my grandpa's eyes and my grandma's nose. You are of Crete, surely."

The least likely Argonaut gains the *Minoan Heritage* Mnemos card. Now, **see the passage noted earlier** (0003 or 0047).

0069

When you return with Xenodice, Acacallis is overjoyed, even though her sister is not fully herself. Acacallis asks for a trireme and an escort to Knossos so that Xenodice may be delivered safely to the healers there.

Minoans: Diplomacy +2. Make 2 Acacallis tally marks. **Return to paragraph 0067.**

0070

As you turn the corner, you are attacked by the Horned Guard!

Each Argonaut tests Endurance or Fury (8+). Gain +1 **A** to add +1.

Test fail: *You are gravely wounded during the battle.*
Gain +2 **A**.

0–2 successes: *You manage to hold your own, but your crew pays the ultimate price for your safety.*
Lose -1 ✕.

3–4 successes: *You quickly gain the upper hand and push the attackers back.*
Subtract -1 ▽.
See 0074.

0072

You follow the shouts and the clanging of bronze to the upper decks where a bitter battle has just come to an end. The deck is covered in bodies. For each red-clad Spartan, three Symmachy soldiers lie dead or dying. Among those few still-standing hoplites you recognize one.

"Impeccable timing" says Markos with a forced grin. "My archon, these are the Argonauts I've told you about."

An older man in more regal though no less bloodied armor stands besides Markos.

"It's nice to finally meet you, though the circumstances could have been more favorable. I'm Archon Militiades of the Symmachy."

"What happened here?"

"The Spartans followed us from the shores of Lakonia. When we dropped anchor to await your arrival, they attacked and temporarily took control of the fleet and us as prisoners for their god-king, the Nietzschean."

"Your arrival gave us the distraction we needed," adds Markos.

"It's good you've come," Militiades says with a sad smile, "as I fear we may be out of our depth here. We are waging a terrible war in the north with the Nietzschean Empire, one that will decide the future of all Hellas. I've been tasked by the Ecclesia to seek out allies—or weapons—that could aid us in that war. I came to Crete as an envoy to parley with King Minos. What I found was a corrupt empire run by usurpers, and King Minos a fugitive in his own kingdom. And the maze we thought we could use as a weapon . . . foolish of us to consider it. It can't be contained." He sighs. "Let me take you to our prisoner, one the Spartans wisely kept alive."

Militiades leads you through the many compartments of the flagship and stops by a reinforced door leading to what you presume is the brig.

"We caught her, half mad, on the southern coast." He unlatches the door. The cell is dimly lit, but even in the half-light you can see the hunched woman in the corner, scribbling on the wall. She seems disturbed but doesn't look like she was harmed in captivity. "Xenodice, the youngest princess of Crete. However, we know for a fact that Minos only had one daughter, Ariadne, and she died around the time of Theseus's Rebellion. I do not know who this impostor is or how she and her kin usurped the throne, but I do know they want her back as much as their supposed father. So you see, when I learned you were coming for us, I had little choice but to act cautiously."

As you enter the cell, you notice the walls are covered in manic drawings and almost illegible script.

"Xenodice," Militiades says softly, "these people have been hired by your sisters to find your father. Please tell them what you told me."

See 0067.

0073

Suddenly, you are attacked! They charge at you from every direction. These warriors are skilled and single-minded. You quickly realize their purpose is not to defeat your scout party. They're here to kill the Argonauts.

Each Argonaut makes a Fury test (10+). Gain +X **A** to add +X.

Test fail: *You are gravely wounded during the battle.*
Gain +1 **A** and 1 Despair token.

0 successes: *One of these assassins makes it through the front line and deals a killing blow.*
The Argonaut with the most Mnemos nodes dies. Consult the *Rude Awakening* Special Event. The party leader may decide to gain +2 ▽ to change your fate. If they do, treat the result as 1–2 successes.

1–2 successes: *You manage to hold your own, but your crew pays the ultimate price for your safety.*
Lose -1 ✕.

3–4 successes: *You quickly gain the upper hand and push the attackers back.*
Each Argonaut gains +1 Ω. Subtract -1 ▽.
Regardless of the result, *as suddenly as they appeared, the assassins retreat to the shadows.*
If G2 is marked, place 1 ▽ on Inward Odyssey, as their style of fighting reminds you of something.
Then **see 0072.**

0074

You follow the shouts and the clanging of bronze to the upper decks where a bitter battle has just come to an end. The deck is covered in bodies, Symmachy soldiers and the Horned Guard alike. An older man in regal, bloodied armor nods to you slowly.

"It's nice to finally meet you, Argonauts, though the circumstances could have been more favorable. I'm Archon Militiades of the Symmachy."

"What happened here?"

"The Spartans followed us from the shores of Lakonia. When we dropped anchor to await your arrival, they attacked and temporarily took control of the fleet and us as prisoners for their god-king, the Nietzschean."

"Your arrival gave us the distraction we needed," adds Markos.

"It's good you've come," Militiades says with a sad smile, "as I fear we may be out of our depth here. We are waging a terrible war in the north with the Nietzschean Empire, one that will decide the future of all Hellas. I've been tasked by the Ecclesia to seek out allies—or weapons—that could aid us in that war. I came to Crete as an envoy to parley with King Minos. What I found was a corrupt empire run by usurpers, and King Minos a fugitive in his own kingdom. And the maze we thought we could use as a weapon? Foolish of us to even consider it. It can't be contained." He sighs. "Let me take you to our prisoner. Maybe she will be able to elucidate."

Militiades leads you through the many compartments of the flagship and stops by a reinforced door leading to what you presume is the brig.

"We caught her, half mad, on the southern coast." He unlatches the door. The cell is dimly lit, but even in the half-light you can see the hunched woman in the corner, scribbling on the wall. She seems disturbed but doesn't look like she was harmed in captivity. "Xenodice, the youngest princess of Crete. However, we know for a fact that Minos only had one daughter, Ariadne, and she died around the time of Theseus's Rebellion. I do not know who this impostor is or how she and her kin usurped the throne, but I do know they want her back as much as their supposed father. So you see, when I learned you were coming for us, I had little choice but to act cautiously."

As you enter the cell, you notice the walls are covered in manic drawings and almost illegible script.

"Xenodice," Militiades says softly, "these people have been hired by your sisters to find your father. Please tell them what you told me."

See 0067.

0075

A Phantom Thread

As the Argo *enters the sheltered bay, the shadow of a giant overhang passes over the upper deck. Long and arched, it looks symmetrical and purposed, like a broken bridge, though it is completely covered in foliage so you cannot be sure. If it was a structure once, it was abandoned long ago.*

The bay itself is overgrown with lush vegetation and seems untouched by the Labyrinth plague. In the far distance, it transitions into a rocky valley and you can just make out the outline of some structures built into the cliffs.

You hear a metallic clang reverberate through the ship, as if something has hit the hull. Strange. The hemiolia scouts and spotters stationed on both sides of the Argo have not reported any contacts.

"Below the waterline," says Alkibiades, rushing into the Bridge Tholos. "We collided with something. No breaches at the moment. I've sent divers to investigate, but they could use your help."

You hurry to the Trade Fleet Dock and quickly find yourself in the water with several other diving teams. The Argo *is enormous, so there's a lot of ground to cover.*

After half an hour, the source of the ominous sound is found: several metallic spheres the size of a Titan's head have slammed into the underside. You try to remove them, but they are stuck. When an iron bracelet worn by one of the divers is pulled to a sphere and then stuck to its surface, it dawns on you: these things are attracted to metal.

"Magnetic," says the Old Priest when you return to the surface for air. "Some kind of trap, perhaps?"

"A trap only an iron ship would fall into . . ." one of you muses.

"I have heard of such things," says Alkibiades. "Metals that love other metals, voraciously so."

"That does not sound heartening."

"It's best we remove them," cautions the Old Priest, "before they reveal their nefarious purpose."

See 0079.

0076

"I figured you'd come," says Pirithous with a sad smile. "Understand: this man and his daughter conspired against and killed Theseus. He deserves to be punished, not brought back to Knossos with a bow."

"The truth is far more cruel," mutters Minos. "But my daughter is blameless in this."

"That may be. Not even I can pass judgment on the dead. You, however—"

"I don't care," interrupts Minos. "I know how to stop the blight of the Labyrinth. Do with me what you will, but not before we put an end to this."

"You are a clever man, Minos," says Pirithous. "Even on the eve of our triumph all those years ago, you managed to snatch victory from the jaws of defeat and snuff out the hope of the people."

"You delivered it to me," mutters Minos with the slightest of smirks.

"Is that so? Then I will not repeat that mistake."

Though Pirithous is sympathetic to your cause, he won't just hand Minos over. And if the king of Crete knows anything about the Labyrinth, you need him alive.

Choose:

1. If Hornsworn: At War or G1, this is your only option: *You don't like it, but you can't take any chances. If you strike now, you have the advantage. You immediately subdue the Hornsworn.*
   Hornsworn: Diplomacy -2. **See 0085.**
2. *Pirithous is not the enemy here. Neither is Minos, for that matter. You need to de-escalate the situation and focus on the bigger threat: the Labyrinth. You try to reason with the Hornsworn.*
   The leader tests Cunning or Wisdom (15+). Add +2 if you finished the *Plight of the People* hub. Gain +1 Ψ and/or +1 **A** to add +1 each. Gain +2 ▽ to add +1. If you have *Hope Logic* Technology card, add +1.
   Success: See 0084.
   Fail: Lose -1 ✕. Gain +1 ⛬. **See 0085.**
3. If you finished the *Man of Purpose* hub only: reveal the truth. **See 0102.**
4. If you finished the *Dreams Laid Bare* hub only: reveal the truth. **See 0101.**

0078

"Our lives are mere passages in the book of time," muses the Old Spinner, who insisted on seeing you off. "This island belonged to an older, prouder race than ours, yet they too fell. Who extinguished civilizations before the Eschaton, I wonder."

Gain +1 ⛫. **Return to 0081.**

0079

If ▽ 7+, *you hear a deafening boom followed by the blaring of sirens. One of the spheres has exploded, tearing a hole in the hull.*

Lose -1 ⛭. Choose a party leader. You will look for a way to detach the spheres from the underside. Each Argonaut tests Endurance (8+). Each Argonaut with a *Voyage* Mnemos card adds +1, while a *Siren Survivor* Mnemos card holder adds +3. Gain +1 Ψ to add +1.

Fail: *You struggle to stay underwater for long enough to make a difference. It is as if Poseidon himself wants you to fail.*
Gain +2 Ψ.

0–1 success: *As you try to remove the spheres, you unintentionally set off some sort of fail-safe mechanism. You barely make it out before one of the spheres disappears in a blinding flash. The explosion breaches the hull, flooding several compartments.*
Lose -1 ⛭ Random Argonaut gains 1 Despair token.

2–3 successes: *You remove the spheres without triggering them, but several crewmembers pay the heaviest toll, either crushed by the suddenly inert spheres, or by staying too long underwater and drowning.*
Lose -1 ✕.

4 successes: *You manage to remove the spheres without suffering losses or casualties. Once detached and disassembled, the spheres become raw materials for the* Argo *Works.*
Gain 5 Armament Resources.
Regardless of the result, **see 0081.**

0081

With the crisis averted, you shift your attention to the Sepulchre Acropolis in the distance. You quickly form a scouting party and make for shore. There are ruins of some kind here under the lush vegetation: giant foundation stones of black basalt. Time and the elements have smoothed the fragments to near perfection, while the plants' roots found tiny openings grooved by running water and burrowed deep, cracking the stone.

Choose a party leader. If the Old Spinner is with you, **see 0078.**

The verdant flora of the valley is exquisite and exotic, but it nevertheless slows you down. Some of the species here are unique to this part of the island. Some don't seem to hail from Crete at all, while others you thought long extinct. As you traverse this veritable jungle, you can't help but feel there is something supernatural about it.

In the early hours of the evening, you find yourself on the outskirts of the Acropolis, stone buildings cut into the walls themselves, simple but solid, impregnable, and almost timeless.

Atop each cliff and towering structure stand statues of the Cretan Bull. Inside each spacious alcove is the grave of some noble or high priest. On closer inspection, the buildings seem to have been adapted, expanded, and revised: their original shape still discernible from the regular notches and clefts in the walls. Those prior edifices would have been too big for humans. Was this an old city of the Centimanes, the many-handed giants who rivaled the Titans?

⁘■■⁘

⁘ *is 'five.'*

If so, Daedalus surely hasn't built this place. Then why—

"Look!" exclaims the most perceptive of you. "There, on the eastern wall!"

Indeed, the structures there have been damaged—and quite recently, too. As if something enormous was climbing up, feeling its way with massive fingers, using sepulchre alcoves as handholds, losing grip more than once, and tumbling to the ground, breaking the buildings left and right. A Hekaton, no doubt.

But it is not the signs of Primordial activity your party member was motioning to.

No, it was the metal structure or machina protruding from beneath the ruined sepulchres, gleaming in the last rays of the setting sun like the palace of Midas himself.

"By the dead gods! That seal. That's Daedalus's handiwork."

There is a massive round door in the middle of the contraption, damaged by the Hekaton's assault. It stands slightly ajar. You make your way to the damaged wall and cautiously enter. Even in the dim half-light seeping through the warped entrance, you can see dozens upon dozens of strange devices and metallic parts, all neatly aligned in rows and columns.

"This cannot be," says one of you.

But the place is unmistakable, just as Alkibiades described it before you even set foot in Knossos.

"Daedalus's Vault."

The very thing that made you stay on Crete and ally yourselves with the Minoans, found by accident. You can't help but chuckle at the absurdity of fate.

You hastily send for the shipbreakers and ox carts.

"Look at all those machinas! Alkibiades will have a field day with this."

Surely your artificers will be able to find suitable parts here to make the Argo truly high seas-worthy again. Finally, you'll be able to stop this ceaseless search for a fallen monarch and leave this godsforsaken place and its people behind.

You pause, noticing your party's reflection in a large polished discus gear. For better or worse, this island has made you who you are, uncovering hidden memories and etching new ones.

"A strange feeling, yes? A journey's end," says the Old Priest. You are startled by his voice, as you did not notice when he arrived with the shipbreakers. "It is clichéd to proclaim the road more important than the destination, but less so to say that the true destination is only revealed by the road traveled."

"You have made a difference here," he continues, looking over Daedalus's baubles. "And only you can stand against the forces that conspire to tear this island to pieces. What if we were meant to come? The Argo did steer itself here . . ."

As you ponder the words of the old man, a scout arrives and tells you they've located the Grave of Ariadne, deeper in the valley.

Among Daedalus's contraptions you find one (and only one!) of the following (choose):

1. Various machinas that may be salvaged for parts for the Argo: gain +1 ⛭.
2. A strange translucent amphora filled with gooey liquid with paracausal properties: gain 1 Sisyphus Tear.
Regardless of your choice, **see 0044.**

0082

"You should leave, Argonauts," Pirithous utters bitterly. "This is Cretan business."

"We come for him." One of you motions to the kneeling Minos. The man gives you a strange look.

"Why do you always strive to oppose us?" asks Pirithous. "This man and his daughter conspired against and killed Theseus. He deserves to be punished."

"The truth is far more cruel, peasant," mutters Minos. "But my daughter is blameless in this."

"Of course she is," mocks Pirithous. "Just as well. There's really no point in flogging a corpse. Now, you on the other hand . . ." He puts a knife to the king's throat.

"I know how to stop the blight of the Labyrinth!" spouts Minos. "Kill me and this island is done for!"

Pirithous eyes narrow and his lips purse.

"You are the blight of this island, tyrant."

If Minos knows anything about the Labyrinth, you need him alive. You need to act before Pirithous indulges his lust for justice—or revenge.

Choose:

1. If Hornsworn: At War or G1, this is your only option: *The Hornsworn leader doesn't seem like the negotiating type. If you strike now, you have the advantage and may minimize casualties. You immediately attack the Hornsworn.* Hornsworn: Diplomacy -2. **See 0085.**
2. *They're not the enemy here. Neither is Minos, for that matter. You need to de-escalate the situation and focus on the bigger threat: the Labyrinth. You try to reason with the Hornsworn.*
   The leader tests Cunning or Wisdom (18+). Add +2 if you finished the *Plight of the People* hub. Gain +1 Ψ and/or +1 **A** to add +1 each. Gain +2 ▽ to add +1. If you have *Hope Logic* Technology card, add +1.
   Success: See 0084.
   Fail: Lose -1 ✕. Gain +1 ⛬. **See 0085.**

0083

"This does not concern you, outsiders," says the Hornsworn leader, Pirithous. "This man and his daughter conspired against and killed Theseus. He deserves to be punished."

"The truth is far more cruel, peasant," mutters Minos. "But my daughter is blameless in this."

"Of course she is," mocks Pirithous. "Just as well. There's really no point in flogging a corpse. Now, you on the other hand . . ." He puts a knife to the king's throat.

"I know how to stop the blight of the Labyrinth!" spouts Minos. "Kill me and this island is done for!"

Pirithous eyes narrow and his lips purse.

"You are the blight of this island, tyrant."

If Minos knows anything about the Labyrinth, you need him alive. You need to act before Pirithous indulges his lust for justice—or revenge.

Choose:

1. If Hornsworn: At War, this is your only option:

The Hornsworn leader doesn't seem like the negotiating type. If you strike now, you have the advantage and may minimize casualties. You immediately attack the Hornsworn.

Hornsworn: Diplomacy -2. **See 0085.**

2. *They're not the enemy here. Neither is Minos, for that matter. You need to de-escalate the situation and focus on the bigger threat: the Labyrinth. You try to reason with the Hornsworn.*

The leader tests Cunning or Wisdom (17+). Add +2 if you finished the *Plight of the People* hub. Gain +1 Ψ and/or +1 **A** to add +1 each. Gain +2 Ψ to add +1. If you have *Hope Logic* Technology card, add +1.

Success: See 0084.

Fail: Lose -1 ✕. Gain +1 🜁. **See 0085.**

3. If you finished the *Tears of a Minotaur* hub only:

Reveal the truth. **See 0088.**

4. If you finished the *Dreams Laid Bare* hub only:

Reveal the truth. **See 0101.**

0084

You appeal to the Hornsworn leader's humanity and his devotion to Crete's people.

"What would Theseus do?"

From the look in Pirithous's eyes—a spectrum of defiance, anger, understanding, and empathy—you deduce the answer. Theseus must've been something special indeed. Though you have not met the man, you feel a tinge of regret he is not among you now and more than a hint of resentment toward Minos for his part in the Athenian's death.

"I have dreamed of bringing you to justice for so many years now," says Pirithous after gathering his thoughts, "and I got caught up in lust for revenge. But I look at you and I see a frail, despondent beggar in dirty rags. Your death will neither bring Theseus back, nor bring down the Dynasty. Our quarrel is with the system, not with a broken old man. You can have him, Argonauts."

You notice Minos sinks with every spoken word. It seems irrelevance hurts him more than hatred. The Hornsworn relinquish their prisoner and, after a brief exchange of information with your scouts, leave.

"My daughter did not betray Theseus," blurts Minos as Pirithous is about to exit the sepulchre. "She died for him. Your leaders gave him up for a place at my table. They rule in Knossos now."

This makes Pirithous stop and turn to face the once king of Crete. Their eyes lock.

"Why tell me this?"

Minos's gaze hardens.

"Because the truth hurts you more."

See 0087.

0085

You make the decision with a heavy heart, but there is no way of getting through to the Hornsworn—and you can't take the chance.

Each Argonaut makes a Fury or Endurance test (9+). Gain +X **A** to add +X. Gain +3 if in the previous paragraph you decided to attack immediately.

Fail: *You are badly wounded during the skirmish.*

Gain +2 **A**.

0–2 successes: *You lunge forward and a desperate skirmish ensues. Your warriors are better equipped, but theirs are battle-hardened. The close quarters give no reprieve to either side. In the end you emerge victorious, but the cost is high. Pirithous and his Hornsworn are dead.*

Mark I2. Each Argonaut gains +1 **A** and +2 Ψ. Lose -1 ✕.

3–4 successes: *With a subtle gesture of the wrist you give the order to attack. Your warriors take the Hornsworn by total surprise. You push them back up to the sepulchre wall and force them to surrender. You're thankful Pirithous values the lives of his subordinates more than victory. You delegate some of your men to escort the prisoners to the valley's perimeter.*

Each Argonaut gains +1 Ψ and +1 Ω.

Regardless of result, **see 0087.**

0086

Not long after the princess leaves, you start to notice a change in the Horned Guard's demeanor toward you. The snake is in the open at last.

Minoans: Diplomacy -2. Hornsworn: Diplomacy: +1. Labyrinthians: Diplomacy +1. Gain +1 🜁. Make an Acacallis tally mark. **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0087

The would-be monarch of Crete regains some of his nobility, but not much: he still looks tired and downhearted, the grime of life having soiling both his appearance and his psyche.

"You said you knew how to save the island," you press.

Minos turns to you with a weird, almost manic look in his eyes.

"My only son was killed in a foreign land by Theseus's kin. My only daughter died to save that same man," he hisses through his teeth. "I've done everything for the good of the people of Crete and they hate me for it. Call me a tyrant. I am without a kingdom, without an heir, without a future." Minos gives you a wicked smile. *"I hope this island is swallowed by the voracious sea, like the doomed Atlantis! But," he quickly adds, now calm and collected again, the madness passing in an instant, "my daughter was blameless in all of this. And she was made to suffer this curse. I intend for it to end."*

Minos is distraught and seemingly never moved on after the death of Ariadne. Suddenly the tales of the 'mad king' you heard don't seem so exaggerated.

"The Labyrinthian ranks swell from the displaced and the destitute," one of you rebukes him. "No curse made them that way. Your rule did."

"There will always be haves and have-nots. That's how the gods made the world," Minos says casually. "You want to discuss politics or the Labyrinth?"

You look at each other.

"That's what I thought. Then listen carefully: It started soon after my daughter died. Daedalus said her grief cracked a hole. That's what he said. A hole in a wall to some . . . some other place, where nightmares spawn. He made me bury her here to try to reinforce that wall. I thought we did." He sighs. "But something slipped in, and it latched onto the Labyrinth, made it its shell, and to the Labyrinth's cult, and made them its slaves."

So far, Minos hasn't told you anything you haven't already figured out. His daughter's part in this is surprising, yes, but what does it matter where it started?

"Why her?"

Minos shrugs.

"She was always . . . special. Maybe her grief was special too? I traveled to the old maze to make sure. The place of her death was transformed. There was a sinkhole there. Something massive dug its way out. That thing."

"So how do we stop it? Your army tried to kill it with a Manos Unit, but it just came back."

Minos nods slowly.

"Yes. I was there. That's when it dawned on me. Deukalion was a fool. You can't kill something that isn't there."

"What do you mean 'isn't there'?"

Minos sighs, as if he is about to explain something to children.

"The philosopher Plato told a story about a group of prisoners in a cave, chained, observing shadows of things passing by and thinking them a reality," recounts the king of Crete. "The creature is someplace else, out of sight. Out of our perception of reality. We only glimpse its shadow. I believe my daughter's death didn't just crack the wall. She is the crack, through which we may observe the truth of things. I think Daedalus knew too and built this place not to seal the crack but to anchor the thing that peeked through. What I found is that . . . he left it half-finished."

Suddenly the placement of the Daedalus Vault starts to make more sense.

"Why did he abandon his work?"

"Who can know the mind of the Great Inventor? Maybe he wanted to see what it was that came through. Maybe he lost interest. Daedalus was a genius. Maybe his genius was beyond even the gods' wisdom. But his only loyalty was to knowledge. He sent Icarus to the Sun, after all." Minos shakes his head. *"For the last few weeks, I've tried to make sense of this contraption, but I can't force it to work. Maybe—"* Minos's words are drowned by the thundering roar echoing through the Sepulchre Acropolis. The alcove shakes, and a few loose stones fall from the ceiling.

That roar is etched into your very souls. The Temenos is here.

You run out of the sepulchre to get your bearings. The Primordial's hulking form crests the horizon like a mountain.

"No!" yells Minos. "It knows! Somehow it knows!" He turns his gaze in your direction. There's madness there. "You. You led it here!"

Any Argonaut who is Mazetouched gains +2 Ψ. An Argonaut that is Watched gains +4 Ψ instead.

For a moment, you think the king of Crete will come at you, but instead he purses his lips and says, "I will not let her be taken away again. Save her." The desperation in his eyes betrays the confidence in his voice. He turns to the creature looming on the horizon and starts to run.

"Madman! Come back!" shout your crewmembers, but the tyrant does not look back.

His daughter is beyond saving. But if what he told you is true, maybe she is the key to saving Crete. You just need to move her. You order your men to recover the glass coffin and head to the Argo. You rush ahead, straight to the Balaneion. You hope the Titans can intercept the Temenos before it reaches your warriors.

Go to Temenos Battle on p. 114 (note "Special Aftermath 0004").

0088

"Pirithous," the party leader says. "Ariadne was the Minotaur."

This, at least, gives the man pause. He looks at you with the befuddlement of someone who is trying to figure out not if he is being scammed, but how the scam will benefit the speaker.

"You think I knew the price Poseidon would demand of me? That I wanted this?" interjects Minos angrily. "You have no right—"

"No! You had no right, Minos. Your ambition condemned her to that hell and the people of Hellas to the Labyrinth."

"All the more reason to be rid of him," says Pirithous, regaining his composure.

"No, Pirithous. Don't you get it? She was as much a victim as you or Theseus. And she stood by him to the end, to bring peace and purpose to this island. Death is the least this man deserves." The party leader points to Minos, who doesn't lower his head and looks them straight in the eye. *"But it solves nothing. Let him help us save Crete from the Labyrinth, and then he's all yours."*

"How . . . pragmatic of you," says the former tyrant with a wry smile, thought his eyes, for once, betray emotion.

Pirithous eyes Minos, then says, "Deal. But expect this man to disappoint you."

Hornsworn: Diplomacy +1. Subtract -2 Ψ. **See 0087.**

0089

You confront the Minoan princess Acacallis in her quarters. She ignores your questions and instead chides you for not saving her father.

"You failed! The deal is off! My sister will hear of your incompetence!"

The princess demands a ship and crew to sail to Knossos.

Choose:

1. *You hesitantly comply with the request. Though you have your suspicions about her legitimacy, you are no kidnappers. This may lead to complications, but maybe it's better to lure a snake into the open.* **See 0086.**

2. *She knows you have your suspicions. It's a dangerous time. You wouldn't want the princess to get hurt on her way home. Let her stay onboard as your . . . royal guest. Besides, you're going to Knossos anyway. You'll deliver her personally.* Minoans: Diplomacy -2. Mark 02. **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0090

As the Argo *leaves the Sepulchre Acropolis cove behind, an image is etched into your mind: Minos standing in the Primordial's path, arms extended, as if to say "you cannot pass." Even as the hulking mass of mazestone and earth and flesh gets closer, he does not flinch or back away. Even as the churning maw leans over his frail frame, eclipsing the sun, dirt and plucked plants falling down like rain, he does not lower his head.*

His defiance gives pause even to that creature of despair. Such will. The standoff seems to last for an eternity. It surely buys you the time to get to the Balaneion.

And then the Temenos crushes him like a bug.

"Even kings are laid low when they stand alone," muses the Old Priest, looking to the horizon.

You reflect on the tyrant: Minos loved his daughter, and his determination, strength, and ruthlessness may earn him a place among the legends. But he did not care for his people. He divided and conquered all his life, and by the end of it, he was left with a fraction of his power.

"When Alkibiades is finished with the repairs, the ship will be high seas-worthy," says the Old Priest. "We will be able to reach the mainland."

"We're not going to the mainland," declares one of you.

"Without a kingdom, without an heir, without a future," said Minos, but he was without purpose. All this time on Crete, you were looking for a way out so you might resume your quest and find out who you are and why you are here. But you already know, don't you?

You're the Argonauts. You are here to lift up those who cannot do so themselves. Because no man should stand alone. And you're not alone. You're a crew.

"Lay a course for Knossos," says the boldest of you.

The shipbreakers started work on the Grave of Ariadne as soon as you got it onboard. It will take a lot of effort, but Alkibiades is sure they can make it work. Pin the creature to this mortal plane of existence, and you'll make it vulnerable. You just need to find it again. And who better to ask about its whereabouts than the self-proclaimed Mouth of the Labyrinth, the Punished, exalted prisoner of the Minoan Dynasty?

It's just in need of a better name. "Grave of Ariadne" sounds ghastly.

"An anchor, then."

Archive the *A Phantom Thread* Story card, read side 4A of the *Unappealable Egress* Story card, and **return to the Voyage Phase.**

0091

"Then what does it matter if we stay or leave?"

This gives the man pause.

"It doesn't," he finally says, then adds, "I don't want you to suffer. Crete is finished, weighed down by the sins of Minos and Theseus. We march on Knossos and there it will end. I have no doubt what justice the followers of the Truth will receive at the hands of the Minoan Dynasty. Do you?"

Gain +1 Ψ. **See 0092.**

0092

"I do not wish to take more of your time. I have delivered my message, and you will do as you please. Now let me be on my way. It's a long trek to Knossos."

Knossos. You ponder if it's wise to send the Punished on his way.

If the Minoan Guide is with you and you have not finished the *Dreams Laid Bare* hub, **see 0093.** If the Old Spinner is with you, **see 0094.**

Then choose:

1. *You cannot defeat an idea by defeating a man. The Punished will undoubtedly journey to Knossos, but holding him—or worse, killing him—would only rally more to his cause. Let your compassion and your impertinence sow a seed of doubt in him. You send him on his way.*

Labyrinthians: Diplomacy +1. **See 0095.**

2. *One way or another, the Labyrinthians will march on Knossos. You cannot stop that. But you can at least gain some favor from the Minoan Dynasty by delivering them their enemy on a platter. You send him to Knossos as a prisoner.*

Minoans: Diplomacy +1. **See 0096.**

3. *You are no murderers, but this man is too dangerous to be left unchecked. He says he is insignificant and replaceable, yet to your knowledge there is only one Punished and many pay deference to him. Isolate him and the movement may wane. You imprison him.*

Labyrinthians: Diplomacy -1. **See 0097.**

4. *The Punished is the spiritual leader of a dangerous cult. You cannot kill an idea by killing a man, but you sure as hell can shatter a movement built around that man. This is risky and may backfire, but you may not get a second chance. You kill him.*

Labyrinthians: Immediately go to At War. **See 0098.**

0093

Princess Acacallis is furious you even let the Punished onto the ship. The hate for the Labyrinthian prophet is palpable, almost physical.

"That . . . creature plans the downfall of my dynasty!" yells the Minoan princess. "Kill it! Kill it before it dooms us all! When we return to my palace, you will be rewarded beyond imagining."

If you choose to kill the Punished, Minoans: Diplomacy -1.

If you want to try to understand Acacallis, you may spend time with her, though her demeanor doesn't make it easy. Gain +2 **A** and **See 0154**, then **return to 0092.**

0094

When you enter her quarters, the Old Spinner doesn't raise her head. "A pitiful, misguided man," she murmurs. "Imprisoned in a maze of his own making. Guilt is a powerful anchor. Should you offer him compassion?" she muses. "Yet many follow him, and that makes him dangerous."

"You're saying we should kill him?"

"Death does not erase guilt, only absolution."

Gain +1 Ψ. **Return to 0092.**

0095

"You can go freely. No harm will come to you," one of you says. "But know that this is a choice and it has meaning. And solely by this choice, you matter. There is always hope for the future."

The Punished gives you a strange look, then turns around and leaves for his ship. Soon after, the trireme departs your docks and vanishes in the fog.

Lose -1 🜁.

If the Minoan Guide is with you, Minoans: Diplomacy -2. Swap Map tiles 22 and 23 with special (tiles 22 and 23. Archive the *Invisible Weights* Doom card and read side 3A of the *No Way Out* Doom card. **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0096

"You can go to Knossos and join your followers. No harm will come to you," one of you says. "But you will go there in shackles."

"Is this the famed Argonaut hospitality?"

"It's our famed prudence. If what you say is true, you will arrive unharmed precisely where you want to, ready to be judged for what you have done in the service of the Labyrinth."

The Punished sighs heavily. "I suppose it cannot be helped. We are all at the mercy of the world's whims. Farewell, Argonauts."

Your guards escort the Punished to the pier, where they inform his followers that he will take a slightly different route to Knossos. Soon after, both ships—the Labyrinthian trireme and your transport hemiolia—depart the docks and vanish into the fog.

Swap Map tiles 22 and 23 with special ( ) tiles 22 and 23. Archive the *Invisible Weights* Doom card and read side 3A of the *No Way Out* Doom card. **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0097

"We cannot let you leave. Until this crisis is averted, you will be our . . . guest."

The Punished's face twists into a mockery of a smile.

"Is this the famed Argonaut hospitality?"

"It's our famed prudence: you've championed the downtrodden, get all of your actions have made things worse. If what you say is true, it doesn't matter if you remain here or not."

"Yes." The man bows his head. "We are all at the mercy of the world's whims."

You leave the Punished in his cell to think things through. When word of you comes to visit him the next morning, he is gone, the room transformed into a nightmare of stone blocks, right angles, and unholy symmetry, as if the Labyrinth reached out and snatched him straight from your ship. You are left with nothing . . . Well, that's not entirely true. You now know that the Punished is more important than he says or realizes.

Gain +1 Ψ and +1 🜁 (it will go straight to the next Doom card). Archive the *Invisible Weights* Doom card and read side 3A of the *No Way Out* Doom card. **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0098

"We . . . cannot let you continue."

Your gazes meet. The Punished's eyes reflect a mix of sadness, relief, and inevitability. These were kind eyes once.

"It is what it is," he says, then lowers his head, exposing the neck.

You hesitate. You were sure this was the right way, but now would rather postpone it. You imagined it differently: a struggle, anger, shouting. A revelation of villainy. But the Punished simply accepts his fate.

You draw it out, but it just prolongs the suffering.

"Do it," the Punished whispers.

You draw your xiphos and put it to the man's

neck, but your hand trembles.

"Do it. I deserve it."

You strike. The blade severs the Punished's neck, decapitating him. His head falls to the ground with a hollow thud, and his body just slumps in place.

You're still shaking, trying to process what you just did. You have never taken an unarmed man's life before.

The Argo *shakes violently. Black lines sprout on the deck around the body, quickly taking the shape of a maze pattern. The lines widen and the deck comes apart. You back away as the room is transformed before your very eyes. The Punished's body falls into one of the fissures and disappears from view. The violent transformation stops immediately.*

After you calm down, you conduct a search for the body, but it cannot be found anywhere on the ship.

Several days later you hear the Punished was seen in a coastal village. It seems the Labyrinth will not let him die.

The party leader gains a Fated Mnemos, +1 Ω, +2 Δ, and +3 Ψ. Mark M2. Gain +1 (it will go straight to the next Doom card). Archive the *Invisible Weights* Doom card and read side 3A of the *No Way Out* Doom card. **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0099

No Way Out

You wake up in the middle of the night, feeling something is terribly wrong. You suddenly realize the Argo *has stopped. You don't even feel the ebb and flow of waves.*

You rush to the deck, where the majority of your crew has already gathered. Fate has led the Argo *into shallow water and the ship has run aground. Teams with torches have already been dispatched to assess the situation, while the rest wait anxiously for dawn.*

When the sun sets on the island of Crete, your hearts sink. As far as the eye can see, the shore has been transformed into a nightmare of right angles and angular blocks. Further inland, megalithic maze structures reach for the skies like grasping fingers or pillars of smoke.

And you . . . You have not sailed into the shallows. It's the sea that has disappeared, replaced with a seemingly endless plain of maze.

A Hekaton approaches from the east. You feel a tremor, then another. The ground below the Argo *is moving, opening up into a gargantuan maw. The hole below you is pitch-black, voracious, infinite.*

The last thing you see is the image of a bloodied giant strung across two white pillars. Then the end comes.

The Aeon of Despair begins.

You failed to stop the Labyrinth. Your odyssey ends here. Game over. Mark 1 fated box in the *Unfathomable Aeons* Cycle I Special Event.

0100

Giant hands reach over the railing: one, two, three, a dozen more. The hideous shape of a Hekaton lunges onto the deck. This one is different from the ones you faced before. Its ashy gray skin is completely covered with the maze pattern. As it surveys the deck, almost like a wolf sniffing its prey, it dawns on you: this one is intelligent. It has come to end the enemies of the Labyrinth once and for all.

You junction with your Titans. If it wins here, there is nowhere to retreat to.

The Adherent of the Labyrinth attacks the *Argo*. The Adherent of the Labyrinth is a Level 5 Hekaton with the *Starfish* Trait. Use the Tutorial Battle Setup on p. 4 of the *Learn to Play* Rulebook, but use a Level 5 Hekaton. (Note "Special Aftermath 0005." After the battle, use that Aftermath instead of the Tutorial one.)

0101

"Pirithous," the party leader says, "Theseus is alive." The Hornsworn leader freezes in mid sentence, his face betraying despair and hope in equal measure.

"He is the Punished."

"You lie!"

"I wish." The party leader points to Minos, who remains unfazed, even at this revelation. "This man, this war, and the loss of his love drove him into the maw of despair. He emerged . . . with the maze in tow."

"What proof do you have?" demands Pirithous. "And what does it even matter now?" Something in his face tells you that this does not come to him as the shock you initially thought it was. Maybe he suspected it.

"It matters because his cause mattered! He gave everything for this island, and it swallowed him whole. If you follow this path you're on, it will swallow you too. Purpose and hope are what the Labyrinth fears most. Let us finish what Theseus started and save Crete, by any means necessary."

"If Theseus is at the center of this, we can reach him." The party leader points to Minos, arrogant and unapologetic as always. "You can reach him."

"Romantic fools," the former tyrant says with disgust. "Do you know where this hopeless optimism will get you?"

Pirithous eyes the former tyrant, then says, "I know where your ruthless pragmatism got you, Minos. You've got a deal, Argonauts. But you need to explain this Punished business."

Hornsworn: Diplomacy +1. Mark A4. Subtract -2 Ψ, place 1 on the next Story card. **See 0087.**

0102

"Pirithous," the party leader says, "he's telling the truth. Theseus's lieutenants betrayed him and handed him over to Minos."

The Hornsworn leader freezes mid sentence, his face betraying despair and hope in equal measure.

"You lie!"

Minos starts to snicker.

"You poor wretch, just as useless as the rest. You see, Argonauts? You see why it was so easy to remain in power?"

"But did you?" asks the party leader calmly. This shuts Minos up.

"What treachery are you up to, Argonaut?" asks Pirithous angrily, looking back at his men. "What reason do you have to sow discord among us now?"

"You need to learn from past mistakes. Be it for the lust of power, or just lust, Theseus inner circle betrayed him. But not you. You remain loyal, even now. Pirithous the Hand, ever faithful. Do you know why that is?"

Pirithous looks at you. He is not as shocked by the revelation as you thought he would be. Maybe he knew. Maybe he suspected.

"Do tell, Argonaut."

"Because you are loyal to the cause, not the man. The island needs you more than ever. Not as Minos's executioner, but as Theseus's successor."

"Lofty words." Minos chuckles. "You think this man can step into Theseus's sandals? I hated the Athenian, but I respected his resolve. This here isn't even his bleak shadow."

Pirithous eyes the former tyrant, then says, "If this bag of shit can still do Crete some good, let's use him. You've got a deal, Argonauts. But you need to tell me what happened that night Theseus was taken."

Hornsworn: Diplomacy +2. Mark A6. Subtract -2 Ψ. **See 0087.**

0103

"You say you are no one of import," muses the party leader. "But once, you were. You were Theseus, were you not?"

The Punished stands there, his contorted features trembling in the sea breeze. It's hard to read his labyrinthized face, or the conflicting emotions that swirl upon it.

"That pitiful man died at the Labyrinth. His rebellion amounted to nothing, cost him everything, and sent the island into a spiral of misery it will not recover from."

There is so much pain and grief and self-flagellation there. It's no wonder he calls himself the Punished. He wants to be punished. That is the font from which the Labyrinth has sprung, you realize: not from despair alone, but from the notion it is all deserved. And if it is deserved, there is no escaping it.

"And yet here you are, trying to convince us to not get involved," says the party leader boldly. "Are you afraid we will succeed where Theseus failed? Or do you want him saved?"

"Theseus is beyond redemption." There is palpable hatred in every syllable. "And you are beyond hope."

Have you caught a glimmer in the Punished's eye?

"That remains to be seen."

The Punished nods and signals the Labyrinthians to unmoor their vessel. You could stop him. You doubt the cultists would put much of a fight. But something tells you it wouldn't make a difference. You do not fight a religious movement by imprisoning their leader. That just makes them a martyr. You fight it be laying bare their ideology. And you just made a step toward just that.

"Till we meet again, Theseus."

Labyrinthians: Diplomacy +1, Hornsworn: Diplomacy +1. Mark B5. **See 0108.**

0104

The Argo *cuts through the night waves, as the sun is yet to rise on the hunched silhouette of Knossos, the Horned City, now transformed beyond belief. The few city lights that pierce the darkness reveal a labyrinthized shoreline of angular, symmetrical constructs.*

"The Labyrinth is here already," one of you muses.

"As expected," says the Old Priest, ever by your side, with a soft smile. "You, on the other hand, are not. There were countless times when you could have walked away. Sensible reasons too. No one would blame you. Bah! Many would welcome it. Yet you persisted."

He looks out at the shore. "And your persistence, your willingness to help those in need, has awakened something in the people of Crete, something they have nearly forgotten: hope. Look to the city." He points to a few redoubts of light. "It's not over yet."

Gain 1 Sisyphus Tear.

"Prepare the launch!" commands one of you. "Bring the Argo in."

Armed with Ariadne's Anchor, you just need to lure the Temenos out and kill it. Simple enough. Yet there is no sign of the monstrous creature, this living heart of the Labyrinth, even when the Argo drops anchor a stone's throw away from Knossos's port. Previously, your appearance alone would goad it into battle. Now it's nowhere to be seen.

Your scouts, sent ahead of the Argo, come back with troubling news. The Dynasty's rule has crumbled. The Primordials have overrun the Horned Guard. In their absence, the Hornsworn are making their bid for power, or at least vengeance. There are regular battles waged in and around Knossos and the rebels have cut off the palace. It's just a matter of time before the line of Minos is extinguished.

And even if they could somehow withstand the fury of the Hornsworn, it won't do them much good. The Labyrinthians have converged on the city, demanding Phaedra release their prophet. So it is true. The Punished was taken prisoner by the Minoan Dynasty and is held at the court of Minos's daughter. If anyone knows how to call the Temenos, it will be him.

If the Minoan Guide is with you, **see 0105.** Then continue.

Your goal seems clear.

You enter the city, a challenging task for now each street and alley twists and turns in unexpected ways, bending to the Truth of the Labyrinth. Buildings lean over the road more and more, and you fear they will collapse at any moment. Further up, the giant fragments of the maze upheave the once striking towers of Knossos, bury the abandoned temples of the Olympians, and effortlessly crush the statues of the Minotaur, once expected to outlast the people of Crete.

Everywhere you look you see chaos: people fleeing into the hills like there was no tomorrow—for the Minoans that may very well be true. Others huddling in the ruins of once great buildings, hoping in vain this will all pass on its own. You meet squads of Horned Guard trying to keep the peace and evacuate the survivors, and others abandoning their posts and running for their lives with no regard for the people they swore to protect. You pass Hornsworn dissidents reclaiming a sense of nobility by helping the wounded and staving off the maze, as well as groups taking the opportunity to loot and pillage a helpless, defenseless city. You encounter the Labyrinthians: those still clinging to their humanity and a sense of belonging, and those taking joy in senseless destruction, as if this is everything they hoped for.

The world, it seems, is more ambiguous than the people of Crete thought, or wanted, or feared, or wished.

The gate to the palace of the Minoan Dynasty has been broken down and there is no one to guard the post.

You follow the meandering hallways, now crisscrossed by giant maze fragments pining for the sky. You pass by a number of heartbreaking scenes: people dead or dying in the rubble, others trying to save them or mourning their loss. You help where you can, but you push forward. Forward and upward.

Closer to the throne room, you see signs of struggle: a few dead Horned Guard soldiers and dozens of Labyrinthians in tattered robes, armed with nothing more than gardening tools and bare hands. They wanted to liberate their prophet so badly, and yet they failed so close to the finish line.

You cross a maze outcrop that has cut the building in half and notice a skirmish in the courtyard. Horned Guard losing ground to the Hornsworn, finally come for what they perceive they deserve.

Choose a party leader. Then **see 0106.**

0105

"My home!" Acacallis grieves. "All is lost."

"Nothing's lost as long as you have hope," volunteers one of you. "Your sister is in thrall with the Punished. If we can convince her . . ."

"I know how she thinks. She would sooner kill him than surrender her only triumph." Acacallis seems somehow smaller. "She must be desperate by now."

"So what should we do?"

"Appease her. And I-I will . . . do what I can. She never listened to me, though. I doubt she will start now."

Make an Acacallis tally mark. **Return to 0104.**

0106

You arrive at the Minoan throne room. The doors must've collapsed during the mazequake, for they lie in pieces on the marble floor. You step over the rubble and notice a squad of veteran guards, the most staunch defenders of the Dynasty.

Princess Phaedra is there as well, standing on the balcony overlooking the city, like on that fateful day you agreed to help her look for her father. How long has it been?

Another figure draws your attention: a man on his knees, tatters of cloak and skin fluttering in the sea breeze. He is chained, leashed and gagged. You are immediately reminded of your meeting with Minos in the Sepulchre Acropolis.

The Fates are having a day.

"Argonauts," she says with a hint of anger. "The Labyrinth broke through. Knossos is sinking. Old foes and new take this opportunity to air their grievances. Do you come to seal the end of the Minoan Dynasty?"

The Horned Guard close ranks around their leader and draw their swords. Suddenly, Princess Phaedra looks so small and vulnerable. You begin to understand: her whole world is crumbling. She's a cornered animal with nothing to lose.

"There is still time to save your people, Princess," says the party leader cautiously. "We need that man to do that." They point to the Punished.

The princess looks at you with piercing eyes.

"Is there time? And why should I listen to your counsel now? I entrusted the fate of this island to you in this very room, did I not? I tasked you with finding my father. You failed."

"Your father chose his fate."

"And so did he." As she says it, she puts a sword to the Punished's throat.

Choose:

1. If you finished the *Uneasy Rests the Head* hub only:
   Give Phaedra a way out. **See 0110.**
2. If I4 is marked:
   Listen to the counsel of Acacallis.
   Minoans: Diplomacy +1. **See 0111.**
3. *There is too much at stake here. You possibly have only one shot at saving the island. You have no idea what will happen if the Punished dies. You need to draw the Temenos's attention, but you doubt this is the way to do it. Funny that you would defend the man, but here you are. You stop Phaedra before she kills the Punished by any means necessary.*
   See 0114.
4. *The Truth of the Labyrinth has torn this island apart. You know where Phaedra's anger is coming from and you sympathize. You would not have killed the man, but then again, you will not kill anyone to save him either. You let Phaedra kill the Punished.*
   Minoans: Diplomacy +1. **See 0113.**
5. If B5 is marked only:
   Phaedra needs to know something about death. **See 0112.**
6. If the Minoan Guide is with you only:
   Will Phaedra listen to her sister? It's a gamble. **See 0109.**

0108

"So be it," says the Punished, bowing his deformed head before he turns to leave. "Just keep in mind, the Truth has a life of its own. It will not be silenced just because you want it to be."

The Labyrinthian ship unmoors from the dock and quickly disappears among the waves. An eerie silence falls on the Argo*, like a dark pall.*

Party leader gains +1 Ψ. **See 0039.**

0109

"Phaedra," says Princess Acacallis, stepping forward. "Please listen to me. The Dynasty is finished. We are finished. But Crete still has a chance. Let these people do what they do best."

Phaedra gives you a funny look.

Party leader rolls a d10.
1–5: *"No," she says plainly and turns to the Punished.*
See 0115.
6–10: *She shrugs. "Have him, then."*
Mark G3 and see 0118.

0110

"Phaedra," says the party leader carefully, formulating a plan, "We know who you are and what you did."

The princess turns to you, a mixture of curiosity and anger in her hazel eyes.

"Oh? Do tell, Argonaut."

The party leader steps forward, arms raised to prevent an unwanted response. By the glint in their eyes, you know: they're onto something.

"Minos only had three children. And from what I know, all of them are dead." You notice the uneasiness that falls on the Horned Guard. Did they suspect? Did they know? "So that makes you . . . a usurper."

"That's a very strange way to negotiate," says Phaedra through pursed lips. The sword she's pressing to the Punished's throat draws blood.

She has nowhere to run, you understand, no ground to give. If only . . .

"Don't you see, Phaedra? This is your way out," says the party leader. Even the Punished perks up. "You were never Minos's daughter, just a stray he took in. You were never responsible for his atrocities. You were a follower of Theseus and you bided your time, and now you can finish what he started and save Crete from the Dynasty." You all silently acknowledge the things he does not say. Nobody needs to know how she got here. "There is evidence of this, beyond word of mouth, and we can bring it to light."

Phaedra seems to consider your words. Finally, she says,

"And in return?"

"Him. We just need him."

The princess looks to the Punished, disappointed.

"Have him, then," she declares and the Horned Guard stand down. "But don't take long." After that, she leaves the throne room. You dare not stop her.

Hornsworn: Diplomacy +1. Mark G3. **See 0118.**

0111

"Phaedra, please listen to the Argonauts," says Acacallis, stepping forward. "I have traveled the island with them and grown to know and respect them. They have our best interests at heart. They may not have found . . . Minos, but what would that old man do? He brought all of this upon us! He corrupted us. Remember who we were, Phaedra? Before all this? They"—she points to you—"represent what we've lost."

"What know you of loss?" hisses Phaedra spitefully. "You may have loved him," she adds, and you are left to wonder who this 'he' was, "but you were barely a child then. I have shared his bed. We had a future. And then . . . then that Minoan whore ruined everything . . ."

"So . . ." says Acacallis, as if she suddenly realizes something. "You want the Dynasty to fall. You always wanted it—"

"No—"

"All we did . . . It was just you lashing out. Punishing everyone for the transgressions of Theseus. How could I have been so blind?" Acacallis moves her attention to the Punished, now listening intently. "And this is our latest victim. Another hapless soul you've lured under our boot. Hasn't he been punished enough? Haven't we all?"

Phaedra takes a step back.

"No, no . . ." she mutters in a trembling voice. "You feel pity for this creature? For this Labyrinthian?"

"We are the true Labyrinthians, 'sister.' We got lost so long ago. But I never realized the depths of your despair." Tears run down Acacallis's cheeks. "It doesn't have to be that way anymore." She extends her hand.

Phaedra looks at her, dumbfounded. The blade slips from her limp hand.

"You pity . . . me?" she blurts out. "You? Long before any of this, there was a simple girl who loved a boy. Everything, everything would have been different if he'd loved her back. And even if Crete survives the day, that girl will still be left with nothing." She slumps to the ground, wailing.

Acacallis kneels besides her sister and hugs her. After what feels like an eternity, she says to the Horned Guard, "Please, take care of my sister." After a moment of confusion, they nod and help Phaedra get up. "Let no harm come to her," she adds. There is a regal aura to her now, something you haven't really noticed during your voyages together. "Send a messenger to the Hornsworn. Tell them I want to discuss terms of peace—and

that the city will soon turn into a Titan battlefield." Before she leaves to command the garrison, she turns to you. "Argonauts, the Punished is yours. Save my island. I believe in you."

Every Argonaut gains +1 Ω. Mark G3 and **See 0118.**

0112 *"Go ahead," the party leader says, almost joyfully. "It won't work. We tried. He cannot be killed. He truly is punished."*

Phaedra looks at you, then the prisoner, her mood deflating.

"Is that so?"

If ▼ 8+, *Phaedra says, "I don't believe you." And unceremoniously cuts the Punished's throat.* **See 0119.**
Otherwise, *resigned Phaedra says, "Even this I cannot have."*

"We just need to make him talk."

"I tried that. But maybe the Argonauts are more persuasive?" She looks to the balcony with a strange yearning. "Just don't take long. Others are not so blessedly cursed." Without another word, she turns away from you and jumps from the balcony, to her death.

Random Argonaut gains +1 Ω.

The room falls silent. The Horned Guard, confused and shaken by what happened, look to you.

If Minoans: Denounced or worse, they attack. Each Argonaut tests Fury (9+). You may gain +1 Ψ to add +1 each.
Fail: Gain +2 A.
Otherwise, *without a royal to protect, they have no quarrel with you. They lay down their arms, allowing you to approach the Punished.*
Regardless of the outcome, **see 0118.**

0113 *"Go ahead," the party leader says sorrowfully. "It will not change anything."*

Phaedra smiles. "It will bring a smile to my face one last time." With that, she cuts the Punished's throat. The man looks like he wants to say something, eyes bulging, but falls flat to the ground.

Before anyone has a chance to react, a distant roar sounds. The unmistakable, haunting, almost melodic rumble of the Temenos.

"I think it's calling your names," says Phaedra with a smile.

If ▼ 6+, **see 0117.** Otherwise, mark G3 and go to *There Is No Maze* Battle on p. 116.

0114 *"We need him, Phaedra."*

You see the glint in her eye and a sadistic smirk sneaks onto her face. Muscles tense up, swords unsheathe. Everything beyond that is a blur.

Each Argonaut makes a Chosen Skill test (10+). Each Argonaut may gain +1 A to add +1.
Fail: *While trying to reach the Punished, you are struck in the side.*
Gain +1 A.
0–2 successes: See 0115.
3–4 successes: See 0116.

0115 *You rush at Phaedra as one, and for a moment you believe you can make it. But these Horned Guard have sworn their undying loyalty to the line of Minos, and they will sooner die than move even an inch. Your crew punches through their phalanx regardless, just a second later. A second too late. The Punished lies dead in a pool of his own blood. Phaedra stands above him, triumphant.*

Before anyone has a chance to say anything, a distant roar sounds. The unmistakable, haunting, almost melodic rumble of the Temenos.

"I think it's calling your names," says Phaedra with a smile.

If ▼ 6+, **see 0117.** Otherwise, mark G3 and go to *There Is No Maze* Battle on p. 116.

0116 *You clash with the Horned Guard with a thunderous clang. They try to hold their ground, but you push through. Only one of you reaches Phaedra, but it only takes one.*

The impact sends her flying onto the railing, which doesn't hold. The last thing the Argonaut sees is Phaedra's wide-eyed fear as she plunges toward her death.

Labyrinthians: Diplomacy +1. Random Argonaut gains 1 Despair token. **See 0118.**

0117 *"You know what, Argonauts?" She giggles hysterically. "Long before any of this, there was a simple girl who loved a boy. Everything would have been different if he'd loved her back."*

Without another word, she turns away from you and jumps from the balcony, to her death.

Party leader gains 1 Despair token. Labyrinthians: Diplomacy +1.

The room falls silent. The Horned Guard, confused and shaken by what has happened, look to you.

If Minoans: Denounced or worse, they attack. Each Argonaut tests Fury (9+). You may gain +1 Ψ to add +1 each.
Fail: Gain +2 A.
Otherwise, *without a royal to protect, they have no quarrel with you. They lay down their arms.*
Regardless of the outcome, go to *There Is No Maze* Battle on p. 116.

0118 *You look at the kneeling man, the self-proclaimed Punished, would-be prophet of the Labyrinth—although he would surely protest that. He doesn't meet your gaze, electing to look out over the balcony, to the city in chaos below. He has tears in his eyes, though you know not what he mourns. His tattered cloak, grayish unkempt beard and strands of peeled skin flutter gently in the wind.*

"We need to talk," says the party leader as he approaches the Labyrinthian.

"It is almost finished now," he muses, still fixated on the dark horizon. "My punishment and theirs. The Truth becomes apparent."

"And you had to come all this way to proclaim it? To hand yourself to the Dynasty? It seems to me you were seeking death, not truth."

"I was. I am," he agrees solemnly. "But it has been denied me. My fellow Labyrinthians can gain release by a simple act of will, while I remain to walk the earth. My punishment has been more severe."

If M2 is marked, every Argonaut gains 1 Despair token. If I3 is marked, every Argonaut gains +1 Ω. Choose:

1. If you finished the *Dreams Laid Bare* hub only:
Appease the Punished by recalling his past deeds.
Labyrinthians: Diplomacy +1. **See 0121.**

2. *You might try to force him, but you figure punishment is what he expects. It may be prudent to try a different approach. How did Militiades talk to Xenodice? "If nothing matters, then what is helping us going to change?" You try to convince the Punished to help you.* **See 0122.**

3. *The Punished has been playing the long game, slipping through his enemies' fingers by sheer virtue of his helplessness and martyrdom. Every second you waste is a life extinguished. You need to act now. You force the Punished to summon the Temenos by any means necessary.*
Labyrinthians: Diplomacy -1. **See 0123.**

0119 *With that, she cuts the Punished's throat. The man looks like he wants to say something, eyes bulging, but falls flat to the ground.*

Before anyone has a chance to react, a distant roar sounds. The unmistakable, haunting, almost melodic rumble of the Temenos.

"I think it's calling your names," says Phaedra with a smile that quickly fades. "You know what?" she adds hysterically. "Long before any of this, there was a simple girl who loved a boy. Everything would have been different if he'd loved her back."

Without another word, she turns away from you and jumps from the balcony, to her death.

Party leader gains 1 Despair token. Go to *There Is No Maze* Battle on p. 116.

0120 *"We have not charted your life, but based on our dealings with the Labyrinthians, rarely do you deserve the lot the Fates mete out. It is not your fault, and you should unburden that guilt, for it leads to the deepest despair."*

Theseus starts to tremble.

"I have cost countless lives—"

"And you saved countless others before. For a brief time, you gave these people hope. We forgive you."

Theseus looks at you, wide-eyed, tears rolling down his cheeks. His fate is still undecided.

The party leader tests Courage or Wisdom (18+). Add +2 if you finished the *Hidden in Plain Sight* hub. Add +2 if you finished the *Man of Purpose* hub. If B5 is marked, add +4. Each Argonaut may gain +1 Ψ and/or +1 A to add +1 each.
Success: See 0126.
Fail: See 0127.

0121 *"You often say nothing matters, yet I find you care for many a thing. Maybe too much," says the party leader calmly. "We know of your plight, Theseus. We know of your loss. Nothing we say or do will bring Ariadne back or undo what has happened."*

Theseus finally looks at you, tears in his eyes.

"But you were once a hero to this island and its people," the party leader continues. "Many still live with your name on their lips. Many, like the princesses of Crete, live in your shadow. Others, like Pirithous the Hand, try to carry your light. We need you to be that hero again."

Conflicting emotions pass over his labyrinthized face.

"I am nothing now. I have nothing. I failed everyone and I deserve this. I deserve to be punished."

1. If you finished the *Tears of a Minotaur* hub only: *You know. Forgive him.*
Labyrinthians: Diplomacy +1. **See 0124.**

2. *You know not of his crimes, yet what you know deep inside is that all who strive to be better deserve a second chance. This man has carried his guilt for many years. He has been punished enough. You forgive him.*
Labyrinthians: Diplomacy +1. **See 0120.**

3. *Maybe Theseus is too far gone, or maybe he's not. What matters is, is he willing to help? You try to convince the Punished to help you.* **See 0122.**

4. *The time for forgiveness and reconciliation is long past. Theseus or not, all those Labyrinthian deaths are on him. The island needs a fresh start. You force the Punished to summon the Temenos by any means necessary.*
Labyrinthians: Diplomacy -1. **See 0123.**

0122 *"Look outside. Your Truth rips this island apart, pits Cretan against Cretan, tramples the bonds of love. Do not let other people suffer your fate."*

"I only proclaim the Truth, I don't enforce it. I am not their keeper. And my actions will not make a lick of difference."

The party leader shakes their head.

"If it's as pointless as you say, help us. We need to face the Temenos. Summon it."

"Do you think it is my pet to command?"

The party leader tests Cunning or Fury (18+). Add +2 if you finished the *Hidden in Plain Sight* hub. Add +2 if you finished the *Plight of the People* hub. Add +2 if you finished the *Man of Purpose* hub. Each Argonaut may gain +1 Ψ and/or +1 A to add +1 each.
Success: See 0128.
Fail: See 0123.

0123 *"We don't have time for this," says the party leader as they grab the Punished. "The heart of the maze. Summon it now."*

The Punished laughs.

"Do you think I can simply will it to life?"

"We have not come this far for you to stonewall us! Summon it!" The party leader holds the Punished over the railing. Dawn is still far away and the disparate points of light around the city are all but extinguished.

"After all I said, you still threaten me death."

"No, I—"

"Very well." As he says that, the Punished pushes himself off the party leader with surprising strength. The railing gives way and the man plunges to his death.

If ▼ 9+, the party leader falls with him and dies. After this story, but before the final battle, consult the *Rude Awakening* Special Event.

Before anyone has a chance to say anything, a distant roar sounds: the unmistakable, haunting, almost melodic rumble of the Temenos.

You've succeeded in calling it, after a fashion.

Every Argonaut gains 1 Despair token. Go to the *There Is No Maze* Battle on p. 116.

0124 *"We know about Ariadne," says the party leader sorrowfully. "Minos and the gods did it to her, not you."*

Theseus starts to tremble.

"I killed her."

"No. She sacrificed herself for you, because she loved you. Because she believed in you."

"And I—"

"And you survived. There is nothing wrong with that. As to what happened later, we . . . forgive you."

Theseus looks at you, wide-eyed, tears rolling down his cheeks. He draws his arms close to his chest to stop his body from shaking.

"I do not deserve this. I—"

"We forgive you. Now you need to forgive yourself. Ariadne would have wanted that."

As he looks to you, the shadow of a timid smile crossing his lips, you catch a glimpse of the man who once was and who may still be. A man of purpose.

A distant roar sounds. The unmistakable, haunting, almost melodic rumble of the Temenos. But this time it is different. This time the song of despair falls flat, almost a whimper.

It seems the crack through which the monster slipped into our worlds was not Ariadne, but Theseus all along.

Mark H3. You have defeated the Temenos without drawing a sword! You may go straight to the Victory Aftermath of *There Is No Maze* Battle on p. 116. Of course, this being a game about battles, you can still fight the final battle, just to test your mettle!

0126 *As he looks to you, the shadow of a timid smile crossing his lips, you catch a glimpse of the man who once was and who may still be. A man of purpose.*

"Thank you."

A distant roar sounds. The unmistakable, haunting, almost melodic rumble of the Temenos. But this time it is different. This time the song of despair falls flat, almost a whimper.

It seems the crack through which the monster slipped into our worlds was not Ariadne, but Theseus all along.

Mark H3. You have defeated the Temenos without drawing a sword! You may go straight to the Victory Aftermath of *There Is No Maze* Battle on p. 116. Of course, this being a game about battles, you can still fight the final battle, just to test your mettle!

0127 *Theseus shakes his head.*

"I have done too much to turn back now. This is my fate. This is my punishment."

A distant roar sounds. The unmistakable, haunting, almost melodic rumble of the Temenos.

"Kill it, Argonauts."

Two Argonauts gain +1 Ω. Go to *There Is No Maze* Battle on p. 116.

0128 *The Punished lowers his head.*

"It cannot be killed, just like me. They tried before and all it cost them is their lives."

"We'll take our chances. Do it."

"Very well," he sighs.

A distant roar sounds. The unmistakable, haunting, almost melodic rumble of the Temenos.

"Try your best, Argonauts. Despair cannot be killed."

Go to *There Is No Maze* Battle on p. 116.

0129 *And just like that, it is over. The death of the Temenos is witnessed by many, but felt by all. It is as if a black pall has been lifted from the island and its inhabitants. A living nightmare from which one could not wake has suddenly ended. Dark thoughts and darker urges now mere phantoms dying in the first light of day. An unbearable weight lifted from one's shoulders.*

People later report bursting into tears of joy or relief, or laughing as if they have no care in the world. Embracing strangers, confessing feelings, throwing down their arms and refusing to fight. As if all the happiness and love and goodness have been, until this point, bottled up, hidden away, stifled.

Crete is not fixed overnight—far from it, as the stone bones of the Labyrinth jutting from the ruins of Knossos can attest, but something does change: hope has returned. And with hope, anything is possible.

The Argo oversees the relief effort, its crew an impartial force that can mediate between warring factions, and its Titans of seemingly unlimited power on cleanup and construction duty.

You watch, mesmerized, as the Titans carry labyrinth blocks the size of houses all the way from the upper terraces of the city to the shore.

"They are building a new harbor, I hear," says the Old Priest, joining you. "One much grander than the old one. They want to sway the Nubians and Rhodesians to call into port here. They say," he adds in a conspiratorial tone, "those symmetrical maze blocks are the perfect building material."

"Who would have thought?" one of you answers with a chuckle.

You look to the Minoan Palace, by some miracle spared much of the devastation, with quiet apprehension. It's not quite over yet.

If the Old Spinner is still with you, **see 0139** and then return here.
Now, follow the first condition that applies:
If all Factions: Unfriendly or worse, **see 0133.**
If Labyrinthians: Diplomacy is the highest, **see 0132.**
If Hornsworn: Diplomacy is the highest, **see 0131.**
If Minoans: Diplomacy is the highest, **see 0130.**

0130 *You arrive at the palace right in the middle of preparations for a grand fete. The royal family of the Minoan Dynasty has gone all out, inviting nobles from across the island, but also representatives of the Hornsworn and the post-Labyrinthian communities.*

When the Minoans see you, they drop what they were doing and gather around you to offer words of gratitude and support. The Horned Guard stand tall and salute you in silence. This is a welcome worthy of heroes.

Crete is again at peace—and united through adversity. The Hornsworn have all but bled out, and the Labyrinthian Cult has lost its god and its prophet, and its one and only tenant, the Truth, has been revealed a sham—by you. A religious movement rarely survives one of these. All three? No, there is no coming back from that.

The Minoan Dynasty, though kingless, reigns supreme. You hope that without the shadow of Minos, it can be a different kind of rule.

If I4 is not marked, *Princess Acacallis is nowhere to be seen.*
If G3 is not marked, *Princess Phaedra's funeral has been postponed until the fate of the island is decided.*

"Argonauts, a pleasure to see you, as always," gushes Princess Paraphora, an aide to one of the noble houses of the Minoan Dynasty and your liaison to the provisional government. "The council is waiting. I am sure they will want to hear what you have to say. Whenever you're ready."

And so you are led to the former throne room. The throne itself is gone, replaced by a large oak table. The men and women seated there—Minoan nobles, Horned Guard captains, Hornsworn leaders and even a few former Labyrinthians—all turn to you.

Even the cloaked figure standing in the balcony archway lends an ear.

They need a leader or your blessing.

What will it be, Argonauts?

Choose:

1. If I4 is marked only: *Acacallis is a daughter of Minos and probably the best candidate to take the throne in this transitional period. You appoint Acacallis.* **See 0135.**

2. If G3 is marked only: *Phaedra is a daughter of Minos and managed to hold the island together long enough for it to be saved, something that even Minos couldn't achieve. She's cunning and pragmatic, as a leader should be. You appoint Phaedra.* **See 0134.**

3. If you can't choose options 1–2 and D1 or F3 is marked and you haven't finished the *Tears of a Minotaur* hub, you must select this:
The Symmachy has an ace up its sleeve.
See 0144.

4. If B11 is marked and the Minoan Heritage Argonaut is alive:
If the Minoan Dynasty is to continue, it needs a true scion of Minos on the throne, one that will have the unquestioned loyalty of the nobles, yet will have the interest of the common people at heart. A child of Minos and a champion of the people. Is such a thing even possible? Yes, it is.
See 0137.

5. *The line of Minos has ended. It is time the reins of the island went to someone else. Transitions are hard and can turn bloody. It is best the rule passes to the nobles, so no man or woman can ever claim so much power as to become a tyrant again. You appoint a council of nobles.* **See 0136.**

0131 *You arrive at the palace just as the giant relief depicting the royal family of the Minoan Dynasty is being torn down. The massive stone slab hits the floor with a hollow thud and breaks in two, to the cheers of the wrecking crew and the gathered onlookers.*

When the Hornsworn see you, they drop what they were doing and gather around you to offer words of gratitude and support. You are the heroes of Crete and they won't let you forget about it.

It's hard to argue. The Minoan Dynasty has fallen, their last heirs having died or fled, the Horned Guard has disbanded, and the Labyrinthian Cult has lost its god and its prophet, and its one and only tenant, the Truth, has been revealed a sham—by you. A religious movement rarely

survives one of these. All three? No, there is no coming back from that.

In the absence of royal rule and divine creed, the Hornsworn have stepped up and assumed the place they fought for since before the Eschaton. Old institutions are being torn down and a new, more egalitarian order starts to emerge.

"Argonauts," ventures a Hornsworn lieutenant by the name of Kalphos, "I was told to bring you to the council room." He smiles curtly.

"Council room, you say?" one of you asks, amused. "The one with the balcony and the very large chair?"

"The very same, though without the chair."

And so you are led to the former throne room. A massive oak table now stands there. The men and women sitting around it—Hornsworn leaders, former Labyrinthians, and ex-Horned Guard captains—all turn to you.

They need a leader.

What will it be, Argonauts?

1. If H3 is marked only:

In this transitional period, Crete will need a strong leader, one with a democratic background and political knowledge. One who is well known to Crete's people, yet is an outsider who can enforce change. You have just the right person for the job. **See 0141.**

2. If F1 or I1 are marked and I2 is not marked only:

The Hornsworn have a leader, one who may not garner as much adulation as the legendary Theseus, but who is perhaps that much better suited for the role. He kept the fire of resistance going for more than a decade and never strayed from the path laid out before him. He can lead Crete. **See 0140.**

3. *The Hornsworn have fought the Minoans since before the Eschaton. Their cause seemed lost, but they refused to yield, clinging to that ephemeral creature: hope. They already have everything they need to rebuild Crete.* **See 0138.**

0132

You arrive at the palace just as the giant relief depicting the royal family of the Minoan Dynasty is being torn down. The massive stone slab hits the floor with a hollow thud and breaks in two.

You would expect cheering, but the wrecking crew just goes about their business and begins cleanup. That's the attitude you've seen most prevalent after the battle: quiet, constructive work, almost like penance.

There is, of course, a reason for it. The Minoan Dynasty has fallen, their last heirs having died or fled, the Horned Guard has disbanded, and the Hornsworn have all but bled out. The Labyrinthian Cult has come out on top. But that was a hollow victory as the sound of the shattering relief. The cult has lost its god and its prophet, and its one and only tenant, the Truth, has been revealed a sham—by you. A religious movement rarely survives one of these. All three? No, there is no coming back from that.

There were, of course, self-proclaimed successors to the Punished and even splinter cults, but you made sure none of them have flourished.

In the absence of royal rule and divine creed, the masses of the Labyrinthians—and Cretans as a whole—turn to you. You are not natural-born leaders, as far as you know. Nor are you politicians or philosophers. But during your voyage, you found a purpose worthy of following: the creed of hope and unity, and that is what you have tried to pass on.

It looks like it is catching on.

"Ah, the Argonauts!" exclaims Preciphios, a former Labyrinthian with a face grooved by the maze pattern, snapping you out of your thoughts. "Come to put the finishing touches on new Crete?" His smile is genuine and full of promise. "I am glad. The rest of the provisional council is waiting. I am sure they will want to hear what you have to say."

And so you are led to the former throne room. The throne itself is gone, replaced by a large oak table. The men and women seated there—former Labyrinthians, ex-Horned Guard captains, and Hornsworn leaders—all turn to you.

Even the cloaked figure standing in the balcony archway lends an ear.

They need a leader, guidance, or your blessing. What will it be, Argonauts?

1. If B11 is marked and the Minoan Heritage Argonaut is alive:

A leader, a marriage of old and new. **See 0137.**

2. If H3 is marked only:

In this transitional period, Crete will need a strong leader, one with a democratic background and political knowledge. One who is well known to Crete's people, yet is an outsider that can enforce change. You have just the right person. A legend, one who can reignite their spirits. **See 0141.**

3. *A blessing, of course. Crete has suffered much, get even in the depths of despair their people were not broken. The civil war is over, and they can begin to rebuild. Not a Dynasty, but a Republic.* **See 0142.**

4. If C3 is marked only:

A fledgling nation devastated by war will need money and resources to get back on its feet. Begrudgingly, you accept guidance and help from another state: the Symmachy. **See 0143.**

0133

You arrive at the palace just as the giant relief depicting the royal family of the Minoan Dynasty is being torn down. The massive stone slab hits the floor with a hollow thud and breaks in two, to the cheers of the wrecking crew and the gathered onlookers.

As soon as the Cretans see you, though, they avert their eyes and go about their business. Fair enough, you think. During your stay on the island you didn't make many friends. You actually managed to get on the bad side of each faction, but to you that's a good thing. You never yielded, you never compromised your own ideals, you never pandered to anyone in hopes of gaining favor.

History has followed its course. The Minoan Dynasty has fallen, their last heirs having died or fled. The Horned Guard has disbanded and the Hornsworn have all but bled out. The Labyrinthian Cult has lost its god and its prophet, and its one and only tenant, the Truth, has been revealed a sham—by you. A religious movement rarely survives one of these. All three? No, there is no coming back from that.

In the absence of royal rule and divine creed, the Cretans have arrived at a crossroads. For once you wish you had more sway with them, but maybe it's for the best that you don't: a nation needs to learn to self-govern.

For your part in the Battle of Knossos, some would say crucial, you are allowed to observe the talks that will shape the future of Crete.

And so you are led to the former throne room. The throne itself is gone, replaced by a large oak table. The men and women seated there—Dynastic nobles, ex-Horned Guard captains, Hornsworn leaders, and even former Labyrinthians—are deep in conversation.

A cloaked figure standing in the balcony archway lends an ear, but doesn't partake yet.

You came here to observe. But you have one last card to play.

Follow the first condition that applies:

1. If H3 is marked only: *In this transitional period, Crete will need a strong leader, one with a democratic background and political knowledge. One who is well known to Crete's people, yet is an outsider that can enforce change. You have just the right person.* **See 0141.**

2. If C2 is marked only: *A fledgling nation devastated by war will need money and resources to get back on its feet. Your less than ideal relations with the Symmachy, ironically, are what allows them to make their play for Crete. Begrudgingly, you support the Symmachy's bid.* **See 0143.**

3. *Crete has suffered much, yet even in the depths of despair their people were not broken. The civil war is over, and they can begin to rebuild. Not a Dynasty, but a Republic. You just need to send them on their way with a pat on the back.* **See 0142.**

0134

Known Quantity

"The crisis you faced was unprecedented," one of you says. "And yet you emerged victorious and united, thanks in no small part to Phaedra's leadership." You eye the Minoan princess, who gives you a piercing look.

"Thank you, O Argonaut," she gushes flirtatiously. "I am glad there are still brave, good men in the world and that I put Crete's trust in you. My father is dead, but so is the Punished." She pauses, gazing over the assembled. "Our home is safe. Now is the time for rebuilding."

"And reconciliation," you add.

"And reconciliation," she agrees with a smile. "Raise your cups for the heroes of Crete!"

The room erupts in cheers and applause.

To tell the truth, you have no idea if this is the right choice, but it will insure the smoothest transition—and you did promise you would do right by her. You hope she repays this kindness in the future. You, at least, have done your part.

Once the jubilation starts in earnest, you slip away to the Argo.

Congratulations, you've won! This concludes Cycle I of *Aeon Trespass: Odyssey, the Truth of the Labyrinth*. Retire the Minoan Heritage Argonaut (if alive). Mark O7. When you've taken a breather and are done celebrating, **see 0145** for the Credits and . . .

0135

A Hidden Gem

"The crisis you faced was unprecedented," one of you says. "And yet you emerged victorious and united, thanks in no small part to . . . Princess Acacallis." The assembled look around, puzzled. Nobody expected you'd call forth the youngest daughter of Minos. "She has been a stalwart ally of the people of Crete—and of the Argo. *Her council served us well during our voyage. She is your queen."*

"Thank you, Argonauts," the young princess murmurs with a blush. "I—we couldn't have done it without you. Your kindness, selflessness, and strength . . . Our home is safe. Now is the time for rebuilding and reconciliation. I will not fail the trust you have put in me."

The room erupts in cheers and applause.

During your voyages, you came to know your Minoan Guide as Acacallis. Though she seemed ill fit to rule at first, you changed her heart. No, that's arrogant. The compassion and wisdom—they were already there. You were just patient enough to uncover them. Acacallis is a hidden gem of Crete and you're sure she will lead her people to greatness.

You stay for the fete and retire to the Argo *at daybreak.*

Congratulations, you've won! This concludes Cycle I of *Aeon Trespass: Odyssey, the Truth of the Labyrinth*. It B11 is marked, retire the Minoan Heritage Argonaut (if alive). Mark N5. When you've taken a breather and are done celebrating, **see 0145** for the Credits and . . .

0136

Status Quo

"The crisis you faced was unprecedented," one of you says. "The victory was hard-earned, and the cost great. Your royal line has ended. Yet you remain strong and loyal. The Minoan Dynasty will continue—through you."

"Know this. The war is over. You are no longer a house at war with itself. You are the cornerstone of Crete. Do not repeat the mistakes of Minos. Do not turn to tyranny, for we have all seen where that path leads. For the good of the people, you need to acknowledge the Dynasty's role in the suffering of its people and make amends. You have the strength to do it. Do you have the courage?"

The room falls silent, then erupts in cheers and applause. With the old blood gone and the oligarchs all but wiped out during the internal struggle, there is much promise here. You hope they will not squander the chance given to them. And hope is all you need.

Congratulations, you've won! This concludes Cycle I of *Aeon Trespass: Odyssey, the Truth of the Labyrinth*. If B11 is marked, retire the Minoan Heritage Argonaut (if alive). Mark O6. When you've taken a breather and are done celebrating, **see 0145** for the Credits and . . .

0137

Heritage

"You've stuck with your island through thick and thin," one of you begins.

"My father has wronged Crete gravely," interjects the Minoan Heritage Argonaut, to the surprise of both the Cretans and their own crew. "And he has wronged his family as well. Through blood I am bound to his sins . . . but blood is not the end of it. It does not define us. I have shed that blood in the name of this island and a hope of a better future for us all."

"Coming here today, I had a choice. I could have slipped into the shadows and disappeared from history, unknown to you all. But that would be the easy way out. Sins shouldn't be forgotten. They should be redeemed."

"And so I stand before you, the last true heir to Minos, hoping you will have me. I do not covet the throne, but I know all too well that noble blood and royal lineage still hold sway in this world. Allow me a seat on this council, use my legitimacy as a shield when the neighboring states come knocking, and help me forge a new heritage for Crete. One based on equality and progress."

The room falls silent, then erupts in cheers and applause. An Argonaut and a noble. A royal from the commons, an enlightened way from the old to the new. The legend writes itself.

Congratulations, you've won! This concludes Cycle I of *Aeon Trespass: Odyssey, the Truth of the Labyrinth*. If B11 is marked, retire the Minoan Heritage Argonaut (if alive). Mark K5. When you've taken a breather and are done celebrating, **see 0145** for the Credits and . . .

0138

Hornsworn Crete

"You've stuck with your island through thick and thin. You've survived under the tyranny of Minos, you've lived through the civil war, you've looked oblivion straight in its hollow eye—and you spat in it!"

"You are strong, independent, unyielding, and you show compassion. You are more than worthy of leading Crete into the new era," you announce, to great applause. "But you need to understand, to accept it in the deepest of your hearts. The war is over. You are no longer fighters trying to overthrow a regime. You are the foundation of a new Crete. Do not repeat the mistakes of your predecessors, the Minoan Dynasty, do not let yourself be consumed by hatred, do not let petty revenge drive your rule. For the good of the people, you need to let go of the past."

The room falls silent, then erupts in cheers. They had you for a moment. A nation, driven to the breaking point by a machine of tyranny without restraint, that still somehow managed to cling to their core values and to make a comeback in the greatest of styles. The Hornsworn Crete will be a sight to behold.

Congratulations, you've won! This concludes Cycle I of *Aeon Trespass: Odyssey, the Truth of the Labyrinth*. If B11 is marked, retire the Minoan Heritage Argonaut (if alive). Mark O5. When you've taken a breather and are done celebrating, **see 0145** for the Credits and . . .

0139

"Take care, Argonauts," says the Old Spinner as you prepare to disembark.

"You're not going with us?"

She looks at you with kind eyes.

"I have played my part. My Crete is done. You may not realize it, but you have done me a great service and redeemed an old sin. I am forever grateful."

"Who are you?"

The Old Spinner turns to the sea, a sad smile cropping up on her face.

"Someone who had averted their eyes from the devilry of the gods and paid the price for it. It is good you're righting their wrongs."

She leaves. You have a feeling you will not meet again.

You may gain +1 to any Faction's Diplomacy. Choose wisely! **Return to 0129.**

0140

The Guiding Hand

"You are the one, Pirithous," you say softly, just before the council meeting.

"I am not worthy." The old warrior blushes.

"Stop, Pirithous. You are. You have carried this torch far longer than Theseus did. To keep the movement going through all these years, to never stray or fall to despair—that shows true strength of character."

Pirithous looks like he wants to object, then shakes his head and says, "Fair enough."

"Good. A leader needs to be decisive," you say with a chuckle. "But the most important thing . . . you need to let go. Minos is gone. Theseus is gone. You need to move past old hatreds and loves. This is a new world."

Pirithous sighs and nods.

And so it is settled. When you introduce Pirithous, the room falls silent, then erupts in cheers and you see there was never any other choice: they respect him and they recognize his deeds in the service of Crete. He is not as charismatic as Theseus was—no one is—but perhaps that is for the best. Pirithous will lead Crete into a new age of prosperity with wisdom and temerity, a true man from the people. A true man of purpose.

Congratulations, you've won! This concludes Cycle I of *Aeon Trespass: Odyssey, the Truth of the Labyrinth*. If B11 is marked, retire the Minoan Heritage Argonaut (if alive). Mark P6.

When you've taken a breather and are done celebrating, **see 0145** for the Credits and . . .

0141

Promise

You remember the conversation you had with Theseus—the Punished—before you came here. His gruesome transformation mostly reversed, his boyish heroic features shining through, despite his age.

"You will lead this island, Theseus," one of you states plainly.

"Me? I may have . . . denounced the Labyrinth, but my sins still weigh heavily on my shoulders."

"Those sins need redeeming. Who better to lead the island than the man who saw it from every angle: noble, rebel, pariah? You know the crooked system and you know the life of those ground down by it. You hold sway among every group. You can unite them like no one else has been able to."

"When they learn I was the Punished . . ."

"The Punished died during the Battle of Knossos." You exchange meaningful glances. "And Theseus was freed from captivity."

"You make it all sound so easy. I tried to save this island once, remember? And look at what it wrought."

"That was more the gods' and Minos's doing than yours, and they are all gone," you insist, "and you made a promise."

Theseus looks at you with sadness and with hope.

"A promise, you say."

And so it begins. When you announce Theseus's return, the room goes wild with excitement. People cheer and cry. The man who slew the Minotaur, who gave the people a chance against the Dynasty. A man of purpose, returned to them.

You quietly leave the room, confident Theseus will finish what he started and remake Crete, just as Ariadne would've wanted.

Congratulations, you've won! This concludes Cycle I of *Aeon Trespass: Odyssey, the Truth of the Labyrinth*. If B11 is marked, retire the Minoan Heritage Argonaut (if alive). Mark P5.

As you return to the Argo, *you think about the last thing Theseus said to you, about a man who approached him on the streets of Athens many years before the Eschaton. A man who wanted Theseus to pilot Titans in a war with heavens . . .*

When you've taken a breather and are done celebrating, **see 0145** for the Credits and . . .

0142

Great things

"You've stuck with your island through thick and thin. You've survived under the tyranny of Minos, you've lived through the civil war, you've looked oblivion straight in its hollow eye—and you've survived that too!"

"You are stronger and more resilient than you can imagine. The spell cast on this island is gone. Now you can thrive. For the Labyrinth did reveal a deeper truth about you: hope always prevails!"

"Labyrinthian, Hornsworn or Minoan, you are all equal in the face of adversity. Do not cling to old divisions. Instead, build something new, something better, something that will last."

The room erupts in cheers and applause. A nation forged in the fires of absolute adversity, that found itself at the bottom of despair and get managed to claw its way out. Great things await Crete. Not as a monarchy, for that river has run its course, but a democracy, greater even than the pre-Eschaton Athens.

Congratulations, you've won! This concludes Cycle I of *Aeon Trespass: Odyssey, the Truth of the Labyrinth*. If B11 is marked, retire the Minoan Heritage Argonaut (if alive). Mark M5. When you've taken a breather and are done celebrating, **see 0145** for the Credits and . . .

0143

Synoikismos

"You've stuck with your island through thick and thin," one of you begins, eyeing the man in the balcony. "You've survived under the tyranny of Minos, you've lived through the civil war, you've looked alluring oblivion straight in its hollow eye—"

"What the Argonaut wants to say is that you are a great people with a lot of promise," says the hooded man from the balcony, now leaning across the table with a broad smile. "We in the Symmachy, having lost Athens, know best of what it means to fall—and how to get up again, stronger than ever."

He starts pacing around the table.

"We humbly offer our help in that regard. The Eschaton orphaned us all, and we need to stick together, the fragile creatures that we are."

"What do you propose?" asks a Hornsworn leader.

"A relief effort, trade routes, political acumen. A massive fleet at your beck and call."

"And in return?"

"In return? Reciprocity of the friendship you are being offered. No more, no less!"

"What does that entail?" asks the former Hornsworn suspiciously.

"Well, friend, let me explain . . ."

You quietly leave the room, content in the knowledge that you did your part. Now is the time for traders, philosophers, and politicians. The Symmachy, with all its faults, doesn't seem that bad—though the tyranny of Minos, the Primordials, and the pre-Eschaton theocracies set the bar pretty low.

One thing the Symmachy does get right is their ethos: synoikismos. Unity. In this hostile world, we all need to work together. Your adventures on Crete tell you as much.

Congratulations, you've won! This concludes Cycle I of *Aeon Trespass: Odyssey, the Truth of the Labyrinth*. If B11 is marked, retire the Minoan Heritage Argonaut (if alive). Mark L5. When you've taken a breather and are done celebrating, **see 0145** for the Credits and . . .

0144

Before you even have a chance to address the assembled people, the hooded man from the balcony steps inside and proclaims:

"O nobles of Crete! I am Archon Militiades of the Symmachy. I come to you with the greatest of news! During our voyages around the island we came upon the unlikeliest of finds. Princess Xenodice, thought to have perished during the Battle of the Old Maze, lives and is well!"

The room explodes with chatter. The archon eyes you with a calm smile.

"She has suffered a lot, but once she is fully recovered, she plans to assume the throne as Queen of Crete. Until that time, she will continue to be our guest. Thankfully, I am here to stay, as the Symmachy would like to offer our unconditional help in rebuilding the island."

Of course. That's why they wanted Xenodice.

1. If B11 is marked and the Minoan Heritage Argonaut is alive: *You have a claim of your own, though revealing it now would put you in conflict with the Symmachy and could spell another internal struggle for the island. You contest the Symmachy's claim.* **See 0148.**

2. *It is time to acknowledge you have been outplayed and bow out. Any other course of action would put you on a collision course with the Symmachy and jeopardize the fragile peace you fought so hard to achieve.* **See 0149**.

0145 CREDITS INTO THE UNKNOWN STUDIO

is Konrad Rekieć, Marcin Wełnicki, Mateusz Lenart

Idea and Worldbuilding: Marcin Wełnicki
Producer: Marcin Wełnicki and Konrad Rekieć
Art Direction: Mateusz Lenart
Creative Direction: Marcin Wełnicki
Game Design: Marcin Wełnicki
Lead Writer: Marcin Wełnicki
Writing: Marcin Wełnicki, Iain McAskil, Sylvie Gorak
Additional Writing: Olivia Wood, George Lockett, Nick Henning, Thomas Warmbrodt
Editing: Katherine Kirk
Graphic Design: Mateusz Lenart, Daniel Comerci, Michał Teliga, Mikołaj Olejniczak, Marcin Wełnicki, Stephanie Gustafsson
Compositor: Alina Mielnik
Cover Art: Piotr Słota
Game Art: Mateusz Lenart, Jan Różański, Seweryn Borkowski, Michał Teliga, Augustinas Raginskis, Bartłomiej Fedyczak, Sarunas Maciajauskas, Fotis Kallialis, Michał Orzechowski
Additional Game Art: Lius Lasahido, Rafael Dioli, Raul Tavares, Marcin Cecot, Tushank Jaiswal, Piotr Foksowicz, Gino Cruz, Ali Jalali, Jozef Trzos, Alessandro Depaoli, Piotr Gacek, Rakib Hasan, Mateusz Michalski, Łukasz Matuszek, Krzysztof Piasek, Azmend Undram, Alessandro Paviolo, Kamila Szutenberg, Piotr Kryński, Patryk Stefaniak, Damian Żukowski, Michał Motulewicz, Aneta Bielas
Test Lead: Marcin Wełnicki and Łukasz Walczak
Testers: Mikołaj Olejniczak, Rafał Skwarek, Stanisław Jakubaszek, Przemysław Mróz, Jarosław Losiak, Łukasz Bacherycz, Rafał Godlewski, Kamil Mroczkowski, Oskar Bir, Wiktor Krogulec, Monika Wocial, Dominik Czuba, Kevin Ecker, Tony Nelson, Yuseph Maghsoudlou, Geoffrey Fuqua, Tyler Scott, David Titus, Łukasz Smurzyński, Antoni Polak-Warchałowski, Bartosz Odorowicz, Jaśmina Przybysz

See 0146 for an After Credits scene!

0146

After Credits

That night the Argo celebrates. From the lowly deckhand to the oldest philosophers of the Last Academy, from Alkibiades's grease monkeys to the away teams, to you.

You have sailed into the unknown and emerged changed, learned, enlightened, and happy in the knowledge that you have found a purpose. There are many more mysteries to unravel: your origins, the Escalon, the Argo itself.

And you will unravel them, one by one. Your Odyssey has just begun. Now, where to start . . .

You are surprised when in the dark of night, a man approaches you, black-clad and of a steely look. You have no idea how he got onboard or how he avoided the guards. His robes are dripping, but the liquid is too thick and oily to be water.

He unfurls a black-stained papyrus, writ in red. "Argonauts," he reads, "I have watched your struggle with great interest. You laid low the twisting corruptor, the Temenos, and thus became worthy of an audience. I know who you are, who put you on that forsaken vessel. It is time you learned the true shape of the world. Come to Sparta and meet with me. If you don't, many innocents will suffer."

You look at the messenger and smile. You're the Argonauts. You can do anything.

Sparta it is, then.

0148

Game of Poleis

"My father has wronged Crete gravely," interjects the Minoan Heritage Argonaut, to the surprise of both the Cretans and their own crew. "And he has wronged his family as well. Xenodice, though, is not that family, having never been sired by the king of Crete."

This proclamation leaves the room speechless.

"Through blood I am bound to his sins . . . but blood is not the end of it. It does not define us. I have shed that blood in the name of this island and a hope of a better future for us all."

"I stand before you, the last true heir to Minos, hoping you will have me. I do not covet the throne, but I know all too well that noble blood and royal lineages still hold sway in this world. Allow me a seat on this council, use my legitimacy as a shield when the neighboring states come knocking,"—you look directly at the Symmachy's archon—"and help me forge a new heritage for Crete. One based on equality, progress and independence."

The assembly erupts in cheers and applause. An Argonaut and a noble. A royal from the commons, an enlightened way from the old to the new. The legend writes itself. Archon Militiades bows curtly and joins the crowd celebrating the return of Minos's child.

"Well played, Argonaut," he murmurs once the victory celebrations have started. "Well played. Until our paths meet again."

Congratulations, you've won! This concludes Cycle I of *Aeon Trespass: Odyssey, the Truth of the Labyrinth*. If B11 is marked, retire the Minoan Heritage Argonaut (if alive). Mark K5 and O4. When you've taken a breather and are done celebrating, **see 0145** for the Credits and . . .

0149

Master Stroke

"I have to hand it to you, Archon," one of you ventures to the Symmachy official once the victory celebrations have started. "You are a very clever man."

"I like to think I am just methodical and prudent," he replies warmly. "Thank you for not making a scene. You will see Crete will flourish within the Symmachy and will never return to its tyrannical roots. You might say the Symmachy is allergic to them."

"We shall see."

"You will. And, Argonaut, thank you. We will not forget this. And our paths will cross again, eventually."

You quietly leave the room, content in the knowledge that you did your part. Now is the time for traders, philosophers, and politicians. The Symmachy, with all its faults, doesn't seem that bad—though the tyranny of Minos, the Primordials, and the pre-Eschaton theocracies set the bar pretty low.

One thing the Symmachy does get right is their ethos: synoikismos. Unity. In this hostile world, we all need to work together. Your adventures on Crete tell you as much.

Congratulations, you've won! This concludes Cycle I of *Aeon Trespass: Odyssey, the Truth of the Labyrinth*. If B11 is marked, retire the Minoan Heritage Argonaut (if alive). Mark P7. When you've taken a breather and are done celebrating, **see 0145** for the Credits and . . .

0150

Princess Acacallis, your Minoan Guide, seems oddly wistful.

"This was to be Daedalus's last great work, grander than the Lighthouse, and a beacon of hope and good, unlike the Labyrinth. Shame the war put an end to his efforts."

"Whatever happened to him?"

"Who? Daedalus? Why, I never really thought about it. He . . . left? Nothing dramatic, mind you. He just blended into the background and then one day he was gone."

Gain +1 . Make an Acacallis tally mark. **Return to 0002**.

0151

"This was to be Minos's testament: a new, grander capital for his empire, one his son Androgeos would inherit. But Androgeos fell in Athens and what little goodness lived in Minos's heart died with it. He focused on the Labyrinth instead."

Gain +1 . **Return to 0002.**

0152

Markos is disappointed, but says, "No need to apologize. I understand completely. I would do the same in your position, to be frank. Take care, then—and good luck!"

If the Minoan Guide is with you, make an Acacallis tally mark. Subtract -2 .

If what Markos told you is true, Minos is not on the island and you'll have to pursue the Symmachy to find him. If it's true, that is.

Mark G9. **See 0028.**

0153

Markos is disappointed, but says, "No need to apologize. I understand completely. I would do the same in your position, to be frank. Still, a truce is better than war, eh? If we leave this island alive, come meet us. Our ship, the Marathonian, is anchored not far from here, near the mouth of the river Geropotamos. Maybe King Minos will convince you we're not that bad after all. Till then, take care." And with that, he takes his leave.

You are left to wonder if you've made the right choice. Still, you've learned a lot and you've parted on good terms. But if what Markos told you is true, Minos is not on the island and you'll have to pursue the Symmachy to find him.

In one of the half-erected buildings you find a wild Titan. You have no idea how it got here, but it seems docile enough, so you decide to take it back to the Argo.

Gain +1 Titan. Mark L1. **See 0028.**

0154

"Is everything okay?" you ask. She looks at you, dumbfounded, as if no one has ever asked her that.

"I . . . Yes." She answers slowly, lowering her gaze. Suddenly her eyes dart back up. "No. No, it's not. It hasn't been for a very long time. I'm scared. We . . . we aren't cut out for this."

Make an Acacallis tally mark. **Return to 0092.**

0155

One of you finds a strange indentation in the steel sluice gate, like a crypt with a door, and inside it, an intricate mechanism of brass, bronze, and strange tubes. There is also a long rod here, seemingly molten by some intense heat.

When you remove it, you recognize the distinct shape of the Control Rod Blade. Hesitantly, you replace the broken rod with the sword you got from the strange red-headed man from Knossos.

As soon as you do, the sluice gate comes to life. A giant mechanism inside it screeches and clacks and booms like an Argo siren, and then the metal slab of the gate parts as if it was the giant maw of some mythological beast—Charybdis, perhaps.

You stand still until the gate comes to a halt. Beyond it, a second pier and a strange metal trireme at anchor. It bears no sails or figurehead. Instead, its deck is fully covered, armored. Is this the subrime the man talked about?

If it is, it is broken or devoid of power. It floats, but it doesn't sail. You venture inside it, exploring its many rooms, including one eerily similar to the Acolipié Engine Room, though seemingly powered by some different contraption, but you find nothing of immediate value, material or otherwise.

However, the subrime itself has been made from a metal unlike any you have seen before. Like bronze but tougher, sterner yet lighter. One of your Titans lifts it up with ease, like some kind of club or sword . . .

Or sword.

You return to the Argo, not with a ship, but with a mighty weapon. The Promise. For no one should be left alone and without hope.

Lose the Control Rod Blade. Gain *The Promise* Story Asset or card (Secret deck 2, card 11). **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0168

This is not a part of the stele, but rather a set of instructions about how to interpret the Centimanes Glyph master key. It tells you to modify the second sequence by raising every glyph to the next.

Solve the Centimanes Glyph master key!

0169

As the behemothic Primordial falls to the ground, you hardly believe it. You have slain the Temenos, the heart of the Labyrinth, the Great Corruptor, Truth Incarnate. Its lifeless body begins to melt like snow on a warm spring morning. Only the stonelike maze pyramids and plates remain.

This is truly a great day for Crete and for the Argo. Imagine what you could do if you just—

The quake is so violent that it takes your all to keep your balance. The ground parts like a giant maw opening and with a bellowing roar the Temenos emerges from within, unharmed and far larger than it was before.

No. Impossible!

Your hearts sink as you evacuate the battlefield, unable to fight another battle right after the first one.

The Temenos cannot be killed by normal means! You have dealt a blow to the Labyrinth, but you have also made it stronger.
Gain +2 and +1 . From now on, every Temenos Battle you fight will be with a Level 2 Temenos (including the finale). Put a mark by its Battle Track to note this.
Good luck, you magnificent fools!
Proceed to the Special Aftermath you noted before.

0201

With an enthusiastic roar, you deal the killing blow. The Hermesian Pursuer hits the ground with the audible sound of bones breaking, its torn wings flapping about like fish thrown onto the ship's deck, until they finally rest motionless like a death shroud.

This monster has caused you so much pain, and brought the Argo so much misery. After you faced it the first time, you believed beating it was impossible. Now you stand triumphant.

Yet you still feel the hair on your necks tingling and your hearts refuse to settle. What's happening? Is it not over?

One moment the Pursuer is lying lifeless on the ground, the next it breaks into a run. Not to face you—to escape! You give pursuit. Its wings shattered, there's nowhere it can go. You just need to stay on it . . .

Before your eyes, two slits split the creature's back and a third pair of wings emerges, large and so thin they're almost translucent.

In a flash, the Primordial is in the air and out of your reach.

Anger mixes with frustration. "Keep on it!" you bark as soon as you emerge from the Balaneion. "Wherever it's heading, it will need time to heal. We'll face it in its lair and put an end to this monstrous pursuit!"

The Pursuer is wounded and needs time to recuperate. Now you know where its lair is. From now on, you may add the *Pursuit's End* Battle to the Timeline, 4 days from your current day (you can do it now or later). If you add the *Pursuit's End* Battle to the Timeline and the Hermesian Pursuer is on the map, remove it. If the *Pursuit's End* Battle is on the Timeline, you have to fight it—you cannot back out.
Also, remember! From now on, no more games: During Pursuer Battles in the current Cycle, disable the *Toying* Trait and use Victory Conditions (No More Games). Put a mark by its Battle Track to note this.
Do not read the *Pursuit's End* Battle section before you enter the battle: you're walking in blind!

0240

You find an inlet hidden from view by a protruding headland. As you sail past the narrow entrance, you notice the cliffs on both sides are claustrophobically close, though the water remains dark blue and deep. By the end of this precarious canal, sunlight is scarce and your ship scrapes both walls, debris and dust falling over you like a snowstorm.

Finally, you squeeze through into a dark cave. Warm torchlight reveals a jagged silhouette, a pier of some kind. As you get closer and more details come into view, the size of the place starts to become apparent. It's enormous. You venture onto the dock, however just how much.

The pier is in disrepair, but what strikes you is that it is made of metal: bronze with touches of silver. There are machinas here, possibly for embarkation and disembarkation. Everything is covered by a thick layer of rust, unsalvageable. Still, this much metal in one space? You only seen it once before: on the Argo itself.

Deeper into the cave, you find a colossal metal sluice gate. It's also rusted but incredibly thick. Even your Titans barely make a dent. You won't get through with sheer force alone. It goes all the way to the bottom of this secret cove too, dozens of feet deep. Whatever is on the other side is both another barrier and giant.

As you look for an alternate way inside, you find a strange relief, mostly worn down, and an inscription. It's in some kind of archaic script, but there is a part written in your common tongue:

"We left the place that birthed us, exiles of our own making. We did this against the council of the Great Machine, which made us happy, for its truth is a different kind of lie. One day, we will return and save our people from the silvered path they chose, for no one should be left alone and without hope. That is our promise."

If you have the Control Rod Blade, **see 0155.** Otherwise, gain +1 .

0211

You are called to the Acropolis Deck just before dawn. The morning watch has made a startling discovery. A skyscraping tower has suddenly come into view—a lighthouse in the vein of the Alexandrian Pharos, its light so focused, it's almost blinding.

You watch the monumental building, squinting in awe of the sleek engineering. You would recognize the deft hand of Daedalus anywhere.

The question is, Why didn't you notice the lighthouse earlier? The sea is calm and the sky clear. It should have been visible for many hours, especially during the night, as the searing beacon it is.

You drop anchor and send a team to scout the small island. After several hours, they return and report the place deserted—and unfinished. Specifically, there is no grand mechanism nor light source found anywhere inside the structure. That blinding light? It comes from nowhere.

The team does bring back samples of smaller machinas they encountered in and around the lighthouse. These bear signs of battle: scrapes, dents, fractures, and punctures—damage matching that from a siren attack.

As you ponder what to do with this find, one of the machinas brought back comes to life. Its gilded, fine-chiseled gears turn. Its hammer-like pistons move up and down with rapidly increasing speed.

"Too fast," whispers Alkibiades. "Move back."

You heed his warning, and just in time: the machina wobbles, its parts now aglow from heat, then suddenly stops when the first drops of molten metal drip onto the deck.

As the metal melts, you begin to discern a vaguely feminine shape. Almost a woman . . . but not quite. The being stands tall, taller than any of you. It's her legs, you realize. They bend too many times . . .

"This facility will never become operational, alive," she muses in a metallic, emotionless voice. "Its father, builder, jailer has abandoned the work for something grander, hubristic." She looks down on you with alien, uncaring eyes. "As you align, I will assist in your mission, programming, sentence."

She then vanishes in a flash of bright light. The lighthouse, too, is gone, as if it was never there in the first place.

If you have any Summoning charges left, spend one. Then take the *Machina Nymph* Summoning card (Secret deck 9, card 108) and her Summoning token. You may summon the *Machina Nymph* during the next battle. After you summon her, discard her token and card (it does not return during the next Divine Surge).
If you have the Minotaur Ourania Machina, it activates! Gain 1 Labyrinthauros Core and 6 Armament resources.

0223

You find the ruins of the old labyrinth, the one that housed the monstrous Minotaur. Now, its low, human-sized walls invite only the meaningful smile of someone who knows this is only the beginning.

Two features draw your attention: a gargantuan sinkhole near the maze entrance, overgrown with vegetation, which suggests whatever happened here happened some time ago; and a partially broken Minos Manos Unit, caked in deeper-red dried fluid and ambrosia. There are large footprints here, triangle-like, with a maze pattern as intricate as the lines on your palms. You know what left them.

As you close in on the giant machina, flocks of vultures betray a darker secret: bodies. Dozens, hundreds of bodies. Flattened breastplates, shattered bones, organs ground into a fine paste. The Minoan insignia is barely recognizable.

This was a battlefield, and the Horned Guard lost.

You would honor the dead, but there are so many. Too many to count, too many to take care of. You create a small monument of shields and xiphe and return to the Argo with a renewed sense of purpose: the Labyrinth must be stopped.

Gain +1 and 1 Maze Fragment resource.

0279

Your scout team returns with grim news. A village half a day's walk up the mountain has been razed to the ground by

some giant flying beast. Caked in still-wet ambrosia and covered in some kind of dusty matter, it is a terrifying sight.

"I suspect I know what creature makes this place its nest," stammers the Old Priest. "And we don't want to be here when it gets back."

Or do you?

Place 1 on Inward Odyssey. You may immediately spawn the Hermesian Pursuer OR move it 1 Map tile toward the *Argo* OR move it 1 tile away from the *Argo*.

0281 *As the Argo closes in on the cliff, the crew takes to the Acropolis Deck. Everyone wants to see. The huge chains, the manacles so big even a Titan wouldn't lift them, the blood-red stains on the rocky wall.*

You? You see what isn't there. Someone or something chained. Judging by the vegetation on the giant bindings and the flocks of birds that nest there, it has been some years since they broke free.

Many whisper "Prometheus," though you are not so quick to draw conclusions. The gods, in their pettiness, have dispensed cruelty freely and frequently, and besides, these chains are far too big for a Titan, even one of myth.

Still, the very thought of one defying the gods and breaking their destiny fills you with hope.

Subtract -2 . Gain +1 Titan.

0299 *You recover the Black Blood Cryptex from the ambrosia pool and wash it in a nearby stream. It is neither black nor stone. Its outer layers are made of various strange metals and translucent panes, connected seamlessly, and inscribed with some kind of code.*

The Cryptex would remain an unsolvable enigma . . . be it not damaged. And so, through the crack in its hardened alloy, you glimpse inside the truth of your enemy.

Inside, in a green, viscous liquid not unlike that of the Balaneion, the corpse of a man floats lifelessly. His death was recent, undoubtedly brought on by the damage sustained by the Cryptex.

All this time you thought it was a monster chasing you, when in fact your enemy was mortal all along, donning a Primordial just like you don Titans.

You scour the so-called Pursuer's lair and find a cellblock where your crewmembers were held, and a torture chamber, where they died. You also find a strange iron sarcophagus, inside of which a Titan slumbers. Its Antikratos Helm seems compatible with the Cryptex.

You return to the Argo *with more questions than answers and the sinking feeling that you've walked into something you do not comprehend.*

Mark P8.
Ship of Secrets: Gain +1 .
Gamechanger: Gain the Cycle II *Bronze Lair* Technology card and 1 Gamechanger Titan.
Sinister Awakening: If you are still in Cycle I, ignore symbols until the end of this Cycle. If you are in Cycle II or later, add the *Sinister Awakening* Event to the Timeline, 5 days from now (see Cycle II Book for details).
Tides of Fate: Reset Triskelions.
Tides of Fate: Subtract -3 .
Resources: Gain resources for each BP card in the Wound Stack. You gain the resources indicated in the upper right of the card, multiplied by the Primordial level. Gain 1 Pursuer Core resource for every critically wounded BP III card. Gain the *Damaged Cryptex* Rare resource.
Casualties: Discard all conditions and tokens from Titan Sheets. Note dead Titans on the *Argo* Sheet.

0312 *You've felt the unnatural cold for a few days now and you have finally found its source. Giant mountains of ice slowly drifting in the midday sun, refusing to melt. You heard of such things from the academicians of the Last Academy, and they, in turn, learned of them from the phos scripture. But it is one thing to imagine it and another to see it with your very own eyes.*

You notice black veins crisscrossing the ice; a dark omen indeed. You refuse to bring the Argo *any closer for fear of ramming into one of those giants.*

As you observe the sunlight reflecting and refracting off the near translucent surfaces of the icebergs, you are hit with sudden bouts of nostalgia for things that happened fairly recently and, eerily, for things that you don't believe have come to pass yet.

Someone's face twists in anger. Someone cries. Someone looks to the north.

"Delphi."

Not yet.

Subtract -2 .

0341 *As the Pursuer bears down on you, ready to gut you like a fish, its moth-like wings eclipse the sun. In that moment, looking at the haunting, hypnotizing pattern, you notice something almost indiscernible. A flaw in its technique. The perfect opening. Invigorated, you rush to meet the creature head on. It never saw you coming.*

If the fated box is marked, **see 0413.** Otherwise, mark the fated box, chain break, perform a free move and immediately perform a bonus attack!

0354 *This is a record of the Great Centimanes Sum, of our all too brief passing through the world stage. May it be replicated on every stele, every wall in the Sum, so that the memory of our people, our sins and reckoning are never forgotten.*

We were the Gegenees. We emerged from the primordial clay of the Earth Mother onto her blessed land. We were her children and we lived in peace with her children. No god made us. No god shaped us.

When we claimed the birthright of insight and stood upright among the other beasts of the Earth, the Olympians were there.

Place 1 on Inward Odyssey.

0375 *Their power was immeasurable, their knowledge knew no depths. What the Gegenees thought impossible, so the Olympians made reality. The Olympians shared many gifts with Gegenees, who they called their children. The gift of fire. The gift of agriculture. The gift of worship. The Gegenees prospered and many temples were erected in the name of the gods.*

What the Olympians did not give to the Gegenees, was numbers.

Immediately activate a Structural Tech Breakthrough.

0413 *Knowing of the fatal flaw of the Pursuer's technique, you move forward, ready to take advantage of the situation. Then the Pursuer feints and closes the distance in an instant. As you feel its claws pierce your body, you think you see a glimmer in the creature's eye. It smiles, as if to say: 'I gave you just the one.'*

You die instantly.

0415 Hull Defeat *Many years later, people would tell stories of the mighty iron ship and its valiant crew, of the Argonauts who stood against godlike beings and challenged the very crooked laws that governed the world. And who, against impossible odds, for a brief, glorious moment in history, held their own.*

But that time is now past, lost to unfathomable aeons.

The *Argo*'s odyssey ends here. Game over. Mark 1 fated box in the *Unfathomable Aeons* Cycle I Special Event.

0562 Crew Defeat *Many years later, people would tell stories of the mighty iron ship and its valiant crew, of the Argonauts who stood against godlike beings and challenged the very crooked laws that governed the world. And who, against impossible odds, for a brief, glorious moment in history, held their own.*

But that time is now past, lost to unfathomable aeons.

The *Argo*'s odyssey ends here. Game over. Mark 1 fated box in the *Unfathomable Aeons* Cycle I Special Event.

0911 *And the Sum of the Centimanes fought the Conundrum for many years. The Conundrum corrupted and the Sum purged. The Conundrum erected winding mazes and the Sum brought them down. But it was not the sickness of the body that harbingered doom. It was the sickness of the soul.*

For the maze in the world can be easily razed, but the maze in the mind rebuilds itself with every thought. Too late did the Centimanes scholars turn inward for answers.

During the next battle, one Titan can ignore the Labyrinth for purposes of attacking and moving.

0981 Argo Fate Defeat *Many years later, people would tell stories of the mighty iron ship and its valiant crew, of the Argonauts who tangled with the Moirai themselves, who wanted to break the cruel wheel of fate itself. And who, against impossible odds, for a brief, glorious moment in history, held their own.*

But that time is now past, lost to unfathomable aeons.

The *Argo*'s odyssey ends here. Game over. Mark 1 fated box in the *Unfathomable Aeons* Cycle I Special Event.

1034 *This the Gegenees claimed themselves. And with numbers came wonders beyond belief. Things thought impossible were made reality. Great cities of symmetrical stone blocks were erected. Great engines of angular cogs were built. The cow herds of the Sum where counted and multiplied.*

So was the awesome power of mathematics. The Gegenees became the Centimanes, those who could count beyond the mere number of their fingers. And for a time, it was good.

During the next Timeline Battle, whenever you place an odd number of Kratos tokens in the Kratos Pool, add 1 Break ( ) or Opening ( ) token.

1186 *Following a solid lead on the Symmachy flagship, the Marathonian, you enter the estuary of one of the great rivers of Crete. Even with the newly found* Argo *subsystem governing shallow water navigation, you fear you may end up on some shoal . . . but the estuary is surprisingly deep.*

Not wanting to reveal your approach, you send a hemiolia scouting party. And it falls right into a trap laid by a splinter faction of the Hornsworn!

Lose -1 . This is not the place you're looking for.

1388 *Following a solid lead on the Symmachy flagship, the Marathonian, you enter the estuary of one of the great rivers of Crete. Even with the newly found* Argo *subsystem governing shallow water navigation, you fear you may end up on some shoal . . . but the estuary is surprisingly deep.*

See 0031.

1487 *Following a solid lead on the Symmachy flagship, the Marathonian, you enter the estuary of one of the great rivers of Crete. Even with the newly found* Argo *subsystem governing shallow water navigation, you fear you may end up on some shoal . . . but the estuary is surprisingly deep.*

Not wanting to reveal your approach, you send a hemiolia scouting party. Near the mouth of the river, your forces meet with a small fleet of ships—but there's no sign of the Marathonian.

The ships belong to the current tile Faction.
If current tile Faction: Denounced or worse, gain +1 .
If current tile Faction: Unfriendly or worse, gain +1 .
If current tile Faction: Friendly or better, gain 2 Trireme resources.
Still, this is not the place you're looking for.

1980 *Following a solid lead on the Symmachy flagship, the Marathonian, you enter the estuary of one of the great rivers of Crete. Even with the newly found* Argo *subsystem governing shallow water navigation, you fear you may end up on some shoal . . . but the estuary is surprisingly deep.*

Not wanting to reveal your approach, you send a hemiolia scouting party. Near the mouth of the river, your forces meet with a small fleet of ships—but there's no sign of the Marathonian.

The ships belong to the current tile Faction.
If current tile Faction: Denounced or worse, gain +1 .
If current tile Faction: Unfriendly or worse, gain +1 .
If current tile Faction: Friendly or better, gain 2 Trireme resources.
Still, this is not the place you're looking for.

2126 *Following a solid lead on the Symmachy flagship, the Marathonian, you enter the estuary of one of the great rivers of Crete. Even with the newly found* Argo *subsystem governing shallow water navigation, you fear you may end up on some shoal . . . but the estuary is surprisingly deep.*

Not wanting to reveal your approach, you send a hemiolia scouting party. And it falls right into a trap laid by the Hornsworn by a small fleet of the Horned Guard. The Minoan soldiers act first, ask questions later.

Lose -1 . This is not the place you're looking for.

2328 *Following a solid lead on the Symmachy flagship, the Marathonian, you enter the estuary of one of the great rivers of Crete. Even with the newly found* Argo *subsystem governing shallow water navigation, you fear you may end up on some shoal . . . but the estuary is surprisingly deep.*

Not wanting to reveal your approach, you send a hemiolia scouting party. Near the mouth of the river, your forces meet with a small fleet of ships—but there's no sign of the Marathonian.

The ships belong to the current tile Faction.
If current tile Faction: Denounced or worse, gain +1 .
If current tile Faction: Unfriendly or worse, gain +1 .
If current tile Faction: Friendly or better, gain 2 Trireme resources.
Still, this is not the place you're looking for.

2389 *With numbers, the unknowable world could at last be measured. With highest keenness did the Centimanes scholars begin the great work of counting and describing all that there was. Progress became the way of life, science its creed.*

Worship of the gods waned.

And for the first time, the Olympians frowned.

Gain +1 .

2427 *Following a solid lead on the Symmachy flagship, the Marathonian, you enter the estuary of one of the great rivers of Crete. Even with the newly found* Argo *subsystem governing shallow water navigation, you fear you may end up on some shoal . . . but the estuary is surprisingly deep.*

Not wanting to reveal your approach, you send a hemiolia scouting party. Near the mouth of the river, your forces meet with a small fleet of ships—but there's no sign of the Marathonian.

The ships belong to the current tile Faction.
If current tile Faction: Denounced or worse, gain +1 .
If current tile Faction: Unfriendly or worse, gain +1 .
If current tile Faction: Friendly or better, gain 2 Trireme resources.
Still, this is not the place you're looking for.

2920 *Following a solid lead on the Symmachy flagship, the Marathonian, you enter the estuary of one of the great rivers of Crete. Even with the newly found* Argo *subsystem governing shallow water navigation, you fear you may end up on some shoal . . . but the estuary is surprisingly deep.*

See 0031.

4136 *Following a solid lead on the Symmachy flagship, the Marathonian, you enter the estuary of one of the great rivers of Crete. Even with the newly found* Argo *subsystem governing shallow water navigation, you fear you may end up on some shoal . . . but the estuary is surprisingly deep.*

Not wanting to reveal your approach, you send a hemiolia scouting party. And it falls right into a trap laid by the Labyrinth Stewards, the old slavers of King Minos!

Lose -1 . This is not the place you're looking for.

4338 *Following a solid lead on the Symmachy flagship, the Marathonian, you enter the estuary of one of the great rivers of Crete. Even with the newly found* Argo *subsystem governing shallow water navigation, you fear you may end up on some shoal . . . but the estuary is surprisingly deep.*

Not wanting to reveal your approach, you send a hemiolia scouting party. After a few hours at anchor, you notice an unknown trireme sailing straight at you at ramming speed. The Argo *is too cumbersome to move out of the way. The impact shakes the hull and leaves a strange symmetrical scar in the shape of a maze . . .*

Lose -1 . This is not the place you're looking for.

4437 *Following a solid lead on the Symmachy flagship, the Marathonian, you enter the estuary of one of the great rivers of Crete. Even with the newly found* Argo *subsystem governing shallow water navigation, you fear you may end up on some shoal . . . but the estuary is surprisingly deep.*

See 0031.

4930 *Following a solid lead on the Symmachy flagship, the Marathonian, you enter the estuary of one of the great rivers of Crete. Even with the newly found* Argo *subsystem governing shallow water navigation, you fear you may end up on some shoal . . . but the estuary is surprisingly deep.*

Not wanting to reveal your approach, you send a hemiolia scouting party. After a few hours at anchor, they come back, only to report your information was false, the Marathonian *was never here.*

This is not the place you're looking for.

4976 *And he tore the sky asunder and cast something down, and it burrowed deep into the Earth, which did not heal, and there was a great shaking and a great quaking and the Sum of the Centimanes knew fear for the first time.*

And from that place sprang numbers of a different kind. Unknowable, eldritch. Mad. And they took the shape of things, and then the shape of bodies, and you would know them by the angular lines and the deep cuts and their winding patterns.

And many began to doubt the wisdom of numbers, the knowledge of science. The Conundrum arrived. And so began the Great Fear.

Many fell to that fear, and many turned to the gods once again, begging for mercy. But the gods went silent. Many fell to that despair and turned to the Conundrum itself, begging it for answers. And the Conundrum only had one. Thus was the truth of the Conundrum born and the sum began to subtract.

Every Argonaut can discard their Despair tokens. One Argonaut can gain 1 node for a Fated Mnemos card.

6136 *Following a solid lead on the Symmachy flagship, the Marathonian, you enter the estuary of one of the great rivers of Crete. Even with the newly found* Argo *subsystem governing shallow water navigation, you fear you may end up on some shoal . . . but the estuary is surprisingly deep.*

See 0031.

6338 *Following a solid lead on the Symmachy flagship, the Marathonian,*

you enter the estuary of one of the great rivers of Crete. Even with the newly found Argo subsystem governing shallow water navigation, you fear you may end up on some shoal . . . but the estuary is surprisingly deep.

Not wanting to reveal your approach, you send a hemiolia scouting party. After a few hours at anchor, you notice an unknown trireme sailing straight at you, at ramming speed. Suddenly, it's set ablaze. The Argo is too cumbersome to move out of the way. The impact shakes the hull and leaves a charred mark on the bow.

Lose -1 . This is not the place you're looking for.

6437

Following a solid lead on the Symmachy flagship, the Marathonian, you enter the estuary of one of the great rivers of Crete. Even with the newly found Argo subsystem governing shallow water navigation, you fear you may end up on some shoal . . . but the estuary is surprisingly deep.

Not wanting to reveal your approach, you send a hemiolia scouting party. And it falls right into a trap laid there by river pirates!

Lose -1 . This is not the place you're looking for.

6771

The Centimanes, though they respected the Olympians, would not forsake their great achievement. The numbers allowed them to make great strides in all facets of life. They could not imagine what they still could bring—and they couldn't wait to find out.

The tribes of the Centimanes united into the great Sum, and the Sum prospered like never before, not even under the auspices of gods.

And the Olympians' frowns grew heavy with anger and disappointment.

With terrible thunder and frightening lightning did the Lord of the Olympians arrive among the Centimanes.

"I have sent Helios Apollonis to you with gifts and you have spurned his command. You refuse to erect monuments to my benevolence and bow down before me? I will make you into monuments of my wrath and lay your people low. You seek answers in numbers and lines and turn away from your gods? I will bury you in numbers and lines so incomprehensible you will despair and cry out to us."

Subtract -2 .

6930

Following a solid lead on the Symmachy flagship, the Marathonian, you enter the estuary of one of the great rivers of Crete. Even with the newly found Argo subsystem governing shallow water navigation, you fear you may end up on some shoal . . . but the estuary is surprisingly deep.

Not wanting to reveal your approach, you send a hemiolia scouting party. After a few hours at anchor, they come back, only to report your information was false, the Marathonian was never here.

Gain +1 . This is not the place you're looking for.

8005

And so did the Olympian Envoy, Helios Apollonis, descend to the Earth in his magnificent chariot that could stride the skies, and in his magnanimity he brought many gifts and wonders that not even the greatest mathematicians of the Centimanes could conceive of.

And as the people rejoiced, Helios Apollonis said, "Children of Olympus, faithful Gegenees, forsake the wicked numbers for they remove you from the grace of gods. Look back to the world of yesterday. Were you not happy? Were you not content?

"Go back."

Refresh one Awakening or one Summoning (and regain 1 Summoning Charge if you do). If all Awakenings and Summonings are refreshed, gain 1 Sisyphus Tear.

9241

This is a record of the Great Centimanes Sum, of our all too brief passing through the world stage. May it be replicated on every stele, every wall in the Sum, so that the memory of our people, its sins and reckoning are never forgotten.

We were the Gegenees. In the end, we fell to the Conundrum, our cities buried, our flocks scattered, the Sum of our knowledge fragmented and lost. Do not repeat our mistakes. Do not underestimate the power of superstitious thinking, of this divine logic, for it can bend even the unmovable numbers at will. Stand fast, stand united, keep the fires of progress going.

The aeons will end, in the end, and we will all be free.

Gain the *Gigas* card. If you already have it, gain 1 Sisyphus Tear instead.

Fated Conundrum

α	Bitter Seeds	
1–2	The Pilgrimage	☐
3–4	Dream of the Maw	☐
5–6	Stewards	☐
7–8	The Feast	☐
9–10	Mazed Tree	☐
Ω	A City Made of Riddles	

α Bitter Seeds — Gods

Your scouting mission led you deeper into the jagged coast, where supposedly a few villages found a way to avoid the Primordial terror. Your search ends fruitlessly, but on your way back you are stopped by a woman in a tattered robe. She's in her midtwenties, but the geometric patterns of the tattoo that covers her face make her look older and more sinister.

"Have you heard the Truth of the Labyrinth?" she asks melodically.

If the Minoan Guide is with you, **see 0004.** Then choose:

1. *You have heard whispers of this new faith of the Labyrinth. You're new to this island and the Argo's crew is still looking for its identity. This is fertile ground for indoctrination. You best leave her be. You ignore her and go on your way.* Subtract -1 . Minoans: Diplomacy +1. **See 0017.**
2. *Minos had the maze built. Now these people worship it. There's a clear connection. She may prove a useful source of information . . . if approached carefully. You try to obtain information from the woman.*

   Labyrinthians: Diplomacy +1. **See 0013.**

1–2 The Pilgrimage — Family

You notice a line of people slowly moving up the shore. None of them carry belongings as they make their way between the tall angular pieces of the maze rising here and there. You have been looking for a cult ringleader who is using the Labyrinthians' belief in the Truth for his own gain. This could be it.

You disguise yourself as Labyrinthians and infiltrate the pilgrimage. People keep to themselves as they walk, lost in their own thoughts or muttering the same words over and over again. The looks on their faces are of abandoned hope and lost faith and an eerie feeling of something deeper than sadness floats in the air.

A woman smiles sadly at you and introduces herself as Tessa.

"Do you know where we are going?" you ask.

"Up there on those cliffs, the Breaker of Bonds awaits us." She looks you up and down before asking, "What cruel twist of fate brought you to seek his wisdom?"

"My village was destroyed," the party leader quickly lies. "I lost everything."

She nods solemnly. "Yes, I did as well. My husband was taken to Elysium with the rest of my family." She smiles softly for the briefest of moments. "Sometimes, I can still picture their faces. How our lives used to be when we all had purpose."

"What was it like?"

"Joyful and loud. There was never a dull moment with the Hornsworn." You hide your surprise. "We used to dream of many things. But Theseus was not a dreamer. He was a man of action. I admired him."

You wish to ask her more, but suddenly the line stops. A man at the front opens his arms wide. "Brothers and sisters! We have finally reached the end of our journey! Rejoice, for today is the day you will embrace the Truth!" Whispers spread among the Labyrinthians like wildfire. "Come and join the void, for nothing matters!"

He walks to the side and invites people to come closer. And then, as if it was the most normal thing in the world, one after the other, they jump off the cliff to their deaths. No one cries and the surf catches the sound of their bodies. As you emerge from the crowd, ready to seize him, he disappears among the Labyrinthians.

Choose:

1. *The information this cult ringleader possesses is too important and he needs to be stopped. You look for the ringleader in the crowd.*

   Labyrinthians: Diplomacy +1. **See 0008.**
2. *You will not stand idly by while these people jump to their deaths. Justice is good, but life is better, the former will have to wait. You stop the Labyrinthians from jumping.*

   Labyrinthians: Diplomacy -1. **See 0009.**

3–4 Dream of the Maw | *Dream*

One night you all dream the same dream. A winding path takes you deep into the woods. The trees are packed close together and you suddenly realize they form high, thick walls. You feel lost and trapped. Your worst memories of helplessness resurface and you question the point of it all.

Labyrinthians: Diplomacy -1. Minoans: Diplomacy +1. Gain +1 .

Each Argonaut rolls on the following table, adding Courage or Will. If the Old Spinner is with you, add +2. You may gain +1 to add +1. If H10 is marked, the 'Watched' Argonaut can gain +3 to score an automatic 11.

1–2: *You start walking faster, but the ground seems to move and you lose your footing. You tumble down what now seems like a sloping track. Before you, a pitch-black space. No, it's not completely black. There are rectangular objects moving inside like . . . teeth. You fall down this churning maw. Nothingness engulfs you. You wake up, but feel like a part of you died there.*

Gain a random Fated Mnemos card. If you are Mazetouched, gain +1 too (once per adventure).

3–5: *You fight against an overwhelming force that tries to push you inside the maw. The slope becomes a vertical wall, yet you hang on. Nothing will drag you down. For a fleeting moment you feel powerful and safe. Then the maw moves up and gobbles you whole.*

Gain +1 and the Mazetouched Affliction.

6–8: *You're quick and nimble and climb up faster than the slope can turn. You duck into a side corridor and run. The ground seems to move under you in the opposite direction. Panicked, you take another turn, but it happens to be a dead end. The wall opposite has been painted with the maze pattern. Suddenly, an eye appears in the center of the composition and you wake up.*

Gain 1 Despair token. If you are Mazetouched, gain +1 too (once per adventure).

9–10: *You've felt the presence of the maw and so took a different path altogether. Now there are roots nibbling at the maze's foundation. You hear a cracking sound. You look around and notice a gargantuan shape rising above the Labyrinth. It's hunting for you. But it won't find you, at least, for now.*

You may reset or . If you are Mazetouched, you lose it.

11+: *You've reached the sloping area but are calm and collected. You start sliding down but never lose your balance. The maw appears, voracious and infinite, but this does not faze you. When the time comes, you jump to meet it, sword in hand. You know this is the only way you're going to win.*

Gain +1 . Gain 1 Mnemos node. Note "Impossible Logic" under Boons on your Argonaut Sheet. Mark F5.

If the Minoan Guide is with you, *the next morning you notice she is not herself. Maybe she had the dream too?*

If you want to talk to her, the party leader gains +2 . If they do, **see 0012.**

If the Minoan Guide is not with you or you choose not to talk to her, **return to the Voyage Phase.**

5–6 Stewards | *Crime*

One morning you spot a trio of triremes sailing your way. Once the ships were draped with flowers and fine fabrics of ocher and deep sea blue, but the colors have all but faded and the plants all but withered. They sail under the banner of Minos and the Horned Guard.

Choose a party leader. If the Minoan Guide is with you, **see 0015.** If not, choose:

1. *They sail in a tight formation with considerable speed. This is an attack, not a peaceful visit. Dead gods know how many warriors hide below deck. This could get bloody. You won't take any chances.*

Prepare a Titan welcome party and do not let them get close. **See 0021.**

2. *They sail in a tight formation with considerable speed. They may be fleeing from something—maybe the same creature that attacked the massive fleet west of Crete. And they do represent your would-be allies.* Let them catch up to you and prepare a welcome party. **See 0030.**

7–8 The Feast | *Supernatural*

Following a lead, you arrive at a small village, or rather, what's left of it. Walking among the pulverized houses, you wonder what transpired here, though judging by the giant handprints left in the ground you have a pretty good idea. Near one of the collapsed buildings, you find the remains of a small, hastily erected shrine to the Labyrinth. It's also been destroyed.

: : *is 'zero'*

These people had no way to defend themselves. They paid their tithe to the Minoan Dynasty, yet the Horned Guard didn't protect them. They built a shrine to appease the maze, and what good did it do? And the supposedly noble Hornsworn were nowhere to be seen.

Choose a party leader. Each Argonaut tests Wisdom or Cunning (8+). Add +1 if the Minoan Guide is with you. Gain +1 to add +1.

0–1 success: *There are no bodies to be found, but there is ample blood and strange mush everywhere. While searching the debris, one of you slips and lands headfirst in the icky fluid.*

Gain +2 . Party leader gains the Mazetouched Affliction. If they already have it, gain +1 instead.

Labyrinthians: Diplomacy -1. Minoans: Diplomacy -1.

2–3 successes: *It takes you a second to realize the mush is the bodies. Ground to a pulp between giant fingers of the faux mouth of the Primordial you came to call the Hekaton. It ate the villagers, or at least tried to. An irrational anger fills you.*

Gain +1 . Party leader gains +1 .

Labyrinthians: Diplomacy -1.

4+ successes: *Further down from the village, where a stream runs into the sea, you notice more blood and tattered clothing. It seems the Hekaton washed itself after its feast. The very thought chills you to the bone. It must've stood here a good while too, using some broken boats to clean its teeth. The places where it left the wrecks have sprouted a labyrinth outcrop.*

Party leader gains +1 . Subtract -2 . Gain 1 Ancient Shell Rare Resource.

Labyrinthians: Diplomacy -1. Minoans: Diplomacy +1.

Regardless of the result, gain +1 . If the Minoan Guide is with you, *she averts her eyes, anger or despair swelling in her.* If you want to inquire about it, party leader gains +2 , then **see 0002.**

9–10 Mazed Tree | *Curse*

Even people from nearby villages come to see the Maze-tree. Its branches, long and cuboid, bend under right angles and bloom into cubic patches of rectangular leaves. Some see it as a bad omen, while others bring wreaths and small gifts to appease the Labyrinth.

Choose:

1. *It's a blight on the land and on the souls of all who look upon it. The faith of the maze spreads like a disease, and diseases need to be burned out. You burn the tree.*

Labyrinthians: Diplomacy -2. Minoans: Diplomacy +1.

The party leader tests Fury or Will (10+). They may gain +X to add +X.

Success: Gain +1 . 1 Maze Fragment resource and subtract -1 .

Fail: Gain a random Fated Mnemos card, +2 and +1 . Move the next battle 1 day closer on the Timeline.

Regardless of the result, **return to the Voyage Phase.**

2. *The tree may not be allowed to exist, but the maze pattern starts somewhere. Maybe if you can trace it, understand it, you'll have a better chance at fighting it. You uproot it.*

Gain +2 . Gain 1 Ancient Shell Rare Resource. **See 0028.**

3. *Leave it be. It's not your place to decide. Besides, you may do more harm than good. You don't know how far the rot has spread.*

Gain the *Wise Providence* boon. **See 0034.**

A City Made of Riddles | *Deed*

You heard whispers of it, but you've thought it just a fever dream of the Truth of the Labyrinth neophytes. A city made of maze, or maybe a city made maze by the worship of its people. The Conundrumed Polis, where the tenets of the faith were made manifest.

Yet now your spies report such a city exists, not far from your current location. They try to describe its serpentine streets and impossible towers but ultimately fail, as if the very image has slipped from their mind.

"There may be answers there," says the Old Priest cautiously, "but also dangerous questions you do not want to ask. I sense a presence there, an ever-watchful bottomless pit. Be vigilant, be unseen, and be quick."

You depart the Argo under the cover of night and join your scouts on the island. They lay out your options. The quickest way inside the city is with the stream of pilgrims, while the safest may be through the recently uncovered Daedalian sewers.

Choose:

1. *You need to be in and out before the cult is alerted to your presence. You blend in with the pilgrims.*

Gain +1 . **See 0001.**

2. *They may be looking for you, better to avoid contact altogether. You venture into the sewers.*

Subtract -1 . **See 0020.**

0001

You disguise yourself as a group of fishermen recently banished from your village by a harsh Horned Guard captain. As you travel along the main road, you meet more and more pilgrims heading to the Conundrumed Polis. Some have been driven out for their heretical beliefs, others could not sustain their lives under the ruling dynasty's punishing levies and taxes. Some scorn Minos for his past and present sins. Others still are just looking for a new life, a new source of hope to replace Olympus.

Misery, it seems, is fertile ground, and the Maze-faith has taken deep roots.

You crest a hill and finally see the view that your spies failed to describe: a polis sprawling on a gentle slope, a tangle of crisscrossing streets. You can almost make out some sort of pattern only for it to fall apart into chaos again. The crooked towers dotting the city clutch at the sky like the fingers of some sort of gargantuan statue.

The procession slows down just before the city gates, giving you time to realize those were not towers after all, but the city itself, folding inward like a flower at dusk. You shudder.

You notice why the procession stalls: the Labyrinthians are checking all newcomers. You pull your hoods down tighter and hope not to get noticed.

Each Argonaut tests Cunning (7+). Add +2 if they are Mazetouched.

If Labyrinthians: Friendly or better, add +1. Subtract -1 for H10 and F5 each.

0–2 successes: *You try to keep your heads down and slip past the gatekeepers, but can't shake the feeling someone or something is watching you intently. The Labyrinthians are inexplicably drawn to you, and soon the ruse is up. You pull out your weapons, but they outnumber you ten to one. Resigned, you let yourselves be taken.* **See 0027.**

3+ successes: *Even though the guards look like they've been alerted to your presence, you manage to avoid contact and enter the city undetected. That was the easy part. Now you need to find someone who can tell you what's going on here—and you need to do it quickly. You overhear someone talking about a 'trial by maze' for the unbelievers. That's as good a place as any to start.* **See 0007.**

0002

"We did this," she whispers, holding back tears.

"This?" you ask. "Surely you're not suggesting you control the Hekaton? That'd be a pretty handy ability to have . . ."

Acacallis smiles and wipes her eyes. "Ha. No, sadly. I just meant that . . . we swore to be better. To do right by the people. Protect them. I always told myself that when we took the reins, things would be different. And look at us now. Desperately looking for Minos to fix things . . ."

"Things take time, Acacallis. Do not avert your eyes. Take this picture in. Hold it in your heart when you return to the palace. Let it inform your rule."

Acacallis nods. "I will."

Make an Acacallis tally mark.

0003

You follow your markings back to the exit, though you notice the maze has been changing and some of the signs are barely visible. If you'd stayed here even a bit longer, things might not have been so straightforward.

The man, still looking shaky but smiling, is forever grateful for what you did for him back then.

Gain +1 , lose -1 . Hornsworn or Minoans: Diplomacy +1 (your choice). Labyrinthians: Diplomacy -1.

When you emerge from the forlorn maze, there is one more with you. A towering colossus, slender from hunger, bruised and battered from the sharp edges of the ever-growing Labyrinth, hunched and cowering from constant dread, yet still dwarfing your company with its sheer size, and radiating power: a Titan. It survived the Labyrinth and found a way out. It deserves a hero's welcome.

Gain 1 Mazerunner Titan. **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0004

"Argonauts, please. Be wary of this woman," says the Minoan Guide, "She wears the tatters of the cult. She may look harmless, but her words are poison. Warn your crew."

Subtract -1 or lose -1 . Make an Acacallis tally mark. **Return to the Bitter Seeds adventure from the Fated Conundrum hub.**

0005

You're determined to follow the black-clad Labyrinthians, wherever they may go. The narrow streets of the polis must've been hard to navigate even before the cult took over. Now . . . you just hope you don't get lost.

Gain +1 . Labyrinthians: Diplomacy -2. Other Local faction: Diplomacy +1.

Each Argonaut tests Endurance (7+).

If the Old Spinner is with you, add +1. If Labyrinthians: Friendly or better, add +1. Gain +1 to add +1. Peril.

0–2 successes: *You lose sight of the Labyrinthians and end up wandering aimlessly through the Conundrumed Polis. By the end of it, you feel it is you who are being followed and your secrets revealed. You decide to leave this accursed city and get back to the ship as quickly as possible. There you learn of an Labyrinthian attack that took place during your absence. It's as if they knew you were away . . .*

Gain +1 , lose -1 .

3+ successes: *You follow the Black Labyrinthians all the way to the port, where they board a repurposed Horned Guard trireme. Several times you get close enough to eavesdrop, though you only hear snippets: "The Punished . . . The Temenos . . . Ariadne's gift . . . City of the Bull." After the trireme sets sail, you deem it wise to get back to your own ship.*

For the next Battle, gain the *Wise Providence* boon.

Regardless of the result, on your way back to the ship, you find a peculiar cage made of labyrinth outcrops rising from the very earth.

Inside, a hunched colossus, slender from hunger, bruised and battered from the sharp edges of its cell, cowering from constant dread—yet still dwarfing your company with its sheer size and radiating power. A Titan. It was left to starve. You will set it free.

As you chip away at the stone formation, the caged Titan gives out a triumphant roar. Its spirit is indomitable.

Gain 1 Mazerunner Titan. **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0007

You make your way to the old naós district. Abandoned temples have been stripped of paint and other decorations. Only white stone covered in a maze pattern remains. Where the Temple of Zeus stood, a gaping hole gazes up into the sky. People crowd around, and you suspect it's some kind of arena. A group of black-clad Labyrinthians shepherd a column of prisoners.

"Those are the unbelievers who would rather spout lies than believe the Truth. Should they be judged and sentenced to death?" asks one of the Labyrinthians in black robes.

The crowd cheers.

You clutch your weapons tightly but do nothing. There are too many of them.

"By you?" he asks again.

The crowd cheers again.

"No. Those are the old ways! Of lies and senseless killings. The only ones who can judge them are themselves." The speaker gestures to the first prisoner. "Step into the Labyrinth's embrace and meet yourself." As he says that, one of the guards pushes the prisoner into the abyss. You hear a splash and a muted groan, so the fall wasn't fatal. From somewhere else in the city, a loud crackle sounds and you see one of the crooked towers shake and bend like a broken finger.

"This is the only Truth!"

This happens to all the prisoners. After that, the crowd starts to disband.

Choose:

1. *The cult likes to parade its egalitarian nature, but those dark-robed men sure looked like they were calling the shots. You need to stay hidden and find out more. You follow the black-clad Labyrinthians.*

Gain +1 . **See 0005.**

2. *You've seen enough. The Labyrinth is very real and very dangerous and the things done in its name are no less cruel than those ordered by Minos. This has to stop. You jump into the pit to save the prisoners.* **See 0044.**

0008

You spot the ringleader at the edge of the cliff. He holds Tessa close to him and presses a dagger against her throat. She doesn't move, doesn't even seem to be aware of what is happening.

"If you let me go, Argonauts," the ringleader says, "I will let this woman live. If not, I will slice her neck before she tumbles down that cliff with the rest of them."

Choose:

1. *You think back to your conversation with Tessa, to her family and her admiration for Theseus. She deserves a second chance at life. You save Tessa and let the ringleader go.*

Gain +2 . **See 0038.**

2. *How many will this man send to their deaths if you let him slip? How many Tessas need to die? You go for the ringleader.* **See 0039.**

0009

Some of the Labyrinthians listen to you, while others look to the churning waters below with blissful obliviousness. The ringleader, if he was here, slips away. Later that night, as you set up a camp for the remaining Labyrinthians on the shore, you learn more about Theseus.

"I met him once," one of the older Labyrinthians says as he pokes the fire with a branch. "How driven and hell-bent on destroying the Horned Guard he was! Funny how he ended up protecting the people. I suppose love really changes a man, right?"

As you are about to retire for the night, you notice a lone silhouette standing on the edge of the cliff. Tessa.

You slowly move toward her and gently invite her to grab your hand.

"I am sorry, Argonauts. I know you only want to help," she says before she lets herself fall.

You catch her arm and her body slams against the side of the cliff. She stays limp as you try to pull her up.

"Let me go," she whispers. "It's okay."

If is 5+, **see 0011.** Otherwise, **see 0010.**

0010

Ignoring her wishes, you pull Tessa up. She doesn't look at you when she disappears into the woods with the other Labyrinthians, though you think you see a something akin to relief on her face. Maybe she just needed someone, anyone, to care about her. You never learn what happens to her afterward, but you hope she finds the courage to live on.

Gain +1 and +1 . **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0011

You start to pull Tessa up, but her hand starts slipping from your grasp. As she inches away, her face relaxes and then she falls. You cannot shake the look of peaceful acceptance on her face as she disappears into the water below.

Gain +1 and +1 . **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0012

"You dreamed of the maw?" you ask after few minutes of polite conversation.

"How did you—" she starts, then looks away. "Yes." And then adds, "I dreamed about it many times, in Knossos. I thought it was . . . Never mind." She changes the subject. "I like your ship. Everyone is busy. Everyone knows what to do . . . and yet, everyone seems so free. I envy that."

You smile, though you wish it was so simple.

Make an Acacallis tally mark. **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0013

She looks at you with this profound understanding in her bright eyes. "You have. A flower can blossom even in a desert, can it not? And you will blossom."

You feel your wounds tingling as the geometric

patterns expand ever so slightly.

"What have you done to me?" you ask.

"Nothing was done, for there is no discernible will and no path to follow. It has just happened. And it will happen again and again, for the people's eyes have been opened and they see the Labyrinth for what it is."

Choose:

1. *This woman is too dangerous to be allowed to roam free. Banish her from the countryside before she spreads her corruption further. You banish her.*

Labyrinthians: Diplomacy -1. All Argonauts gain +1 Ω and +1 Ψ. Mazetouched Argonauts gain +1 additional Ψ. **See 0016.**

2. *This woman is too dangerous to leave alone. She needs to be isolated so she can't spread her poisonous ideology any further. You need to interrogate her thoroughly, lest you risk entering a war unprepared. You imprison the prophet.* **See 0018.**

0014

You've felt something brewing for some time now. You have heard whispers of discontent. Some are wondering what they're doing on Crete, in the middle of a conflict not their own. Others are coming dangerously close to sympathizing with the Labyrinthian message.

One morning, you notice a pale drawing of the maze symbol on one of the bulkheads and you feel it in your guts: it's happening.

There's a growing number of Labyrinthian converts on the ship. This is becoming a problem.

Mark a fated box above, then choose:

1. *There is no place for worshippers of the nothingness on the* Argo. *They must go before things truly escalate.* You banish the neophytes.

Lose -1 ✕, lose -2 🜂. Random Argonaut gains 1 Despair token. If Ψ 5+, gain +1 🜁. Labyrinthians: Diplomacy -1. **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

2. *They are your crew. They may have lost hope, but you did not lose your hope in them. You try to dissuade them from the Truth of the Labyrinth.*

Each Argonaut tests Courage, Will or Wisdom (8+). Add +1 for the Old Spinner. Subtract -1 if you are Mazetouched. Subtract -1 for each fated box marked after the first.

Fail: Gain 1 Despair token.

0–1 success: *Your words of reason fall on deaf ears. Your crew has been pushed to the brink by your actions and the Truth of the Labyrinth offers sweet release. It's a miracle this didn't end in bloodshed. Some of the neophytes leave, but there may be more, who are more secretive with their beliefs.*

Lose -1 ✕ and -1 🜂. Gain +1 🜁. Labyrinthians: Diplomacy -1.

2 successes: *You debate endlessly with the proponents of the Labyrinth, but in the end, nothing comes of it. With Olympus destroyed and the old gods all but forgotten, there is not much you can offer to compete with the Truth. Yet the bonds of fellowship that bind you are still stronger than some newborn faith, and you agree to put away your theological differences—for now.*

If Ψ 4+, gain +1 🜁, +1 Ψ and +1 🜂.

3+ successes: *You find that it is not that the Truth of the Labyrinth is so alluring, but that it offers an answer to the burning questions left after Eschaton. You rouse your crew with an impassioned speech about camaraderie and the hope and purpose born of the bonds that bind you. Many denounce their newfound faith and morale is up. Yet, deep inside, you realize that the void left by the Olympians will not be filled with one stirring speech. You need to find something to believe in again.*

Lose -3 🜂. If Ψ 4+, gain +1 Ψ.

Regardless of your choices and outcome, *you have to work on your rhetoric and devise something that can combat the poisonous Truth of the Labyrinth.*

Gain the *Rhetoric* Technology card (if you don't have it already).

0015

As soon as the princess sees the ship, she turns to you and says, "Fire on them."

"What?"

"Do not let them reach us."

"Are they not your father's guards?"

"They were royal slavers who hunted the waves for sacrifices for the Minotaur. Now they serve a new master, that wretched faith of the maze, and they bring the sacrificing with them."

Choose:

1. *You listen to the princess.*

Make an Acacallis tally mark.

Labyrinthians: Diplomacy -1. **See 0021.**

2. *You don't listen to the princess.*

Minoans: Diplomacy -1. **See 0030.**

0016

You try to convince the woman to leave, but she keeps proselytizing to your crew. When you send someone to remove her forcefully, the woman falls to her knees.

"I thought I was chosen to spread the Truth . . . Yet—Oh, now I see the truth of truths." With these words, she dies. To your horror, her body unfolds like an exotic flower and you finally realize those were not tattoos at all, but cuts, deep as bone. What magic has held her fractured body whole has left her and taken root.

Gain +1 🜁. Minoans: Diplomacy +1. Finally, the least likely Argonaut gains the *Haunted* Mnemos card.

0017

As you walk away, she grabs you by the skirt of your uniform.

"You may cover your ears, but the Truth comes from within, not without. You are born, you live, and you die without knowing purpose of it all. It gnaws at you, this burning question. But there is no answer, for there is no purpose. Life is a meaningless conundrum, like the Labyrinth itself, made complex to mislead. Let go."

You see some of your men considering her words.

Gain +1 🜂. Least likely Argonaut gains Mazetouched Affliction and the *Haunted* Mnemos card. Mark J1.

Labyrinthians: Diplomacy -1.

If, after this encounter, you have 3+ 🜂, **see 0014.**

0018

Before she can utter another word, you subdue her and bring her aboard the Argo. *You will get to the bottom of this . . . cult.*

Gain +2 Ψ, +1 🜂, +1 Ψ. The least likely Argonaut gains the *Haunted* Mnemos card.

Minoans: Diplomacy -1. **See 0040.**

0020

You travel by night and rest by day, avoiding roads, settlements, and any other signs of civilization. As you journey through the wilds of Crete, you begin to notice subtle changes in the landscape, like the oddly symmetrical venation of leaves, recurring patterns of terrain features, or animal behavior.

Something is not right here.

On the third day, on the outskirts of the Conundrum Polis, you come across a ruined village. Is this the handiwork of the Labyrinthians? No, this settlement was razed a long time ago, allowing nature to reclaim what was taken from her. Among the rubble, you find a stone tablet that reads:

"On the order of King Minos, all those who sympathize with the criminal Theseus are to be put to death."

That same day, you crest a hill and finally see the view that your spies failed to describe: a polis sprawling on a gentle slope, a tangle of crisscrossing streets. You can almost make out some sort of pattern only for it to fall apart into chaos again. The crooked towers dotting the city clutch at the sky like the fingers of some sort of gargantuan statue.

You circle the city, looking for an entrance to the sewers. These were purportedly created by Daedalus himself, though you'd be hard-pressed to find anyone who could attest to such a lofty pedigree.

You break out the torches and enter.

If F2 is marked, the memory of that disastrous night still lingers among your crew. Immediately gain +1 Ψ and a random Argonaut gains 1 Despair token.

At one time the stone sewers must've been a haven for the unfortunate, but now an eerie sense of dread permeates them and you find yourself struggling to push forward. The murky, muddy waters hinder your progress, the stench is unbearable, and you must stop countless of times as your crewmembers retch. Why did you think it was a good idea to come here? Why did you even come? This all seems so pointless now.

Each Argonaut tests Will or Endurance (9+). If you are Mazetouched, subtract -1. If the Old Spinner is with you and K10 is marked, add +1. If Hornsworn: Friendly or better, add +2. If F5 is marked, add +5.

Gain +1 Ψ to add +1. You may lose X Raw Ambrosia resources to add +X to each test. Peril.

Fail: *Despair overtakes you and you can't help but think it will never get better.*

Gain 1 Despair token.

0–1 success: *You press on but realize you're lost, hopelessly so. Hours go by. You notice patterns on the walls, thin geometric lines reminiscent of the Labyrinthian tattoos. You feel watched, then hounded. Gloom turns into anxiety. When you finally find the exit, you are overwhelmed with dread. You need to get as far away from this place as possible before* Eurydice *consumes you, yet you have just ventured deeper.*

Remove 2 random Ψ Trauma cards from Grave Trauma deck. Add the *Recovery* Event to the Timeline, 7 days from now. When it triggers, you may return the removed Trauma cards to the deck.

2+ successes: *Though the crippling fears that grip your heart are many, you press on. A spell has been put on this place, but it has no hold over you.*

Random Argonaut gains +1 Ω.

Regardless of the result, **see 0041.**

0021

You scramble to battle positions while the Argo *starts its cumbersome turn. Some of you rush to the Balaneion to awaken the Titans. As the triremes close in, you notice they are manned by ragtag crews, not Minoan sailors.*

Labyrinthians: Diplomacy -1. Minoans: Diplomacy +1.

Decide which 2 of the Argonauts will rush to the Balaneion. They junction with their Titans and return with an armful of petrified trees—deadly spears in the hands of 30-foot giants. Each of them tests Fury (6+) twice. If Ψ 3+, 8+ instead. For each success, they sink one trireme and gain +1 Ω.

If 2+ triremes were destroyed, what's left of the fleet turns tail and flees. Gain +1 Ψ.

Otherwise, *some of the triremes make it to the* Argo. *The battle is short and bloody. You hold higher ground and dispatch the attackers with ease. However, in the evening, your crew notices a small yet distinct pattern etched into the hull: a maze fragment.*

Gain +1 🜁.

0022

"Willful ignorance. I am not surprised, but a bit disheartened. I will, of course, honor your wish, but others may not be so kind."

Gain +1 🜁. Move the next Primordial battle 1 day closer on the Timeline. Minoans: Diplomacy +1. Hornsworn: Diplomacy -1. Labyrinthians: Diplomacy -2. **See 0042.**

0023

There are indeed others here, dozens of them, sometimes separated by a wall as thin as a cloth you'd hang in a door. Yet they are all alone, unable to find one another. The anxiety in their watery eyes makes you queasy, as your own fears start bubbling to the surface.

You finally order a withdrawal. There may still be more, but you have no means of helping them now. You head back, trying to follow your markings, but they have all but disappeared.

Each Argonaut tests Will or Endurance (9+). Subtract -1 if you are Mazetouched. Add +1 for the Old Spinner. Add +5 for F5. Gain +1 Ψ to add +1. You may lose X Raw Ambrosia resources to add +X to each test. Peril.

Fail: *Despair overtakes you and you can't help but think it will never get better.*

Gain 1 Despair token.

0–2 successes: *You search for the exit, but it's not where it was supposed to be. Hours go by. People are losing faith in you, doubting they will ever get out and see their comrades and loved ones. The maze changes around you. You suddenly realize there are fewer of you. People are getting lost. You start to panic. It's all falling apart and it's all because of you. You had to go deeper, didn't you? Try to be a hero, to mean something. Well, you are meaningless, and no one is coming for you.*

You emerge from the maze in the early hours of the morning. The sun is still hiding behind the horizon. You feel as if a giant weight has been lifted from your heart. You are finally able to breathe freely. You are safe, for now. You look around you and notice your party is smaller than when you went in, even considering the few prisoners who stayed with you. This is not a victory.

Lose -1 ✕. Gain +1 🜁, +1 Ψ and +1 🜃. Remove 2 random Ψ Trauma cards from Major Trauma deck. Add the *Recovery* Event to the Timeline, 7 days from now. When it triggers, you may return the removed Trauma cards to the deck. Labyrinthians: Diplomacy -1.

3+ successes: *The sinking feeling in your hearts never leaves you, but you don't give in. You put on a brave face and soldier on. You find some small comfort in one another, in meaningful glances and a few uttered words that may be nothing to others, but to you they're the light in the darkness. The bond you have helps share the load put on you by circumstances.*

When you emerge from the maze, it's dawn. The warm light of the sun brushes your faces and you feel that much stronger and closer for the experience.

Gain +1 ✕, +1 Ψ and +1 🜃. Discard any *Alone* or *Left Behind* Fated Mnemos cards. Labyrinthians: Diplomacy -2. Minoans or Hornsworn: Diplomacy +2. Mark L7.

Regardless of the result, when you emerge from the forlorn maze, there is one more with you.

A towering colossus, slender from hunger, bruised and battered from the sharp edges of the ever-growing Labyrinth, hunched and cowering from constant dread—yet still dwarfing your company with its sheer size and radiating power. A Titan. It survived the Labyrinth and found a way out. It deserves a hero's welcome.

Gain 1 Mazerunner Titan. **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0024

"I am glad you have some reverence for the truth. The Daughters of Minos want their father back because he escaped. And people who build their lives around order fear that which they cannot control. Is that not right?"

Gain +1 Ψ, gain +2 🜁. Labyrinthians: Diplomacy +1. Minoans: Diplomacy -2. **See 0042.**

0025

You are free to go." The man smiles. "The Truth does not chain you up, it liberates you. Though I would like to know, where do you intend to go? Why? Do you know why? Why you, of all people, are here? Why you don't remember your past lives? Why you enslave the Titans? For whose benefit? Do you know?"

1. *"Do you?"* **See 0033.**
2. *"We don't care about anything you have to say."* **See 0037.**

0026

"Me? Whatever did I do to you? We've just met." He smiles weakly. "As for the rest of the so-called Labyrinthians . . . Why would you stop them? Do you know why they come here? What they've gone through? The Labyrinth would not exist if not for the sins of Minos."

If Minoans: Unfriendly or worse, **see 0035.**

Otherwise, **see 0036.**

0027

You have no idea where the Labyrinthians are taking you and the winding path through the city leaves you none the wiser. However, several times during your march you get a feeling of distortion: an alley is a lot longer than it looked at first glance, a landmark you saw in the distance has moved ever so slightly. Either your mind is playing tricks on you, or . . .

You arrive at a ruined temple of Helios. The damage is recent and looks like it was caused by an earthquake, though the surrounding buildings are strangely intact.

The black-clad Labyrinthians escort you up the steps, but stop just before entering the temple.

"Come, let me look at you." You hear a tired man's voice coming from the collapsed naós. The guards urge you on. "Come, I don't bite."

Weary, you take a step inside. The man sits on a knocked-down statue of Helios. His heavy tattered robes slump to the ground.

"Ah, the Argonauts. Crete was blessed with your presence only recently, yet I have already heard great things of you. And now I am graced with your presence. What have I done to deserve such an honor?"

"Who are you?"

"Mhhh." The man turns toward you and you can plainly see his disfigurement. His body rests loosely on the folds of his robe in symmetrical tufts, each one a cross section of tissue: muscle, sinew, and bone. Each time he speaks, his face completely breaks down into a thousand tiny fragments, only to reassemble itself once he's done. This man should be long dead. "Yes, my appearance is . . . disturbing to some. Maze made flesh." He sighs. "Who am I? It doesn't matter. All are equal in the face of the Truth. Like you, I thought I was somebody once, but thankfully I was punished for my insolence."

"What do you want from us?"

"Me? I want nothing. I was told you were trying to enter the city with the chosen masses. What do you want?"

Mark E4. Then choose:

1. *Information. That's why you came here, there is no point in denying the fact.*

Gain +1 Ψ. **See 0029.**

2. *Freedom. You're his prisoners now—if he wants a candid answer, that's it.*

Subtract -2 Ψ. **See 0025.**

3. *To stop him. A cult is as voracious a monster as the Primordials themselves. Where Primordials merely kill the body, a cult devours the souls of its victims.* **See 0026.**

0028

You break up the crowd and start digging. The branches of the tree crack ominously.

Minoans: Diplomacy +1 or Hornsworn: Diplomacy +1. Labyrinthians: Diplomacy -1. Each Argonaut tests Fury (7+). Subtract -1 if you are Mazetouched. Gain +1 🜁 to add +1.

Fail: *You accidentally touch the tree.*

Gain Mazetouched. If you already have this affliction, gain +1 Ψ and +2 🜁.

0–2 successes: *When you uproot the tree, you hear a deafening horn and a giant stone pillar rises from the ground. It writhes like a snake, but its movements are stilted and mechanical. A roar from afar answers it.*

Add the *Hekatrap* Exploration card to the Exploration Deck. If it's already in the deck, search the deck and reveal it. The Hekaton is already here! Lose -1 ☠ and go straight to the *Ambush* Battle on p. 112.

3+ successes: *When you uproot the tree, you hear a quiet moan and then all goes silent. You look inside the hole you just made and realize there's a tunnel of cut stone beneath it. The Labyrinth is spreading underground!*

Place 1 Ψ on the Inward Odyssey.

Regardless of the result, gain +1 Ψ and mark K10.

0029

"We're looking for someone . . ."

That someone isn't here. But why would you look for him in the first place? And on whose behalf? His former jailor 'daughters'?"

If you believe there is some truth in his words, Minoans: Diplomacy -1, and **see 0031.**

If you don't, **see 0032.**

0030

You reduce speed and send a welcoming committee to the bow entrance. Among them, a Titan—you're friendly, not stupid.

The triremes stop within shouting distance of the Argo. *The leader of this Horned Guard, calling themselves the Stewards of the Labyrinth, demands entry onto your ship. This is not how you negotiate and you're quick to point that out to the Cretans. They consider their chances and back down.*

It seems they had a run in with a monstrous creature, half ship, half spider. Even you take this account with a grain of salt. The Stewards require medical assistance and provisions to continue their journey. A couple of swimmers you sent to scout their ships return with news of their cargo: slaves.

Choose:

1. *You do not deal with slavers. However, there is an opportunity here you can't throw away. You propose a trade: provisions for the slaves' freedom.*

Lose 3 Trireme resources to gain +1 ✕ and +1 🜂. Labyrinthians: Diplomacy -1.

2. *You do not deal with slavers. These men deserve a fate worse than death and you're eager to oblige in the Moirai's stead. Not taking any chances, you attack without warning.*

Labyrinthians: Diplomacy -2. Minoans: Diplomacy +1.

Each Argonaut tests Cunning or Fury (7+). Subtract -1 for A8. Each Argonaut may gain +1 🜂 to add +1.

0–1 success: *The Stewards put up more of a fight than you expected. When the dust settles, most of the slaves are dead. For every two Stewards, one of your crewmembers has fallen as well.*

Lose -1 ✕ (or -2 ✕ if Ψ 6+).

2+ successes: *You manage to defeat the Stewards with minimal collateral damage.*

Random Argonaut gains +1 Ω. Gain +1 ✕ and +1 🜂.

0031

You've heard a rumor that the Daughters of Minos imprisoned their father, but you couldn't figure out why. The punished man smiles.

"Because they are not what they appear to be. Have you ever thought you might be on the wrong side of this . . . debate? You don't believe me. I don't blame you. Even the Sun is hard to see when blotted out by a thousand lies. The Truth is patient"—the man nods to himself—"and you are free to go. Will you at least give me the benefit of the doubt?"

Party leader gains 1 Despair token. Choose:

1. *You sense there is some truth to what he's saying. Yes, you'll give him the benefit of the doubt.* Gain +1 and +1 . Labyrinthians: Diplomacy +1. Minoans: Diplomacy -2.

2. *He just wants to sow discord. No.* Gain +1 . Labyrinthians: Diplomacy -2. Hornsworn: Diplomacy -1. Minoans: Diplomacy +1.

Regardless of your answer, **see 0042.**

0032

"Perhaps you do not need to know after all," says the punished man. "For what would you do with such knowledge? The clarity of your convictions gives you strength! Should I be the one to take it away? Would that make me more of a villain or less in your eyes? Ah, sweet sweet paradox's taste."

Choose:

1. *You arrived on Crete blind. You need to know all there is to know.* **See 0024.**

2. *Even truth can be poisonous if wielded with malevolent intent. You don't want to know.* Subtract -1 . **See 0022.**

0033

"I know many a thing, though when you learn the Truth, all is meaningless. I see in you that hunger for meaning. Day after day you wake up not knowing who you really are, you . . . possess those hulking behemoths and battle even worse nightmares, all the while watching as people around you die. Does this feel planned? Does this feel purposed? No. But you are on your way now. Some of you further than others. You will understand."

Party leader gains 1 Despair token. Gain +1 and subtract -1 . Argonaut with most Mnemos nodes gains Mazetouched. If they already have it, start the next battle with a *Fear* Condition card.

Labyrinthians: Diplomacy +1. Hornsworn: Diplomacy -1. Minoans: Diplomacy -1. **See 0042.**

0034

You give the tree one last look and retreat to the ship. You won't be paying this village a visit anytime soon.

Minoans: Diplomacy -1, Hornsworn: Diplomacy -1. Labyrinthians: Diplomacy +1. Gain +1 and 5 Trireme resources. If 3+, gain +1 . If, after this encounter, you have 3+ , **see 0014.**

0035

You have seen firsthand the crimes of the Horned Guard. You can imagine that with the ruthless Minos in charge, things could have been far worse. To live under an oppressive rule or to turn to a doomsday cult—that is no choice at all.

"Yes, life leaves you no choice," says the Punished. "So why take blame for the whims of fate?"

The leader tests Cunning or Wisdom (8+). Add +1 if the Minoan Guide is with you. Subtract -3 if Minoans: Unfriendly or worse.

Success: *You argue the intricacies of free will and the complexities of personal responsibility. You hold your own against the rhetoric of the punished man.*

Gain +1 . Labyrinthians: Diplomacy -1. Minoans: Diplomacy +1.

Fail: *Too late do you realize this debate is not for your benefit but for your crew's. You see the change that happens on their faces when the words of the Punished start to make sense to them.*

Gain +1 and +1 . Labyrinthians: Diplomacy -1. Minoans: Diplomacy -1. **See 0042.**

0036

"Ah, so you're still to witness the glorious reign of the Minoan Dynasty. You will, soon enough. If there's anything left to witness, that is. The Truth moves swiftly."

Gain +1 and +1 . Labyrinthians: Diplomacy -1. Minoans: Diplomacy +1. **See 0042.**

0037

"Such a childish thing to say. Of course you do. You wouldn't be here if you didn't. Some of my brethren can be a bit . . . overzealous in their desire to enlighten, but I prefer the Truth to speak for itself."

Party leader gains 1 Despair token. Gain +1 and 4 Monument resources. Add the *Vicious* Trait to the next battle. Labyrinthians: Diplomacy -1. Minoans: Diplomacy -1. Hornsworn: Diplomacy -1. **See 0042.**

0038

Slowly, you order your men to step aside, clearing a path for the ringleader. He walks to the woods, still holding the dagger to Tessa's throat, and pushes her away at the last minute before he disappears in the bushes. Tessa gets back on her feet and inches toward the edge of the cliff.

"This doesn't change anything," she says. "It is the only thing I have left to do. Soon I will join my family in Elysium."

"It does not have to be this way," says the party leader. "There is purpose all around us. We just have to open our eyes to see it. Theseus left his work unfinished. The world he imagined needs people like you . . ."

Tessa seems to think for a moment, then reluctantly steps away from the cliff edge.

Gain +1 . **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0039

Your crew corners the ringleader. He huffs indignantly, then quickly cuts Tessa's throat and lets her body fall off the cliff. You capture him before he can run. As he is taken to the Argo, you linger behind. You kneel at the top of the cliff, your gaze fixated on the spot where Tessa's body disappeared, feeling a wave of guilt wash over you.

Gain +1 . **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0040

You are called to the brig. The priest of the maze has agreed to talk. You can't decide if that's a good or bad thing. The small room is drenched in shadows. The chained woman sits on the floor while all of you stand around her like hawks. Yet she seems disturbingly at ease, whereas you wince at every right-angle and straight line. Was this room always so . . . symmetrical?

Choose a leader. The leader tests Wisdom or Will (10+). Add/subtract the Labyrinthians: Diplomacy modifier. Each Argonaut (save the leader) can gain +1 to add +1.

Success: *"Have you learned the Truth of the Labyrinth?" she repeats mechanically.*

"Have you? There is no point in resisting, no point in withholding information from us, is there? What difference does it make, in the end, if we find what we're looking for thanks to you or by pure chance?"

She has no answer for that. She does not resist when you question her. Later that night the guards find her hanged by the chains she was bound by. They cannot tell how she got out of them.

Gain +1 and +1 , lose -1 . Labyrinthians: Diplomacy -1. Minoans or Hornsworn: Diplomacy +1.

Fail: *You ask direct questions, but she always finds ways to meander and change the topic.*

"Have you learned the Truth of the Labyrinth?"

"We have no interest in that."

"Interest is not the point, Argonaut. On the contrary, this is one truth that cannot be silenced, cannot be imprisoned, cannot be contained."

"Like you?"

"I am merely a mouthpiece. Has your search borne fruit? How many have you driven away? How many have died? How many still must die for your errant quest to . . . do what? Why? What stake do you have in the fate of Crete? None. You just grasp at meaning because you feel that without your mission your presence here is pointless. It is."

Her body start to unwind like a puzzle box. Skin, muscles, tissue, bones, all precisely cut along the tattoo lines. Even her blood leaves symmetrical splash lines. When this gruesome blossoming is over, the prophet is dead—or transformed into an embodiment of the Labyrinth itself.

You leave the interrogation room, diminished somehow.

Party leader gains 1 Despair token. Gain +1 , and +1 . Each Faction: Diplomacy -1.

Regardless of the result, if you have 3+ , **see 0014.**

0041

You realize the sewers ended a while ago. This structure is far more massive and complex, somehow incredibly old and brand new at the same time. This is a labyrinth outcrop, right beneath the city. You start marking your path.

When you stop to observe the walls, the ongoing changes are noticeable to the naked eye: the maze is constantly rebuilding itself. Expanding.

Before you can ponder the implications, you hear a cry for help coming from down the corridor. You rush forward with your weapons drawn.

You find a naked middle-aged man curled up on the floor, crying, begging for it all to be over. His hands are bloodied from self-inflicted wounds. You calm him down, give him something to eat and drink, and cover him with a robe for warmth.

"They're throwing us in here because we renounce their false god!"

"What god?"

"The Labyrinth. I think. Or the truth of it. I do not understand. When they cast me down here, I was expecting the Minotaur reborn—or wild animals. Or spectators looking down, taking pleasure in my suffering. But there is nothing here. Nothing. I've been eating the fungus growing on the walls, drinking water dripping from the ceiling. I don't know how long I've been here. I do not remember who I was before . . ."

Choose:

1. *This man has suffered enough and you've learned all there is to learn here. Better not dally in the maze. You lead the man out.* **See 0003.**

2. *There may be others like him here. You would not wish this fate upon anyone, you will save as many as you can. You look for others.* **See 0023.**

0042

The punished man gestures to the Labyrinthians standing watch at the edge of the temple. "Take them to the city limits. No harm must come to them. They have hard times ahead."

As you are led out of the Conundrumed Polis, you feel lost and confused. You came here looking for answers, but all you found were questions.

Yet a towering colossus awaits you on the horizon. Slender from hunger, bruised and battered from the sharp edges of the ever-growing Labyrinth, it stands tall still, radiating power and courage. A Titan. It survived the Labyrinth and found a way out. There is hope yet.

Gain 1 Mazerunner Titan. **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0044

You walk over to the pit. It's pitch-black, even in the midday sun. This is some kind of unnatural darkness. Every fiber of your being tells you not to go down there, but you still do. You land in a puddle, on something soft, like a decomposing root.

This place looks like a stadium or a flattened amphitheater with a pyramid-like shape sticking out from the ground in the middle. Some of the prisoners have already wandered into one of several corridors leading out of this place, but others are still here, confused and afraid. A sense of existential dread rolls over you, but you brush it aside and focus on helping the trapped people.

By dusk you manage to get everyone out of the pit. It's too late to look for more information, but it seems you have found something far more valuable: hope.

Gain +1 , +1 and +1 . The Argonaut with the *Imprisonment* Mnemos card gains 2 Nodes.

Labyrinthians: Diplomacy -1. Other Local faction: Diplomacy +1.

Regardless of the result, *when you emerge from the forlorn maze, there is one more with you. A towering colossus, slender from hunger, bruised and battered from the sharp edges of the ever-growing Labyrinth, hunched and cowering from constant dread—get still dwarfing your company with its sheer size—and radiating power. A Titan. It survived the Labyrinth and found a way out. It deserves a hero's welcome.*

Gain 1 Mazerunner Titan. **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

Plight of the People

α	The Catch	
1	Witness of Minos	☐
2–3	Discarded	☐
4–5	Cult of the Bull	☐
6	A Light in the Dark	☐
7–8	Beachhead	☐
9–10	Minotaurites	☐
Ω	Sowing and Reaping	☐

α The Catch — *Heritage*

You come upon a remote fishing village. Fortunate, for you've been running low on supplies. You send a small party to scout ahead. No reason to make the locals anxious. As you make shore, you begin to notice the eerie absence of sounds, smells, and movement. No one comes to greet you. There are no signs of struggle or bloodshed. It is as if everyone just got up and left. There is something in the village green, though. Someone has arranged stones and fishing equipment in a strange pattern on the ground. Like a whirlpool or an octopus, but with straight lines, almost unnaturally precise.

A sense of abandonment permeates the village. There is history written in the buildings, crude but sturdy once, withered by time and periodically renovated, but each time made a little lesser for it, as if decay overtook progress, or despair overtook hope.

Choose:

1. *No one is left to claim the supplies, and with your growing crew you need all the resources you can get. You order your crewmembers to take the supplies and leave.*
   Local faction: Diplomacy -1. **See 0023.**
2. *This place has been cursed by the Truth you've been hearing about. Maybe you should keep hope the people of this village will be back some day? And, more pragmatically speaking, if the cult has been at work here, they may have left some clues as to their current whereabouts. You leave the supplies and look for clues.*
   Gain +1 ▼. **See 0026.**

1 Witness of Minos — *Supernatural*

You've learned of a man who claims to have seen Minos. He's holed up in the port tavern. This may be a tall tale, one spun to grift the patrons, but he does get a few crucial details right. Details that have not been shared with Crete's people.

You pay the tavern a visit. The man is there, as your informers claimed he would be, telling another tale of the flight of Minos. When pressed for details, he suddenly becomes cagey.

If the Minoan Guide is with you, she will abide by your choice, but she wants to be present at any interrogation. If you do not want her there, Minoans: Diplomacy -1. If you do, make an Acacallis tally mark. Choose:

1. *This man is clearly hiding something and he just realized he has said too much. If you don't act quickly, he may disappear into the fold or worse—be made to disappear. You need to learn the truth, no matter the cost.*
   Gain +1 ▼. **See 0011.**
2. *This man is clearly scared. A softer touch might do wonders here. Approach him as the gentle parent, a benevolent protector, and he may reward you with a far more detailed account than one you'd extort.*
   Gain +1 ▲. **See 0016.**

2–3 Discarded — *Dream*

You come across a small coastal settlement. The pier is devoid of fishing boats, and the village green is overgrown. You notice children playing in the outskirts, drawing circles in wet sand, and elders sitting outside of their houses, passing time before sundown. The absence of other people is telling. At first, the villagers are distrustful of you, but after learning you're not from Crete, they relax a bit. They have nothing to give and know very little of the island's goings on these days. They do have stories of old times to share.

If Minoans: Unfriendly or worse, **see 0002.**
If Hornsworn: Unfriendly or worse, **see 0013.**
If Labyrinthians: Unfriendly or worse, **see 0021.**
If none of the above, **see 0031.**

4–5 Cult of the Bull — *Fate*

You reach a small island where the Minotaur is still revered. The villagers are happy to trade supplies and gossip for even the smallest relic of the old cults.

Lose 4 Trireme resources and gain +1 ▼. If you don't have enough Trireme resources, gain +1 ▲ instead.
If Minoans or Hornsworn: Unfriendly or worse, *the villagers have heard of your reputation and refuse to trade.* Each Argonaut gains +1 Ψ.
If the Minoan Guide is with you, *you notice she looks at the Minotaur worshippers with disdain. When asked about it, she will deny it, but there is clearly something there . . .* If you want to press the issue, party leader gains +2 Δ, then **see 0018.**
If the Old Spinner is with you, she will pray to the dead gods for you at the local altar. You may gain +2 ▼ to gain +1 ▼.

When you are about to leave, a small regiment of soldiers in horned helmets arrives at the village. They claim the Minotaurites are harboring a Labyrinthian refugee. If the Minotaurites don't give them up, there will be consequences. The Minotaurites turn to you for protection.

Choose:

1. *You don't respond well to threats, and these people have suffered enough. You protect the villagers.*
   Minoans: Diplomacy -1. **See 0003.**
2. *This is not your fight, nor will you shed blood for a Labyrinthian. You stand aside.*
   Minoans: Diplomacy +1. **See 0014.**

6 A Light in the Dark — *Supernatural*

Night spreads its thick blanket over the dock as you work to load the supplies. As the last crate of rations is secured onboard, you notice a strange sight. On an islet in the center of the bay, several points of light dance atop a cliff overlooking the water, flickering gleams that seem unreal.

By your side, the harbormaster who has been counting the crates being exchanged glances up from his clay tablet, following your gaze. Eyes weathered by years of toil and the salty spume of the sea look to the lights, then turn away.

"I wouldn't look too closely, friend," he mutters darkly. "Don't want to draw the attention of the spirits."

"Spirits?" one of your crew asks. More eyes are turning toward the island.

"Aye." He nods. "That island once held a lighthouse, until the Eschaton. We think the spirits were the keepers of the lighthouse, returned by the effrontery of the maze. The Horned Guard went to investigate, but only the captain returned. He's forbidden us from going to the island, lest the spirits claim even more lives."

As the harbormaster turns away, you look to the island again, curiosity nagging at you.

Choose:

1. *You've seen far worse than ghosts, get the story doesn't sit well with you. Something is going on there and you may be the only ones in a position to investigate—even if it means angering the local authority. You approach the island.*
   Minoans: Diplomacy -1. **See 0033.**
2. *You do not wish to get on the bad side of the Horned Guard, but you do want some answers. Best ask at the source: the lone survivor of the expedition. You do worry that your hesitance in going to the island will spark doubt among your crew. You find the captain of the Horned Guard.*
   Labyrinthians: Diplomacy +1. **See 0036.**

7–8 Beachhead — *Voyage*

You come upon a well-fortified village. A tall palisade has been erected from kermes oak and the same giant petrified trees your Titans use for weapons. A trio of representatives meets you outside a reinforced gate. They don't want any trouble and they won't cause you any. They just want to be left alone. You try to bargain with them.

Each Argonaut tests Cunning or Wisdom (7+). Gain +1 Δ to add +1. Total the successes.

Fail: *You feel as though you have said too much. But what could these simple people do with information about the Argo?*
Gain +1 Ψ.

0–1 success: *The people of the village have suffered much at the hands of Minos's tyranny, though the lawless years following the civil war haven't been much kinder. You find no friends here.*
Gain +1 ▲. Subtract -1 ▼.

2–3 successes: *You manage to convince the villagers you're not a threat, though that doesn't get you far. Not inside the village, at least. What you do glimpse—stacks of overflowing baskets and giant amphorae—suggests the townspeople's luck has finally turned. By whose hand and will, though?*
Gain +1 ▼, gain +1 ▼.

4+ successes: *You recount your own hardships. Something in your story must've moved the representatives, because their stance softens and they invite you inside the palisade.* **See 0024.**

9–10 Minotaurites — *Family*

The crew is tired, you can feel the tension in the air. You decide to drop anchor at a small town that seems peaceful enough. As you settle down for the night, your scouts come back. The good news: the Labyrinth hasn't reached this part of Crete yet. The bad news: some strange activities are happening in town. A group of people adorning bull masks, who call themselves the Minotaurites, are hunting the peaceful Labyrinthians living in an enclave on the outskirts of town. These vigilantes are well armed and organized, yet they underestimate the size and drive of the cultists.

Your scouts report the enclave to be a promising place to find clues about Minos since the Labyrinthian leader, a man with an impressive geometric tattoo on his bald head, has apparently recently seen the fallen king. He would be willing to meet you. But they also tell you that these bull fanatics have gathered a small group of Labyrinthians on the main square to be lynched in front of a large crowd. Things could get messy with this many witnesses. Your scouts also found the Minotaurites' hideout, a megalithic cave, possibly a Centimanes site. There may be some clues or supplies there.

Choose:

1. *This lead with the Labyrinthian leader seems really promising. It's not every day someone claims to have recently spoken to King Minos. The sooner you find the fallen monarch, the sooner the chaos will end. You go to the enclave.*
   Labyrinthians: Diplomacy +1. **See 0027.**
2. *Your scouts' reports are chilling: these Minotaurites are ready to do anything for a thrill. They will surely slaughter the Labyrinthians. Yet will they defend the town when a mob of the Mazetouched descends upon it? You stop the lynching.*
   Minoans: Diplomacy -1. **See 0028.**
3. *All the Minotaurites are either at the enclave or in the main square. This is the perfect opportunity to visit their hideout and see who they really are. You go to the hideout.*
   Labyrinthians: Diplomacy -1. **See 0029.**

Ω Sowing and Reaping — *Tragedy*

Even from a distance, it's hard not to notice the megalithic wall rising high above the houses of stone and clay. For a moment, you take it for a shard of the Labyrinth, but no—it's grayer, cruder, and somehow more ancient. It's also covered in grooves, and overgrown with plants. That is where you are to meet with your Minoan contact.

You walk into town. Some of the buildings have been demolished—an earthquake perhaps—but most of the structures still stand. The smell of freshly baked bread leads you to a shaded market plaza. You see people lining up near a large cart, where a squad of Horned Guard are rationing food. The portions seem generous. Life goes on seemingly uninterrupted, though there is a certain . . . fragility to it all.

Further down the road, a man standing on a barrel draws your attention. Half-naked, in a tattered robe and covered in geometric pattern tattoos. You know the type. He preaches the Truth of the Labyrinth with the intensity of the newly converted.

"You think us the enemy. We are nothing of the sort. We are the children thrown at the Minotaur's mercy by a cruel king. We are the farmers denied the crops of our fields so the court can feast. We are the invalid, former soldiers of the Horned Guard, discarded as soon as our usefulness has ceased. We are you. We know of your suffering. We know your suffering. And we are here to tell you that you are suffering for naught. There is no meaning to it. No meaning to any of it. The sooner you accept it, the sooner your suffering can end . . ."

You notice the sermon falls on fertile ground and many of the passersby slow down or stop to listen. You have heard this "Truth" before and you know where it leads.

Choose:

1. *Though there is probably more truth to what the man says than any would like to admit, this is not the time to air your grievances. The Labyrinth is not a movement for change, it's a nihilistic monster that needs to be stopped. You stop the Labyrinthian from spouting lies.*
   Labyrinthians: Diplomacy -1. **See 0001.**
2. *Fair enough. If those in power had listened, Crete would not find itself in the situation it is in. Trying to silence dissent didn't work then. What makes you think it would work now? You allow him to say his piece.*
   Labyrinthians: Diplomacy +1. **See 0004.**

0001

As you approach the Labyrinthian, he notices you and says, "Oh, I know of you, mighty Argonauts. Come to silence me on behalf of your horned masters?"

"We serve but the good of the people," you retort firmly. "You are peddling despair."

"And you would not know despair, would you? You, in your ivory, golden-lined uniforms, with your giant metal ship. It's easy to see meaning when you are so far above everyone else."

Gain +1 ▼. Random Argonaut gains 1 Despair token. Each Argonaut tests Will (7+).
Fail: Gain +2 Ψ. Then **see 0010.**

0002

The villagers weave a sad tale of the Minoan Dynasty's oppression: of the crushing tithes, of the sacrifices to the Minotaur, of the forceful drafts into the Horned Guard, of the hunger and the hopelessness. The one bright spot seems to be the coming of Theseus. Against all reason, the villagers are still hoping the prince of Athens will return to save them.

Minoans: Diplomacy -1. Hornsworn: Diplomacy +1. Gain +2 ▼ and +1 ▼. If the Old Spinner is with you, **see 0006.**

0003 *"Stand down, Argonaut!" shouts one of the guardsman, brandishing his xiphos.*

"Or what?" you retort, crossing your arms.

A giant Titan shadow looms over the soldiers and they quickly realize you came prepared.

Hornsworn: Diplomacy +1. Then, if ▽ 5+, **see 0039.** Otherwise, continue:

"Maybe I spoke too hastily . . ." stammers the soldiers' leader.

"Maybe you did."

You do not want to start a war, so you allow the soldiers to retreat. However, this does not solve the problem: they will be back. There is no safe place for citizens of a state which treats them like enemies. On the Argo, *however . . .*

Minoans: Diplomacy -1. You may recruit the villagers and gain +1 ✕. If you do, gain +1 ⛵ **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0004 *You let the man speak. If you shut the mouth of everyone you disagree with, you'll soon run out of people willing to talk to you. And only by talking can you untangle the mystery of Crete.*

The Labyrinthian continues his impassioned sermon. He talks of the maze and its transformative power and of the futile struggle against the dread of life. The Great Maw of his story, representing nothingness, seems so real you shiver. When he retires for the evening, many onlookers leave with him.

Gain +1 ▽ and +1 △. Each Argonaut tests Courage (5+).

Fail: Gain 1 Despair token.

Success: Gain 1 positive Precision (◉) token for the next battle.

See 0010.

0005 *"People outside live in constant fear of the Primordials, yet you sit here comfortably, safe behind walls you didn't even build."*

Pleikos looks at you with disdain.

"What do you suggest we should do? Let everyone in?"

You smirk.

"A mind reader. I'm impressed."

"And I am not. You were announced as a friend of Crete, yet you seem anything but."

"You don't seem a friend of Crete yourself, Pleikos. You let your people suffer while you could keep them safe."

The corpulent noble scowls at you angrily.

"We provide them with ample food and water and the oversight of Minos! You think these walls keep us safe? They're a crumbling ruin!"

"Yet you feel safe . . ." Perhaps Pleikos has said too much.

The Centimanes mound might not withstand a Hekaton attack. The real barrier. . . lives outside. Mark E6 and **see 0020.**

0006 *"To think how one man could reshape the minds and souls of an island so profoundly. Makes you wonder, doesn't it, what you four and your crew could do?"*

You're not sure if you're supposed to answer or not, so you stay silent.

"Of course," the Old Spinner continues, "the better question is why."

Lose -1 ⛵.

0007 *"You see, Argonauts? This is the truth of Theseus laid bare. If you make war your sole purpose in life, life starts to have no purpose other than to make war. My father may have been harsh, but his subjects never starved."*

One Argonaut may gain +1 Ω. If you want to press the issue, party leader gains +2 A, then **see 0022.**

0008 *"Do not pity them, O Argonaut," says the Old Spinner when you return to the* Argo, *as if she felt what transpired in the sleepy settlement. "For pity is the practice of nothingness. There is no one Truth of the world. No one logic. Find yours."*

Lose -1 ⛵.

0009 *"These fishermen served my father," says the Minoan princess. "It does not seem they prospered under his rule."*

"It's . . . been hard on them, the last few years. War with Theseus, the fall of heaven. Minos had a need and they acquiesced to the rising demands of the state."

One of the Argonauts looks to the empty village and says, "It seems someone made them a better offer."

The princess looks at them with scorn.

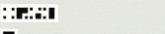
Gain +1 ▽. If you want to press the issue, party leader gains +2 A, then **see 0019.**

0010 *You ask someone about the megalithic wall.*

"That's the Horned Guard's keep," says a middle-aged woman, by the looks of her a former priestess. "Some think it was erected by one of Daedalus's wheel machina . . . but it was here long before that. A Centimanes mound, that."

"Centimanes?"

She points to a founding stone of a nearby building and you notice it's much older than the rest of the structure. This town must've been built on the ruins of an older settlement. You discern a weathered symbol:



is 'three'

"The giants who raised Crete out of the sea. And for their insolence, Zeus made them extinct. You've heard the legend, surely?"

You have not.

"Do you know what that means?" You point to the symbol.

"That this was the third . . . something." This woman knows a lot about this place. "I'm just a discarded toy looking for a new home."

You may gain +1 ▽ and +1 ⛵ to gain +1 ⛫ and +1 Priest (of Zeus).

When the sun goes down, the mood shifts. The townspeople hurriedly retreat to their houses. You hear the sounds of doors closing, of things being moved around. You ask the priestess about that.

"They fear the many-handed monster. They think the roofs will make them safe. They won't."

"You believe it will come?"

"It came twice before. Maybe it's developed an appetite?"

You walk up the sloping streets to the keep. Up close you notice the cracks and the irregularities of the giant stone blocks. A tall stone slab lowered on ropes serves as the gate. The Horned Guard stands watch.

If the Minoan Guide is with you or Minoans: Friendly or better, they will let you in without question.
If Minoans: Unfriendly or worse, you will have to either:

1. *Sneak in.* Each Argonaut tests Cunning (7+). **Fail:** Gain +1 A and +1 Ψ.
2. *Negotiate passage.* Gain +1 ▽ or lose 4 Trireme resources.

If ▽ 4+, a Horned Guard spy slips among your retinue's ranks. Gain +1 ⛵.

Beyond the megalithic walls a small district of villas, gardens, and old temples squats atop a flat hill. You are greeted by your informant, Pleikos, a rather corpulent man with a sly grin and cunning eyes. He leads you into one of the gardens, where a feast is taking place. People laugh and sing and drink wine.

"We shall receive you like heroes, my good Argonauts, and help you in ang way we can."

You look around, impressed yet unsettled by the contrast with the town outside the walls. This keep could accommodate far more people.

Choose:

1. *Squalor and splendor living side by side. You've seen this too many times to ignore. Things need to change around here. You challenge the status quo.*
Minoans: Diplomacy -1 and **see 0005.**
2. *If this was the* Argo, *this food would be equally distributed among all. But it's not. You're guests here and you're on a mission. You diplomatically play along.*
Minoans: Diplomacy +1 and **see 0012.**

0011 *You wait for the man behind the tavern, cloaked in shadows, like thugs or killers. Yet you notice others who would also want a chat with the talkative drunkard. Your presence dissuades them and they back off, like a lesser predator conceding to a greater one.*

Finally, the man emerges. You grab him off the streets and under the cover of night transport to the Argo. The man will eventually talk, like all men do. The question is the length of the road that takes you there.

Leader tests Fury or Wisdom (9+).

Fail: Gain the *Memory of Death* Fated Mnemos card.

Success: Gain +1 Ω.

The picture the man paints of Minos is an unflattering one: a graybeard at the end of his sanity, mumbling about the Labyrinth and the sins of the past.

Regardless of the result, gain +1 ▽. Minoans or Hornsworn: Diplomacy +1. Other of the two factions: Diplomacy -1.
If the Minoan Guide was allowed to take part in the interrogation, gain 3 Armament resources and +1 △.
Then, **return to the Voyage Phase.**

0012 *You fight the urge to say something and dutifully play along. The festivities continue into the long hours of the morning. You're treated to the best food and finest wine Crete has to offer, yet it all turns to ash in your mouth.*

Gain +1 ▽ and **see 0020.**

0013 *The villagers tell a surprisingly somber tale of the price of freedom. This village was once teeming with life. Life was hard under Minos, but not unbearable. Then came Theseus with his dream of freedom, and many followed him, never to return. Later, after the rebellion was crushed, many more ran away for fear of retribution.*

Some of Theseus's followers have never laid down their arms. They retreated to the coastal islands and swore an oath to fight the Dynasty until its last horn was broken. They have been the scourge of this village these past few years: raiding them for supplies and 'volunteers' to the cause.

For even idealists need to eat, and warriors do not sow or fish.

Hornsworn: Diplomacy -1. Minoans: Diplomacy +1. Lose 4 Raw Ambrosia resources, gain +1 ▽. If the Minoan Guide is with you, **see 0007.** If not, **return to the Voyage Phase.**

0014 *From the safety of your launch, you see the smoke rising from the settlement. You did not expect this to escalate so . . . violently. But maybe you should have. This land seems held in too tight a grip. This will certainly not garner support for the Horned Guard's cause and may even serve the Labyrinthians in the long run.*

This was not your fight, so you stood by and did nothing. But without purpose, no fight is yours, is it? Strange feelings overcome you, as if you're drifting farther and farther away . . .

Hornsworn: Diplomacy -2. Gain +1 △ and 3 Monument resources. **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0015 *The Hekaton comes crashing down and you take the brunt of the charge. You couldn't stop the creature, even if you had a hundred warriors with you. You only have twenty. You can only slow it down.*

Each Argonaut tests Endurance or Fury (9+). Apply the Hornsworn Diplomacy bonus, if any.

Fail: *One flick of a giant finger and your ribs break like twigs.*
Gain +2 A.

0–1 success: *The battle is lost. Your squad is decimated long before support can reach you, so they have to face the satiated monster head on. The Titan sent along with the warriors covers your retreat and pays the ultimate price.*
Lose -1 ✕ and -1 Titan. Party leader gains 1 Despair token.

2–3 successes: *You put up a remarkable defense. You dash around buildings, attack from archways, leap from rooftops. If only you had some mobility gear to maneuver on elevated buildings, this could have been won! When support from the Argo arrives, you turn the tide with minimal losses.*
Lose -1 Titan.

4+ successes: *Maybe the Fates are with you this night, or maybe you're just that good. Maybe you were that good in a previous life. Regardless, the battle at the Centimanes Mound will pass into legend.*
Each Argonaut gains 1 Mnemos node.

Regardless of the result, if ▽ 5+, Minoans: Diplomacy -1.

On your way back to the ship, you are stopped by a woman in a hooded robe.

"You are a friend of the people, as Theseus once was," she says melodically. "And so you have a friend in those who tend to his legacy. Seek out the sign of the Thread."

Add the *Theseus's Cache* Exploration card (Secret deck 2, card 5) to the Exploration deck. Then **return to the Voyage Phase.**

0016 *You try to persuade the man that it's in his best interest to tell you all he knows. Eventually, you manage to push the right buttons and the drunkard spins his tale: Minos was clearly half mad when they met. He was mumbling about the Labyrinth and looking for passage to some island, where "Daedalus's last wonder" was to be erected.*

Minoans or Hornsworn: Diplomacy +1. Other of the two factions: Diplomacy -1. Gain +1 ▽. If the Minoan Guide was allowed to take part in the interrogation, gain 3 Armament resources and +1 △. **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0017 *The Hekaton comes crashing down. It rampages through the outskirts but slows down in the town streets. You start hearing screams of pain and terror but hold your ground. The monster approaches the Centimanes mound a couple of times, but you manage to drive it off with minimal casualties. It didn't come here to fight. It came here to feast.*

It's gone before the sun sets, along with another few town blocks. It's . . . rationing, you realize. This is piecemeal extinction.

The gates of the keep do not open and the townspeople who remain don't want to have anything to do with you.

Every Argonaut gains 1 Despair token. Gain +1 △ and +1 ▽, then **return to the Voyage Phase.**

0018 *"It's . . . nothing." She dismisses your concern. Then, as you are about to leave, she volunteers, "Ariadne cared for the Bull. Far too much for anyone's liking. And she cared for the people. And Theseus. She cared so damn much . . ." She lowers her head, then laughs. "Maybe I'm just jealous. How can any one of us measure to the martyr princess?"*

"Tough call." You slowly nod. "Ariadne's story has ended, though, and yours has barely begun. You will find your way."

Acacallis smiles shyly.

"Thank you for listening, Argonaut."

Make an Acacallis tally mark. **Return to the adventure.**

0019 *"Is there something wrong, Princess?"*

She looks directly at you.

"As a matter of fact, yes there is. You think I approve of Minos's harsh methods? That I agree with my sisters on everything? I would've gladly renounced my station if it would have made any difference for the people here. But it wouldn't."

"Have you stood up to Minos and your sisters, then?"

Acacallis looks as if she wants to say something, but then slowly lowers her head.

Make an Acacallis tally mark. **Return to the adventure.**

0020 *You hear a thunderous roar, then a rising rumbling, as if someone is impatiently tapping their fingers. The earth shakes.*

"The monster comes!" squeals Pleikos. "Move the guards inside! Close the gate! We will sit it out."

You, on the other hand, cannot sit idly by. You think of the people outside the thick walls, then about those gathered here. You think of the Argo *anchored many miles off the coast, and the back-up that may come too late.*

Finally, you give your crew the order to move out. You order the guards to keep the gate open, but as soon as you leave, it shuts. So much for hospitality.

It's still dark outside, but sunrise isn't far away. In the bleak light, you see the silhouette of the massive many-handed Hekaton careening down the mountain.

Choose:

1. *The keep is the best defensible position. You should concentrate your efforts here to minimize casualties among your crew.*
Hornsworn: Diplomacy -2 and **see 0017.**
2. *The townspeople will be hit the hardest. They cannot hide and they cannot run. You'll engage the Hekaton among the houses to draw its attention.* **See 0015.**
3. If E6 is marked, **see 0025.**

0021 *The villagers tell of a ruinous civil war that had no victors. They lament the fallow lands that no one tills and the rotting fishing nets that nobody casts. Theseus's followers and the Horned Guard have bled the island dry.*

After the war, his followers became the Hornsworn and fled to the fringes, while the Horned Guard retreated to the city, to tend to the Dynasty and the nobles. Famine and despair have become common dinner guests in the village.

And then one day, a man in a tattered robe showed up. He did not want anything. He understood the plight of the people. He showed them the meaninglessness of their pain and their struggle. He gave them hope, not for a better future but for a sweet release from this godless world. All he asked in return was for them to embrace the Truth of the Labyrinth.

And so they did, and then they left, leaving their children and elders behind, discarded like refuse.

The story chills you to the bone. This ennui you have been feeling regarding the Argo and your place in all of this . . . There would be many on your ship for whom the Truth would make much sense.

Labyrinthians: Diplomacy -1. Minoans or Hornsworn: Diplomacy -1. Party leader gains 1 Despair token. Gain +1 △ and +1 ▽. If the Old Spinner is with you, **see 0008.**

0022 *"But did they prosper? Were they happy?" you insist. "There must've been a reason they followed Theseus. Or are you telling us they too wanted war for war's sake?"*

Acacallis turns to you, an unsure look on her face. "He was a kind, idealistic man. Women adored him, men wanted to be like him. He sacrificed everything for his cause. It's easy to get caught up in that."

Make an Acacallis tally mark. **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0023 *Your crew moves swiftly and before the day's end you're ready to leave this forsaken place. As you take one last look at the village, you're left with a strange feeling of longing. People used to live here, work here, play here. Love here. Now it's all gone, and soon any trace of their ever being here will be gone.*

Labyrinthians: Diplomacy -1. Gain 5 Trireme resources. A random Argonaut feels they're being watched. They note "Watched" under Afflictions section of their Argonaut Sheet and gain +2 Ψ. Mark H10. Least likely Argonaut gains the *Someone Waiting* Mnemos card and if you have the Minoan Guide, also **see 0009.** If you don't, **return to the Voyage Phase.**

0024 *Beyond the palisade, the settlement resembles a military encampment more than a fishing village. "They gave us food, training and so much more," says one of the representatives.*

"Who?"

"The Symmachy. Mark my words, they're the next great power to rule over all Hellas."

Mark K4. Then, if ▽ 5+, **see 0040.** Otherwise continue:

"They've been coming more frequently now. Some war in the north, I heard. They've been recruiting too, though they only take volunteers. After Minos, their . . . patronage is a welcome change."

Gain +1 ▽. You may gain +2 ▽ to gain +1 ◐. **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0025 *The words of Pleikos echo in your mind. The Centimanes's walls may not hold back the Hekaton. You begin to understand why the food rations given out in the market were so generous. The nobles don't want the people to leave, because they are what stops the Hekaton from attacking the keep.*

You send your best warriors to divert the monster's attention, while the rest of you evacuate the town. Let the Horned Guard fend for itself.

Each Argonaut tests Endurance or Fury (8+). Apply Hornsworn Diplomacy bonus, if any.

Fail: *One flick of a giant finger and your ribs break like twigs.*
Gain +2 A.

0 success: *The battle is lost. Your squad is decimated before support can reach you. One of the Titans is sacrificed to cover your retreat.*

Lose -1 ✕ and -1 Titan.

1–2 successes: *You put up a remarkable defense. You dashed around buildings, attacked from archways, and leaped from rooftops. If only you had some mobility gear to maneuver on elevated buildings, this could have been won! When support from the Argo arrives, you turn the tide with minimal losses. A lot of the villagers volunteer to join your crew.*

Gain +1 ✕, lose -1 Titan.

3+ successes: *You execute the evacuation perfectly. Without the townspeople to feast on, the Hekaton turns its gaze toward the keep. Pleikos was right, the walls wouldn't hold.*

Gain +1 ✕.

Regardless of the result, gain +1 . Minoans: Diplomacy -2, Hornsworn: Diplomacy +1.

On your way back to the ship, you are stopped by a woman in a hooded robe.

"You are a friend of the people, as Theseus once was," she says melodically. "And so you have a friend in those who tend to his legacy. Seek out the sign of the Thread."

Add the *Theseus's Cache* Exploration card (Secret deck 2, card 5) to the Exploration deck. Then **return to the Voyage Phase.**

0026

Each Argonaut tests Cunning (8+). Gain +1 A and/or +1 Ψ to add +1 each.

Fail: Gain +1 Ψ.

0–1 success: *You look for answers, but it is you who are found. The pattern in the village green shifts slightly. It now resembles a hole or an eye, gazing out into infinity.*

Gain +1 . Random Argonaut gains 1 Despair token.

2 successes: *Inside some of the houses you find graffiti, like those you've seen in Knossos.*

Gain +1 .

3 successes: *There is nothing here that suggests where the villagers went to, but the footprints in the sand indicate they all left at once. Inside one of the houses, among the ashes of an extinguished fireplace, you find a ball of silver yarn that would not burn.*

Gain +1 . The leader notes "A ball of silver yarn" in the Boons section on their Argonaut Sheet.

4+ successes: *On the beach, beneath an overturned boat, you find wet, pink sand. After several hours of digging you uncover the body of a Horned Guard, mangled like it's been through the grinders of a mill. So much for the supposedly peaceful message of the Labyrinthians.*

Gain +1 and +1 .

Regardless of your choice and outcome, Labyrinthians: Diplomacy -1, least likely Argonaut gains the *Someone Waiting* Mnemos card and if you have the Minoan Guide, also see **0009.**

0027

You gather a decent group of warriors and make your way to the enclave in the dead of the night. As you hurry parallel to the streets on the outskirts of town, you see flickers of torches between the houses. Screams echo on your way from the main square, as well as laughter and bestial grunts and shouts.

Gain +1 .

When you get to the enclave, it's engulfed in chaos. The Minotaurites are hunting the cultists. People are screaming, while the vigilantes are laughing and grunting, trying to imitate the Minotaur. Foam is seeping from beneath some of their bull masks and their eyes are utterly mad. If the gods were still alive, you would have sworn Dionysus was behind all of this.

You notice a man with a geometric tattoo on his bald head running away into the woods, a group of bloodthirsty Minotaurites hot on his heels.

Choose:

1. *This man is unarmed and won't run far. The information he has may be lost forever if you don't save him. You save the leader but abandon his people.*

Gain +2 . **See 0041.**

2. *These people will be slaughtered if you don't intervene. How many innocent lives are worth this information? You save the people but abandon the leader.*

Minoans: Diplomacy -1. **See 0042.**

0028

The closer to the main square you get, the more people you see. Screams erupt as torchlight flickers on thatched roofs. Disaster is in the air. Halfway there, you encounter a group of men and women running the other way. Their helmets are adorned with broken horns. The Hornsworn. They have captured a man.

A man with an intricate geometric tattoo on his bald head.

Choose:

1. *Screams continue to rip through the night. You can't just idly stand by as innocents are being slaughtered. This isn't the time to turn a blind eye. You go to the main square and save the Labyrinthians.*

Labyrinthians: Diplomacy +1. **See 0032.**

2. *You have no idea how the Labyrinthian leader ended up here, but fate seems to have given you another chance to get that information. That is, if you face the Hornsworn first. You follow the Hornsworn.*

Gain +2 . **See 0030.**

0029

While everyone is busy around town, you make your way to the place your scouts have described. The Minotaurites' hideout is located inside a cliff on the outskirts of town, a massive block of stone that seems older than time itself. No one is guarding the entrance.

After a long corridor only lit by your torches, you arrive at a big room full of resources, mostly perishables, but also some weapons and artifacts, all charred, and an amphora full of black ambrosia. There is a whole stack of iron swords in a corner right next to a workshop table covered in the materials they used to craft their bull masks.

As you move to check the back of the room, your attention turns to a symbol etched on the wall, something that somehow doesn't belong here.

One of your crewmembers calls you over to the back of the room where you discover a large pile of Primordial resources. These came from the Labyrinthauros. The Minotaurites probably found them in the Labyrinth further inland.

As you retreat to your ship, you learn of an ambush set for one of your Titans who was sent on reconnaissance not far from here. A precise, calculated strike. Devils zipping around in trees with black blades sharp as dragon teeth. The Argonaut piloting the Titan didn't see much. Its death came quick. But he is sure of one thing. "These were men."

Minoans: Diplomacy -1. Hornsworn: Diplomacy -1. Gain 3 Fleshy Mantle resources, gain +1 and lose -1 Titan. **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0030

Running after the Hornsworn, you catch up to them before they leave town. You have no idea why they captured the Labyrinthian leader, but they won't surrender him.

Each Argonaut tests Endurance or Courage (8+). Each Argonaut may gain +1 Ψ to add +1. If Hornsworn: Denounced or worse, subtract -1.

Fail: *You are badly hurt during the scuffle.* Gain +1 A and +1 Ψ.

0–2 success: *You manage to save the Labyrinthian leader, but the casualties on your side run high.*

Gain +1 and lose -1 ✕.

3–4 success: *It wasn't easy, but you won. The remaining Hornsworn don't wait around. The Labyrinthian leader's words of gratitude are clouded by his grief over the death of his people.*

Gain +1 . Labyrinthians: Diplomacy +1.

Regardless of the result, Hornsworn: Diplomacy -1. Minoans: Diplomacy +1. Gain +1 . **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0031

The villagers weave a sad tale of the Minoan Dynasty's oppression: of the crushing tithes, of the sacrifices to the Minotaur, of the forceful drafts into the Horned Guard. Of the hunger and the hopelessness. The one bright spot seems to be the coming of Theseus. Against all reason, the villagers are still hoping the prince of Athens will return to save them.

Minoans: Diplomacy -2. Party leader gains 1 Despair token. Gain +2 and +1 . **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0032

As the crowd cheers in the main square and the Minotaurites bring the first Labyrinthians to their knees, you jump into action.

Each Argonaut tests Endurance or Cunning (9+). Each Argonaut may gain +1 Ψ and/or +1 A to add +1 each.

Fail: *The Minotaurites were waiting for you. You barely make it out alive.*

Gain +2 A.

0–1 success: *When did people become monsters? There is no explanation for this violence. And you couldn't stop it.*

Gain +1 .

2–3 successes: *You get there just in time. The crowd limits your actions, but you manage to free the Labyrinthians. In the scuffle, you don't notice a spy slipping into your ranks.*

Gain +1 .

4 successes: *The crowd parts when you arrive, creating a direct path for you. You easily overpower the Minotaurites and help the Labyrinthians.*

Labyrinthians: Diplomacy +1. Lose -1 .

Regardless of the outcome, *the Minotaurites make a hasty retreat. You note their strange and brutal but effective way of fighting, and their weapons, charred or dripping in black ambrosia. These were not the Horned Guard—or the Hornsworn.*

Gain +1 . **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0033

Of the lighthouse almost nothing remains save a solitary ring of stones looking out over the sea. The cliffside underneath has been cleft in two as if by an enormous, razor-sharp claw.

At the base of the cliff, you spy a ramshackle dock and a weathered staircase leading up toward the ruins above, where odd shadows are being cast by the ghostly lights. Cautiously, you moor up and ascend.

As you approach, whispers echo within the ruins. Secrets are traded, of Minoan logistics . . . and of their dealings with the Argo.

You peek into the ruins to see a cluster of figures standing opposite a man who you recognize—the captain of the local garrison of Horned Guard. The strangers are clad in armor of Athenian make. They clutch strange lanterns, glowing blue-green crystals held within instead of flames. These must be the lights that you had earlier assumed to be spirits. Just a facade to keep curious townsfolk away?

Choose:

1. *Nothing good has ever come from secrets bandied about in the dark. The Minoan captain felt it necessary to hide these dealings from the people under the guise of spirits, and now you find him colluding with a foreign power. You confront the conspirators.*

Hornsworn: Diplomacy +1 **See 0034.**

2. *The political climate on Crete is a delicate one. Jeopardizing the negotiations may not be in your best interests. Perhaps instead, you should continue to observe from a distance and learn what you can. You remain hidden.*

Minoans: Diplomacy +1 **See 0035.**

0034

Enough hiding. You suspect that whatever these two groups are scheming, it will not be good for the Argo. A few subtle gestures of your hand, and your troops move into position to subdue the gathering.

Each Argonaut tests Courage or Fury (9+). Each Argonaut may gain +1 A and/or +1 Ψ to add +1 each.

0–2 successes: *You launch your ambush, but the conspirators react with uncanny speed, working together to fend off your troops. While you emerge victorious, a few of the enemy's number manage to escape.*

Minoans: Diplomacy -1 and each Argonaut gains +1 A.

3+ successes: *Your attack is executed flawlessly, and in moments the Athenians lie dead at your feet. Only the captain remains, sputtering a few threatening words as you take him captive.*

Gain 2 Armament resources and +1 .

Regardless of the outcome, *after the chaos of battle recedes, you are able to tend to your wounded. You leave the island with greater knowledge of the political machinations that surround you.*

Mark H1. Gain +1 and +1 . **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0035

"Don't presume that this makes us a part of your little confederation," the captain cautions the Athenians.

"No, of course not," the Athenian leader replies smoothly. "However, even the Daughters of Minos must admit that one cannot thrive in these times without allies. If we are to push back against the chaos that ravages the world, we must not stand alone."

You stay hidden for the remainder of the clandestine rendezvous, gleaning what secrets you can from their hushed whispers. You leave the conspirators to their schemes and quickly descend the steps back to the dock. As you depart under the cloak of darkness, you cannot help but feel uneasy. Is it truly wise to allow potential rivals to form such alliances?

Mark H2. Gain +1 and +2 . **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0036

The Horned Guard declared the island off-limits for good reason. Perhaps questioning the sole survivor of the encounter with these 'spirits' will yield more information.

The local guard barracks is in darkness as you approach, hauntingly empty. You locate a room toward the back of the building, most likely the captain's quarters. Within, you find a table strewn with parchments and scrolls, communications with dozens of individuals across Crete. It does not take you long to deduce that the captain is part of a larger network of operatives, under orders from the Daughters of Minos to cement their control over the people.

The search also reveals a small crate, and inside you find a lantern of a strange design. In place of a wick and oil, it holds a crystal which glows a faint greenish-white—the same hue as the lights of the 'spirits' on the island.

You look up to see the captain of the guard standing in the doorway, eyeing you suspiciously. His hand twitches toward his weapon, but he hesitates. Clearly he is waiting to see what you will do.

Choose:

1. *Secret societies, clandestine deals—this man is steeped in sinister dealings. You cannot trust him . . . but you can interrogate him. You capture the captain and reveal his schemes to the people.*

Hornsworn: Diplomacy +1. **See 0037.**

2. *The political machinations of the Minoans are not your concern. Better not to make an enemy, when perhaps a better deal might be agreed upon. The people don't need to know about any of this. You keep the captain's secret.*

Minoans: Diplomacy +1. **See 0038.**

0037

The captain is deceitful, and he will not hesitate to strike at those who might expose him. You draw your weapon, and he does the same.

"You dare attack a captain of the Horned Guard? Here, in our own barracks?" he challenges.

"You conspire with foreign powers and scheme behind the people's backs," you counter. "You are a spy and a traitor to your people! Lower your weapon and surrender."

The captain looks set to fight for just a moment before logic and self-preservation take over, and he lowers his weapon.

The town's governor is roused, and the full extent of the captain's covert activities is revealed to him. A search of the barracks is conducted, and a cache of Labyrinthian marble and other relics, gifts for some foreign power, is uncovered in the building's foundations.

Mark H1. Gain 2 Fleshy Mantle or Calcified Knuckle Bone resources. Gain +1 . **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0038

The standoff lasts for a long moment. Finally, the captain finds his voice.

"We are the left hand of the Minoan Dynasty, the influence in the shadows that keeps things running smoothly," he says firmly, showing no fear. "We are the agents that keep chaos at bay within the realm."

"But making clandestine deals with foreign powers?" you say. "By skulking around in the shadows behind the backs of your people?"

"If necessary." His voice is cold. "The safety of our realm is above any other concern. Look, there is no need for unpleasantness here," he reasons. "We can come to an agreement. You leave and keep this knowledge to yourselves, and we can both benefit. The Daughters of Minos and the Symmachy will remember any gestures of friendship."

The Symmachy?

You pause for just a moment, considering his words. The Minoans keep the peace throughout the land, and it is true that at times those in charge must make decisions that others may find distasteful. Even forging secret alliances. You slowly nod your assent. The captain smiles.

"Good. Then we have an accord. I shall make sure that our bargain is honored."

When morning comes, a man who identifies himself as your new 'servant' boards the ship. He declares that he has much to discuss with you, away from any prying ears on the docks. Reluctantly, you allow him onboard before departing the town.

Mark H2. Gain +1 and +1 . **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0039

"You come here and try to upend our divine laws, flaunting those beasts like a cudgel?" The captain's face turns red. "Minos's Empire does not back down!" He gives a short wave into the distance.

Your eyes unwittingly follow the motion, to the war trireme looming on the horizon. You hear a whistle and a giant bronze bolt cuts through the air and pierces the Titan.

The Minoans attack. Yet they underestimate the endurance and raw power of a Titan. Even wounded, it dispatches them effortlessly. The war trireme retreats. It seems it had only one bolt of this size.

When the dust settles, you are still standing, and the Horned Guard is not. The villagers are hiding. There is nothing left for you here. You cautiously retreat to the Argo. The wounded Titan dies a few hours later. What devilry did they shoot him with?

Minoans: Diplomacy -1. Gain +1 . Lose -1 Titan. Gain +1 . **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0040

"They told us to keep an eye out for people like you. Foreigners. Powerful. Meddling. They would like to meet you. So please, consider yourselves our guests until they return."

The warriors of the village surround you. This does not sound like an invitation at all, and you are pressed for time. With one command, your squad takes up a turtle formation and starts moving toward the gate. You make it out without casualties, but you'd hardly call that a success.

Gain +1 and +1 . Local faction: Diplomacy -1. **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0041

You follow the Minotaurites hunting the Labyrinthian leader into the woods. Your men get into position around you before you all jump on the bull fanatics.

Each Argonaut tests Endurance or Fury (8+). Each Argonaut may gain +1 A to add +1.

Fail: *The Minotaurites top with you before showing how superior they are with their xiphe.* Gain +2 A.

0–1 success: *One second you give the attack signal, the next the Labyrinthian leader is dying in a pool of his own blood. Then the Minotaurites turn on you.*

Gain +1 . Party leader gains +1 Ω.

2–3 successes: *The Labyrinthian leader looks gloomily at the bodies of his people. "This is no victory," he tells you, but relents in telling you about the last time he saw King Minos.*

Gain +1 and +1 .

4 successes: *As you chase them away, you wonder what pushed these Minotaurites, skilled warriors by the looks of it, to start such senseless slaughter. The Labyrinthian leader is grateful to be alive and tells you about the last time he saw King Minos.*

Gain +1 and +1 .

Regardless of the result, *as you retreat to your ship, you learn of an ambush set for one of your Titans sent on reconnaissance not far from here. A precise, calculated strike. Devils zipping around in trees with black blades sharp as dragon teeth. The Argonaut piloting the Titan didn't see much—death came quick. But he is sure of one thing: "These were men."*

Lose -1 Titan. Minoans: Diplomacy -1. **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0042

Labyrinthians are running away from Minotaurites, screaming. Everywhere you look, you see people torn down, swords flashing, blood splattering. For every person you saved, another was cut down, but once the people realized you were there to help, they turned on the Minotaurites, their courage burning bright in those last moments of battle.

The daisies have turned red. Dozens of are dead, including the Labyrinthian leader, but many more are alive, thanks to you. Many want to leave behind their cult and enlist on the Argo, where hope still shines bright.

Gain +1 ✕ and +1 . **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

Hidden in Plain Sight

α	Theseus's Light	
1–2	Konstantinos	☐
3–4	Friend of Theseus	☐
5–6	Good Deeds	☐
7	Runs Deep	☐
8–9	Balance of Terror	☐
10	A Peculiar Vessel	☐
Ω	Theseus's Shadow	

α Theseus's Light — *Fate*

As you search the coast for clues, you can't help but get the feeling that the people are a lot less distraught at the disappearance of their king than expected. On the other hand, many hold fond memories, worn by time, of the rogue Theseus who once challenged the Cretan status quo and slew the Minotaur.

As you listen to the testaments of his exploits on the island, you start to admire the man: driven and single-minded, he rallied the disparate detractors of Minos and, for a brief moment, steered the fate of Crete. Conviction and purpose are what you and your crew struggle with.

Stories of the end of the war are harder to come by, so you are left to wonder why his dream ultimately faltered, though many believe he was betrayed on the eve of victory.

These are but stories of a time past. Your interest lies in what endures of Theseus's legacy. It is said that in the early days of the war, when his forces were outnumbered, he created a network of hidden safehouses and supply caches so that his followers could move around the island more freely and find safe havens even in hostile territory.

Some of those hideouts have never been discovered. But you just found clues that may lead you to one. In the early hours of the morning, you send an away team to a mist-shrouded key.

Following the information, you locate a sea cave entrance hidden cleverly with a forced perspective trick. As you enter, darkness engulfs you. You navigate carefully, feeling your way with oars. The cave curves to the south and slowly opens up into an underground lake. Light seeps inside through crevices in the stone ceiling.

Then you notice the wooden pier built into the side of the cave and the men who await you there. You hear the familiar sound of bowstrings tightening.

"I would advise you to never come here," says a scarred woman commanding the archers. "But it is clearly too late for that, wouldn't you say?"

Choose:

1. *Out with it. You are clearly outnumbered and outmatched, and a boat isn't exactly a defensible position. It's better to reveal your true intentions and hope these people can be reasoned with, especially since they may have observed the Argo's arrival. The city-ship isn't exactly inconspicuous.*

Gain +1 . The leader tests Wisdom (10+). Each Argonaut may gain +1 **A** to add +1.

Fail: *Though they appreciate your honesty, your allegiance leaves them cold.*

Hornsworn: Diplomacy -1.

Success: *Even though you admit you're looking for Minos, you manage to distance yourselves from your would-be associates.*

Gain 2 Trireme resources.

2. *Shut it. You are clearly outnumbered and outmatched, and a boat isn't exactly a defensible position. They're not here by chance. If they knew about this place, they may be tied to Theseus. Revealing you're looking for his mortal enemy might not be the wisest decision.*

Gain +2 . The leader tests Cunning (11+). Each Argonaut may gain +1 **A** to add +1.

Fail: *You stumble through your story and the many factual errors and leaps of logic make your story sound implausible.*

Hornsworn: Diplomacy -2.

Success: *By the end, even your men believe you came here looking for the Greens' spiral secret. Your true purpose remains hidden.*

Gain 2 Muscle Cluster resources.

Regardless of the result, **see 0001.**

1–2 Konstantinos — *Heritage*

As you explore the Siren Coast, you hear a rumor that a sworn enemy of Theseus, a general by the name of Konstantinos, makes his home there. He commanded the Minoan army during the Battle of Gortyna, near the war's end. Theseus almost lost. Almost.

The farm seems all but deserted. You walk among untended beehives, their low hum drowning all other sounds and making you jumpy. Further in, someone has dug out a sizable pit. Sharp spikes shoved into its sides, facing downward, betray its purpose.

Before you are able to glimpse what—or who—is inside, an old woman approaches you from behind a low house.

"Konstantinos has left to fight the Wraith of Centimanes," she announces and you quickly realize she's talking about a Hekaton. "His men set an ambush in a valley, a mere hour's walk from here. But there may be too few of them to hold the line," she adds cunningly.

"Who is in the pit?" asks the party leader.

The woman's eyes grow cold.

"The pit is for traitors and enemies of Crete. If you are unwilling to help us in the fight against the Labyrinth, you may find yourself among the latter."

And there it is.

Choose:

1. *The Minoan Dynasty has supported your actions on the island and you should repay them in kind. Besides, if the Hekaton prevails, he may turn to the Argo next. You rush to help Konstantinos.*

Hornsworn: Diplomacy -1. Minoans: Diplomacy +1. **See 0022.**

2. *If not for the shortsightedness and cruelty of Minos, those who call themselves Hornsworn would gladly lay down their lives for the island. Instead, they are hunted. You will not stand for this. You refuse to help and free the prisoners from the pit instead.*

Hornsworn: Diplomacy +1. Minoans: Diplomacy -1. **See 0006.**

3. *There is the just thing to do and then there is the right thing. You have no right to ask this of the prisoners, but will ask nonetheless: the maze divides, so shall you unite. You free the prisoners from the pit on the condition they will help you and Konstantinos against the Hekaton.*

See 0025.

3–4 Friend of Theseus — *Gods*

On your travels you meet a middle-aged woman who claims she was one of Theseus's confidants. She does not know much about current affairs, but she may have some valuable information nonetheless.

Choose a leader. The leader rolls on the table below, adding their Cunning. Each other Argonaut may gain +1 **A** to add +1. If Hornsworn: Friendly or better, add +2.

1–3: *The account starts promisingly, but it quickly devolves into nostalgic memories about Theseus. This woman was clearly infatuated with him, get her affection was unrequited.*

Each Argonaut gains +1 .

4–8: *The harrowing account of a guerrilla war waged in the shadows of the Labyrinth makes for an exhilarating tale, but it has little to do with the current situation. Still, you manage to glean some information from it.*

Subtract -2 .

9+: *Theseus was not only a heroic fighter but also a brilliant strategist. Knowing his fledgling movement could not stand against the might of the Horned Guard, he resorted to hit-and-run tactics and building up his power base. He established a network of spies and informants and built hideouts deep in the mountains and hidden inlets from which his partisans could strike unseen. A lot of those hideouts eluded discovery by the royalists up to this day. You learn of the various secret paths and caches hidden by the insurgents during the civil war.*

Gain +1 and 3 Trireme resources.

Regardless of the result, Hornsworn: Diplomacy +1. Minoans: Diplomacy -1. If the Minoan Guide is with you, **see 0021.** If she isn't, **return to the Voyage Phase.**

5–6 Good Deeds — *Deed*

You meet a ragtag group of men and women. Some are wearing incomplete Horned Guard armor, others sport more primitive leather linothoraxes or animal hides. They seem friendly enough, but you see something in their eyes—a weariness or hunger—that makes you uneasy. They claim a Horned Guard patrol has razed their village and is now in pursuit. They offer information in exchange for your help in evading them.

If the Minoan Guide is with you, **see 0032.** If the Old Spinner is with you, **see 0035.**

Then, if Hornsworn: Denounced or worse, they attack without warning or provocation. You lose -1 ✕ and don't gain resources from Exploration cards this day.

If not, choose:

1. *You've long heard stories of the Horned Guard's oppression. These people were displaced and need help. Who are you to deny it—especially when they may possess valuable information? You help them.* **See 0036.**

2. *These people look like they could handle themselves in a fight, so how were they displaced in the first place? There must be more to this story, and you do not want any part in it. This is not your war. You leave them to their fate.* **See 0037.**

3. *Regardless of the validity of their story, these people are hunted by the Horned Guard, and the Horned Guard are your allies. Is it not their king you agreed to find? There is nothing to be gained by antagonizing your hosts. You help the Horned Guard patrol apprehend the group.* **See 0038.**

7 Runs Deep — *Crime*

You come across a burned down settlement. The statue of the Bull that stood in the middle of the village green has been overturned. An inscription in dripping red paint—or blood—reads: "Cows will not rule."

If 5+, you are ambushed by a band of ragtag warriors. You manage to drive them off, but many of your crewmembers die during the ensuing battle. Lose -1 ✕.

8–9 Balance of Terror — *Curse*

A sole survivor of the massacre, a wizened old woman, limps toward your party. "Theseus's men these were," she says with a trembling voice.

"Theseus is dead," one of your crewmembers cuts in.

"His hatred for the Bull is not. They will not cease until all are dead or turned."

Choose:

1. *The people who did this must not be allowed to continue on their killing spree. You track down whoever is behind this.* **See 0026.**

2. *Surely not everyone was killed or taken. These people will need your help. You look for more survivors.* **See 0033.**

You arrive in town just in time to witness the gruesome execution of a dozen or so villagers. The Horned Guard captain makes it crystal clear: there will be no dissent, political or religious. Whoever disagrees stands against justice, reason, and King Minos himself. And those who stand against Minos will be cut down.

By the grim yet unvexed looks on the bystanders' faces you surmise this may be a common occurrence under Minos's rule. However, the grip of the Horned Guard may be slipping, as many in the crowd loudly voice their disdain, while others are brandishing improvised weapons, ready to fight for what they believe in.

Choose:

1. *They've suffered enough. This is just the senseless brutality of a dictatorship on the verge of collapse. You may not be of Crete, but decency knows no allegiance. You side with the villagers.*

Hornsworn: Diplomacy +1, Minoans: Diplomacy -2. **See 0039.**

2. *Order must be maintained, especially now, when a sinister cult is taking advantage of the turmoil to recruit followers. You promised the princess you would find her father. It'd be a shame if there was no dynasty to return him to. You side with the Horned Guard.*

Minoans: Diplomacy +1, Hornsworn: Diplomacy -2. **See 0041.**

3. *This is not your fight. You are only passersby on this island. The situation is complex. Better to let it play out on its own. You stand aside.*

Hornsworn: Diplomacy -1, Minoans: Diplomacy -1. **See 0043.**

10 A Peculiar Vessel — *Crime*

A strange ship comes into view: an old war trireme with a mangled bull figurehead. They pose no threat to the mighty Argo, yet they position themselves in your way. They're seeking death—or just want to talk to you really badly. If you stop, you will lose time and resources.

Choose:

1. *You order the ship to stop. The engines grind to a halt while you send an away team. These are the Hornsworn who oppose the Minoan Dynasty. A monstrous creature made of arms, which they call a Revenant of Centimanes, has destroyed their village. Without anywhere to go, they want to pledge themselves to you.*

If you accept, gain +1 ✕ and +1 .

Hornsworn: Diplomacy +1. Minoans: Diplomacy -1. Lose 3 Trireme resources to restart the engines. If you can't, gain +1 .

2. *You ram the vessel. The bow of the Argo is so high, it's impossible to witness the moment of collision. You feel a small bump and then it is over.*

Gain +1 . Party leader gains 1 Despair token. Hornsworn: Diplomacy -1.

Ω Theseus's Shadow — *Voyage*

The Argo lies at anchor some distance from the coast, waiting for the resupply hemiolias to come back. In the evening, a battered trireme approaches from the sea. You have had many dealings with local pirates before and they have rarely been worth your time.

The trireme stops within shouting distance and something is brought onboard from the cargo hold. It gleams in the day's dying sun like a polished mirror. Then it starts to move around its own axis, gears turning and wheels spinning, and you recognize one of Daedalus's inventions. The captain of the trireme turns the machina off, then demands an audience with the Argonauts.

His manners are off-putting, but Daedalus's machinas are the very reason you've got yourself involved in Crete's affairs. You can at least hear the man out.

When the pirates' representatives come onboard, you realized these are the Hornsworn and none other than Pirithous is leading them.

"Long time, not see," says the man dryly.

If Hornsworn: Allied or F1 is marked, **see 0005.** If B1 is marked, **see 0002.**

0001

"Is that so?" says the scarred woman, gesturing for you to disembark. "You Argonauts sure know how to make a grand entrance. That ship of yours certainly leaves an impression. Where did you get it?"

As you step onto the pier, warriors surround you and confiscate your weapons. There's no reason to resist . . . yet.

"Flea market in Athens."

"So bold. Very well, keep your secrets." The woman turns away from you and walks toward a tunnel chiseled in the rocky wall of the underground basin. The warriors 'encourage' you to

follow. "Besides," she adds absentmindedly, "nobody goes to Athens anymore."

You are led through an underground network of tunnels, clearly man-made, though crudely so. You pass several dug-out alcoves serving as prison cells. From behind the bars, sunken eyes of famished men and women in torn Horned Guard uniforms follow your every move. You pass through a tunnel that's visibly older than the rest, where you notice a set of barely legible glyphs carved into the wall:

is 'seven'

After some time you enter a larger cavern where a shattered fragment of a trireme's hull has been laid onto several rocks to make a makeshift table. A large man with a bushy beard leans over it, an intense thirst reflected in his deep-set eyes.

"They come from the iron ship," says the scarred woman.

The man takes a long hard look at you.

"You're not Symmachy. But you're foreigners. Just as well. I am Pirithous the Hand. Why are you sniffing around my neck of the woods?"

You go for the least obliging answer: "Information."

"Information. I am also looking for information. A Minoan ship is coming this way in a few hours, bringing envoys to Knossos. They possess answers I seek. Your ship will all but assure its capture. Help me and I will share with you what I know."

"We are not pirates."

"And neither am I!" yells Pirithous abruptly. "I stood with Theseus when he entered the Labyrinth! He was noble and just and would have brought prosperity to Crete. And those curs murdered him! They will return his bones to us, with or without your help." He pauses and collects himself. "I know more about you than you think. If not for information or honor, maybe you'll do it for a more tangible prize: we've seen one of the mindless giants, those creatures you parade on the deck of your ship, trapped in a grotto not far from here. If you help us, we'll tell you where to find him."

Choose:

1. *Information and a Titan? You promised to find Minos. You never said how you'd achieve that. Besides, they'll do it with or without you. Your involvement may reduce the casualties. You help Pirithous.*
Mark F1. **See 0014**.

2. *You may struggle to glean your purpose in this world, but you know this: you are not hired thugs. You refuse to help.*
Mark B1. **See 0020**.

0002

Pirithous looks at you with disdain. "I knew this would get your attention," he says slowly. "How do you find our splendid island and its rulers? Noticed the sacks get?" He pauses to consider his next words. "Your refusal to help us sent a clear message: the Dynasty found its newest enforcers. A mighty ship like yours inspires confidence. The Horned Guard have doubled their efforts to exterminate us. I hope you are proud of the symbol you're becoming."

Hornsworn: Diplomacy -1. If the Minoan Guide is with you, Minoans: Diplomacy +1.

"There is no love lost between us," continues Pirithous. "But Crete faces a threat bigger than Minos's spawn. The ranks of the Labyrinthians swell like an infected wound. You may not like us, but even you must know those empty, hopeless eyes invite doom upon us all! They need to be stopped. A group of them have taken over one of Theseus's hideouts, high in the coastal cliffs. It's a well-fortified position we could not hope to breach. But there is a different way, older." He pauses. "A passage of the giants, barred by many stone gates. You'd have to be Herakles to lift them . . . or a Titan. I know your allegiance can be bought," he adds with a smirk. "So we've brought gifts. Walk the passage of giants, open the way, and you can have that machina and more."

Those mechanical contraptions are rarer than gold, and you need the parts to fix the Argo, while the Labyrinthians may hold some valuable information. So you'll go along with this . . . for now.

If the Old Spinner is with you, **see 0004**.
Choose:
1. *Ask for the spinning machina as a gesture of good faith. Your engineers will take it apart and breathe new life into the* Argo.
If ⚙ 1 or less, gain +1 ⚙. Otherwise, gain 2 Armament resources.
2. *Agree to help unconditionally. You'll get your machinas soon enough.*
Hornsworn: Diplomacy +2.

Regardless of your choice, **see 0015**.

0003

That evening you coordinate a sea blockade and stop the Minoan trireme. Pirithous's men do the rest. The clang and screams of battle are distant but painful reminders that everything comes with a cost.

Later, Pirithous is true to his word and he shares with you what he knows, including the whereabouts of the wild Titan.

Hornsworn: Diplomacy +1. Minoans: Diplomacy -2. Gain +1 🜁 and +1 Titan. Least likely Argonaut gains the *A Dream You Hold* Mnemos Card.

0004

"That man, Pirithous, has found a cause and clings to it like a sailor clings to the ship's mast during a storm. His heart burns with devotion. But every fire burns the same. You Argonauts must find a cause worthier than his."

Subtract -1 🜁. **Return to 0002**.

0005

Pirithous smiles. "The Fates have brought us together again. I would not reach out to you if it wasn't important. Crete faces a threat bigger than the Minoan Dynasty. You must've seen it firsthand. The ranks of the Labyrinthians swell like an infected wound. Those empty, hopeless eyes invite doom upon us all. They need to be stopped. A group of them have taken over one of Theseus's hideouts, high in the coastal cliffs. It's a well-fortified position we could not hope to breach. But there is a different way, older." He pauses. "A passage of the giants, barred by many stone gates. You'd have to be Herakles to lift them . . . or a Titan. We've brought gifts. Walk the passage of giants, open the way, and you can have that machina and more."

Those mechanical contraptions are rarer than gold, and you need the parts to fix the Argo. The Labyrinthians may hold some valuable information, so the matter is settled.

If the Minoan Guide is with you, **see 0028**.
Choose a party leader, then choose:
1. *Ask for the spinning machina as a gesture of good faith. Your engineers will take it apart and breathe new life into the* Argo.
If ⚙ 2 or less, gain +1 ⚙. Otherwise, gain 3 Armament resources.
2. *Agree to help unconditionally. You'll get your machinas soon enough.*
Hornsworn: Diplomacy +1.

Regardless of your choice, **see 0015**.

0006

"If Konstantinos can afford to imprison people just because they refuse to bow to Minos, then surely he has enough men to face whatever monstrosity the maze spits out," you tell the woman coldly, then proceed to free the Hornsworn.

Many of those you free have nowhere to go back to—their home villages deeper inland have been swallowed by the ever hungry Labyrinth. They pledge themselves to a new cause: yours. They see in you the same purpose that drove Theseus and believe you were sent here to finish what he had started.

Grim news awaits you at the pier, however: the Hekaton that Konstantinos engaged has overpowered the Horned Guard and continued its rampage across the coast. In your absence, even the Argo has suffered.

Gain +1 ✕. Lose -1 ⚙. Labyrinthians: Denounced or worse, gain +1 🜂. Labyrinthians: Diplomacy +1. **Return to the Voyage Phase**.

0007

You follow the plan, but as soon as the Minoan trireme starts to pass the Argo, *you move to intercept.*

If 🜁 5+, *you aimed to take the ship without bloodshed, but didn't expect such a fierce defense.* Two random Argonauts gain +2 🜂 each.
Otherwise, *you take the ship, restraining yourself from harming the Minoans, but are wounded in the process.*
Two random Argonauts gain +1 🜂 each.

When Pirithous catches up to you, you've got the situation well under control. You encourage the envoys to share their information with the Hornsworn captain but will not allow them to be harmed.

Pirithous gets what he wants, and so do you.
Hornsworn: Diplomacy +1. Minoans: Diplomacy -1. Gain +1 🜁 and +1 Titan. Least likely Argonaut gains the *A Dream You Hold* Mnemos Card.

0009

Your crew helps the Labyrinthians gather their meager belongings and walk to the platform.

As you turn to leave, you notice an unlit alcove at the back of the hall. There, a marble statue of a woman of unparalleled beauty stands in shadow. Her slender frame and regal features betray her noble birth. The stone is now covered in maze markings.

"Ariadne, last princess of Crete," says the Labyrinthian woman. "The story of her tragic love of Theseus is . . ." She pauses. "I think if they were alive, they would make fine rulers of the island."

As you come closer to marvel at the statue of Ariadne, you notice a labyrinth outcrop has damaged the shrine and uncovered a secret chamber below, where a large bull-like helm—too large for a man—rests in dust and debris.

Noticing your interest, the woman says, "That was here before we arrived."

Gain the *Minohead* 🜏 card (Secret deck 2, card 15). Gain +1 🜁.

As the Labyrinthians are in no condition to traverse the tunnels below the hideout, you return to the platform. Pirithous is awaiting you at the bottom of the cliff.

"What is the meaning of this?" asks Pirithous angrily.

"You can claim your hideout, for all the good it will do you. But we're taking these people. Now let us be on our way." You motion to the mighty Argo *in the distance, to put some weight behind your words.*

"You are fools to fraternize with them" says Pirithous coldly. "But it's your funeral."

Mark G1. If 🜁 5 or less, gain +1 ⚙ as Pirithous hands over the other Daedalus devices. If 🜁 6+, Pirithous lowers his head and admits they only had the one. Gain +1 🜁, +1 ✕ and +2 🜂. Reset 🜁. If Hornsworn: Unfriendly or worse, or 🜁 6+, *one of Pirithous's triremes disobeys the order and moves to intercept you once you are on your way. You manage to reach your ship, but not without losses.* Each Argonaut gains +1 🜂.

0014

"I am glad," says Pirithous, "that you see it my way. All of us, we have sworn on the broken horns of the Minotaur to seek justice for Theseus."

"Whatever brings us closer to our goal."

Pirithous gives you a strange look.

"Your goal?" He smirks. "As I see it, you're just running away from something. Running errands along the way. Which suits me just fine. Now, let me tell you about the plan . . ."

The Minoan trireme is sticking to the coast. Pirithous wants to use the Argo to cut it off from the open sea, effectively creating a tunnel that will lead the envoy ship right into the Hornsworn's hands.

Choose:
1. *It's a simple plan and you don't want to dirty your hands. You follow Pirithous's plan.* **See 0003**.
2. *You're not comfortable leaving the boarding to Pirithous's men. You agree to help, but prepare to take the trireme before it reaches the Hornsworn.* **See 0007**.

0015

You follow Pirithous's instructions and arrive at your destination in the early hours of the morning. The Argo stays off the coast, hidden by a thick fog—it's a bit unsettling something so enormous can be so completely concealed—while you take a small launch and sail toward the island.

Choose an Argonaut other than the party leader who will junction with a Titan and pull the launch (select a Weapon 🜍). All other Argonauts go on foot. Note your choice and continue:

As you emerge from the fog, you are greeted by sheer, towering cliffs. Below, the sea is calm, but you notice several shark fins break the surface. Up high, you see several small clefts and a large ledge. An unaware observer might take them for natural formations, shallow gaps created by the uncountable gears of tides and winds smashing into the impassive rock, but according to Pirithous, that is the entrance to Theseus's hideout. The clifts look unscalable, but when you get closer, you notice a wooden platform suspended from hemp ropes directly below the ledge. This is the contraption Pirithous wants you to lower.

This is not the way you'll be getting in, though. Instead, you sail past the hideout and around the cliffs to a narrow crack in the stone foundation where a hidden cove lies. And beyond that, the 'passage of giants.'

Sure enough, once your eyes adjust to the dimness, you notice a rocky beach and an opening blocked by a smooth stone slab.

You leave the launch and walk up to the opening. It's large, not made for mortals. Up close, you can make out grooves in the slab, worn by time and elements, yet unmistakably intentionally carved.

The Titan finds grip points at the base of the slab—more grips than they have hands—and tries to lift it. At first, the stone seems unmovable, but then you hear a click, as if something fell into place, and the slabs yield to the giant's strength. It does not fall back into the opening, nor can the Titan pick it up and remove it. Instead, with a grinding sound it slides into a hollow space in the roof of the cave. The tunnel beyond is large enough for the Titan to move unhindered.

You break out the torches and go inside. As soon as the Titan releases the slab, it falls to the ground with a loud thud.

Not wanting to waste time—and knowing Pirithous's ships, though slower than the Argo, *are not far behind—you set a brisk pace.*

Soon you reach a fork in the tunnel. Pirithous didn't mention it. It should have been a straight path to the lower levels of the hideout.

The path to the right is wider and it seems like a natural extension of the tunnel you're in, while the path to the left is smaller, human-sized.

If K10 is marked, **see 0024**.
Choose:
1. *The tunnel to the left seems recently excavated. You've come here with a goal in mind and you don't need distractions, especially if you'd have to leave your Titan here. You go right.* **See 0023**.
2. *The tunnel to the left seems recently excavated. If someone thought digging through all this rock was worth the effort, maybe you should investigate. You go left.* **See 0031**.

0016

"This is not the way," says one of you and shakes their head. *"Despair can pass, but death is absolute. Come with us and we will show you . . . purpose," they say, not fully realizing what they mean, but feeling it is true.*

Each Argonaut on foot tests Wisdom or Will (9+). Gain +1 Ψ to add +1. If you have the *Hope Logic* Technology card, add +2. If you finished the *Fated Conundrum* hub, add +1. If Labyrinthians: Unfriendly or worse, subtract -1.
Fail: Gain +1 Ψ.
0–1 success: *The Labyrinthians appreciate your offer, but their belief in the Truth is too strong.*
Subtract -1 Ψ, then **see 0030**.
2+ successes: *You convince the Labyrinthians to go with you, for better or worse.* **See 0009**.

0017

Many heed your call, and together you come to the rescue of the besieged Horned Guard. Konstantinos has chosen the place for his last stand well: the narrow canyon limits the monster's mobility and the javelin throwers and spearmen placed on the ridges keep it from climbing out.

The combined forces provide the necessary push to turn the tide: the hundred-handed beast dies from a thousand cuts!

Konstantinos, a mild-mannered man in his sixties, thanks you—and the Hornsworn—for your help.

"I see now why Princess Acacallis values you so," says the general begrudgingly. "Theseus united the common people and the scorned houses into a force that shook the Dynasty. Sadly, movements united by the admiration of a singular hero can be stopped with a well-placed dagger . . . Yours, on the other hand, lives beyond the individual. That is your strength. Fearful of this new power, many will seek to stop you."

Hornsworn: Diplomacy +1. Gain +1 🜁 and 3 Calcified Knuckle Bone resources. Lose -1 Titan. **Return to the Voyage Phase**.

0018

The released prisoners scowl at you. Some even throw rocks. It dawns on you they may hate you almost as much as they hate the Dynasty.

No one follows you to the canyon. Just as well, as you arrive too late to save anyone. They fought to the last, but it didn't matter. The Hekaton has had its fill.

Minoans: Diplomacy -2. Gain +1 🜂 and 2 Muscle Cluster resources. **Return to the Voyage Phase**.

0019

Konstantinos, a mild-mannered man in his sixties you would never think could lead a band of soldiers, let alone an army, limps toward you and says, "You may have helped us with this monster. But you are also monsters, of a different kind. Begone before my reinforcements arrive."

Each Argonaut gains +1 🜂. Gain +1 🜂. **Return to the Voyage Phase**.

0020

"We know not of what transpired on your island, nor do we want to take sides. We only . . ."

"Yes!" Pirithous snaps at you angrily. "By all means, stand idly by while the Dynasty crushes the people under its bronze heel and see how the dice fall. You think you are wise, but you are cowards. Look at your mighty ship and then do nothing. This impotence will be the end of you."

Surprisingly, Pirithous lets you leave, showing that maybe he's more than a common bandit.

Hornsworn: Diplomacy -1. Minoans: Diplomacy +1. Party leader gains 1 Despair token. Gain +1 🜁, +1 🜂. The least likely Argonaut gains the *A Dream You Hold* Mnemos Card.

0021

The princess advises you to take the words of the traitor with a grain of salt. "Many of those who followed Theseus did it not from the goodness of their hearts but out of greed for power they were denied for so long. Some even followed him out of lust, yet he only had eyes for one," she adds with a hint of wistfulness.

Subtract -1 Ψ. If you want to press the issue, party leader gains +2 🜂, then **see 0027**.

0022

You give the woman a hard look and press forward, hoping to reach the ambush site before the Hekaton and lend a hand where it is needed the most.

If 🜁 6+, *you arrive late and the Horned Guard have already suffered major losses.*
Minoans: Diplomacy -1.

Konstantinos has chosen the place for his last stand well: the narrow canyon limits the monster's mobility, and the javelin throwers and spearmen placed on the ridges keep it from climbing out.

Your forces provide the necessary push to turn the tide. Not enough to kill the creature, but enough to drive it away, limping. It will be weeks before this one is able to threaten the countryside again. The price is heavy, though. The Horned Guard are all but routed. You lost a lot of good crewmembers too.

Lose -1 ✕. If Minoans: Denounced or worse, **see 0019**. Otherwise **see 0029**.

0023

You disregard the smaller tunnel and continue on your way. The walls here are carved in a similar manner to the slab door. In places, you can even make out individual markings.

is 'seven'

Eventually, you reach another slab door. Your Titan clutches the grips and raises the stone block. The walkway beyond is as wide and tall as the one you're leaving. You feel a draft.

Gain +1 ⏏. **See 0040**.

0024

You've seen this type of tunnel before. Straight lines and right angles with a maze-like engraved pattern. This is a part of the Labyrinth. It must be burrowing under the whole island.

Subtract -1 🜁 and **return to 0015**.

0025

You address the prisoners in the pit. "You have fought for this island and its people and were repaid in misery. No one will blame you if you choose to walk away now. Yet I know you will not. For you did not fight for honor, or reward, or because it was easy. You fought because it was the right thing to do. If this fractured island is to have a chance of being whole again, you need to fight once more."

If Hornsworn: Denounced or worse, **see 0018**. Otherwise **see 0017**.

0026

You waste no time and order your crew to move out. By dusk you catch up to the others. They don't regret what they did. "We are the Hornsworn! It had to be done. They supported tyranny. Theseus threw off the yoke of Minos, but now they want to put it back on. Never!"

They leave you no choice. You must fight.

Each Argonaut performs a Courage or Fury test (7+).

0–1 success: *You fail to break the ranks of the Hornsworn and your own casualties force you to retreat.*

Lose -1 ✕.

2+ successes: *You defeat the Hornsworn in a decisive victory.*

Gain 4 Trireme resources. The party leader gains +1 Ω.

Regardless of the result, roll on the following table. Add +3 if Hornsworn: Unfriendly or worse. Subtract -3 if Minoans: Unfriendly or worse.

1–5 successes: *In the morning, after a closer inspection of the battlefield, you realize these were not the Hornsworn but Horned Guard disguised as them. It seems the Minoan Dynasty is playing a deceitful game.*

Party leader gains 1 Despair token. Gain +1 ▼ and +1 ⛵. Hornsworn: Diplomacy +1. Minoans: Diplomacy -1.

6–10 successes: *These were indeed old followers of Theseus. Without his leadership, they seem to have lost their way.*

Gain +1 ▼. Hornsworn: Diplomacy -2.

Return to the Voyage Phase.

0027

"You seem to know a lot about Theseus's followers," you remark carefully.

Acacallis glares at you, but then her features soften. "I was but a child then. Still, I know it was not as black and white as you think. If it was, why would it end in betrayal?"

"Did it?"

"We are such weak things, aren't we?" she asks suddenly. Before you have a chance to reply, she bows and retires to her quarters.

Make an Acacallis tally mark. **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0028

"Pirithous was Theseus's right-hand man," reveals the princess after the Hornsworn has left. "He saw him last. I wonder . . ."

Subtract -1 ▼. **Return to 0005.**

0029

Konstantinos—a mild-mannered man in his sixties who you would never think could lead a band of soldiers, let alone an army—thanks you for your help.

"Your men and women have fought well and deserve a warrior's funeral," he says with a heavy voice. "They will be sent to Poseidon's realm alongside my Horned Guard."

You thank him, though you're not sure your crewmembers believed in the old gods. You're not sure they believed in anything . . .

"They believed in you," the general reassures you. "For they would not follow you here otherwise. Honor them by living true to those ideals they saw. The world needs more dreamers like you—or Theseus."

"You fought Theseus at Gortyna, didn't you?"

"I did," he says distantly. "Very unwise of me to engage him there, on an open plain. If only I'd planned my defense better, yes?"

You are left to wonder what he means.

A lone priest of Zeus follows you to the pier. After his fall from grace, he was conscripted to the Horned Guard, but he feels he'll do more good on your ship.

Gain +1 Priest. The leader gains +1 A. **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0030

As you turn to leave the Labyrinthians, you notice an unlit alcove at the back of the hall. There, a marble statue of a woman of unparalleled beauty stands in shadow. Her slender frame and regal features betray her noble birth. The stone is now covered in maze markings.

"Ariadne, last princess of Crete," says the Labyrinthian woman. "The story of her tragic love for Theseus is the embodiment of the Truth of the Labyrinth."

As you come closer to marvel at the princess of Crete, you notice a labyrinth outcrop has damaged the shrine and uncovered a secret chamber below, where a large bull-like helm—too large for a man—rests in dust and debris.

Noticing your interest, the woman says, "Take it. It reminds us of the false purpose the Labyrinth once had."

Gain the *Minohead* card (Secret deck 2, card 15).

You return to your launch in the hidden cove. On your way back to the Argo, you are noticed by the Hornsworn sailors and their fleet moves to intercept you.

"What have you done?" asks Pirithous angrily.

"What you could not. Find yourself another hideout. It is said Theseus built many. Now let us be on our way." You motion to the mighty Argo in the distance, to put some weight behind your words.

"You will come to regret this, Argonaut." Pirithous scowls at you. "Let the oathbreakers through."

Gain +1 ▼ and +1 ⛵. Mark G1. If Hornsworn: Unfriendly or worse, or ▼ 6+, *one of Pirithous's triremes disobeys the order and moves to intercept. You manage to reach your ship, but not without losses.* Lose -1 ✕. **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0031

You venture into the smaller tunnel, leaving your Titan behind, hoping to reunite on the other side. The walls are made of rock, yet they have been meticulously carved. You know of no tool that could achieve such perfect symmetry. Parts of the walls are indented, while others protrude like cuboid bones from a broken limb. The pattern that emerges reminds you of the Labyrinthian tattoos. It changes ever so slightly when you're not looking. The tunnel starts to branch off and you fear you may lose your way.

If any of the Argonauts is Watched, each Argonaut gains +1 Ψ. Each Maze touched Argonaut gains +2 A. Gain +1 ▼.

The leader tests Cunning (8+). Gain +1 A to add +1. If you have the Ball of Silver Yarn, you pass the test automatically.

Success: *Although the layout of the tunnels—the maze—becomes more confusing with each intersection, you manage to find your way.*

Party leader gains +1 Ω.

Failure: *You wander aimlessly through the maze, eventually finding a way out. You feel like you've left a part of yourself behind down there, and now the enemy knows your scent.*

Party leader gains a Fated Mnemos. Move the next battle 1 day closer on the Timeline.

Regardless of the result, *you emerge on a wide walkway where your Titan, having found another way, is already waiting for you. A fresh breeze washes over you.* **See 0040.**

0032

"The Hornsworn," the princess explains. "The war is over, yet they refuse to put down their arms. They are bandits, thieves, and murderers, raiding villages and sanctuaries. You do not want anything to do with those scum."

Hornsworn: Diplomacy -1. If you want to press the issue, party leader gains +2 A, then **see 0044.** Otherwise, **return to the Good Deeds adventure from the Hidden in Plain Sight hub.**

0033

You focus on looking for survivors and giving aid to those you can find. Indeed, many have hidden in the surrounding hills.

Roll once on the following table. If Minoans: Friendly or better, add +2.

1: *These people know who you are and who you serve, and no amount of goodwill will change that.*

Gain +1 ⛵.

2–5: *Your aid is greatly appreciated, more so than you even imagine.*

Gain +1 ▼ and lose -1 ⛵.

6–9: *The villagers are grateful for your help and generosity. With their homes destroyed, many volunteer to join your crew.*

You may gain +1 ✕. If you do, gain +1 ⛵.

10+: *Among the survivors, there is a young priest of Zeus. He sees in you the promise of a better tomorrow and pledges himself to your cause. Many follow suit.*

Gain +1 Priest (of Zeus). Gain +1 ✕.

Regardless of your result, Minoans: Diplomacy +1, Hornsworn: Diplomacy -1. *You return to the Argo with a renewed sense of purpose. So often in life, the consequences of your actions are unseen and the motives of your decisions muddled. It was refreshing to show . . . kindness.* **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0034

There's a scowl on Pirithous's face, but then it slowly transforms into some other emotion you cannot quite grasp.

"Very well. Round up the noncombatants and do not harm them. Send word to Kleita. She's going to have some passengers."

Soon the hideout is taken, as the Labyrinthians, mostly destitute, old and invalid, surrender without a fight. You walk past rooms full of old weapons and realize the true reason the Hornsworn wanted to retake the hideout: their hatred of the Minoan Dynasty runs deep.

You arrive at a large hall where the Labyrinthians have been rounded up. They are allowed to take their personal possessions and a few days' rations, but nothing more. Then they are ushered onto the walkway leading to the platform. Their eyes betray a long history of injustice and despair. This is far better than death, but by how much, you can't begin to fathom. Maybe there is some verity in the Truth of the Labyrinth after all. Or maybe someone needs to step up.

Pirithous notices your concern and offers a few words of comfort: "They will not be harmed. You have my word." He motions to an unlit alcove at the back of the hall. There a marble statue of a woman of unparalleled beauty stands in shadow. Her slender frame and regal features betray her noble birth. The stone is now covered in maze markings. "This place was special to Theseus. He erected that shrine as a monument to his undying love for Ariadne." He sighs. "He was a better leader and a man than I will ever be. Crete is lost without his dignified nobility."

As you come closer to marvel at the princess of Crete, you notice a labyrinth outcrop has damaged the shrine and uncovered a secret chamber below, where a large bull-like helm—too large for a man—rests in dust and debris."

"I wondered where he hid it," muses Pirithous. "Theseus used it to distract the Minotaur. It's yours, if you want it."

Gain +1 ⛫ and +1 ▼. Gain the *Minohead* card (Secret deck 2, card 15). For the next battle, gain the *Wise Providence* boon. Mark I1. If ▼ 5 or less, gain +1 as Pirithous hands over the other Daedalus devices. If ▼ 6+, Pirithous lowers his head and admits they only had the one. **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0035

"Even a faithful dog turns wild when their master is wicked and their home burned," says the Old Spinner. "These Hornsworn are not your enemies . . . but neither are they your friends."

Minoans: Diplomacy -1. **Return to the Good Deeds adventure from the Hidden in Plain Sight hub.**

0036

You grant the group safe passage to the Argo and from there they go their separate ways. You learn they are the Hornsworn and they hold little regard for Minos or the nobility of Crete. In fact, news of the king's disappearance brings them rare joy. "Theseus is avenged," some whisper.

Hornsworn: Diplomacy +1, Minoans: Diplomacy: -2. Gain +2 ▼ to gain +1 ▼. If ▼ 3+, *you realize there are fewer of them leaving than came aboard. You've got stowaways.* Gain +1 ⛵. **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0037

"You distrust us? We fought against tyranny, against sacrificing people to some monstrosity in the maze and now you treat us like bandits?"

The Hornsworn, for they are those who followed Theseus against Minos and the Minotaur, seem offended by your refusal to help. Things can go south quickly if you don't defuse the situation.

The party leader tests Will or Wisdom (7+). Each other Argonaut can gain +1 A to add +1.

Success: *You explain your precarious position—being at the mercy of King Minos's daughters—and wish them luck. At the same time, you assure them you won't turn them in to the Horned Guard. "Mighty gracious of you," says the Hornsworn leader with a scowl and, as he is about to leave, he adds, "You better watch your back too. Minos only had the one daughter."*

Gain +1 ▼. Hornsworn: Diplomacy -1.

Fail: *No words can stop the flood of anger and resentment. And where words fail, swords do the talking.*

Party leader gains 1 Despair token. Lose -1 ✕. Hornsworn: Diplomacy -2.

Return to the Voyage Phase.

0038

You fein friendship, while your scouts look for the Horned Guard patrol. These are the Hornsworn, who broke their pledge of allegiance to Minos to help outsider Theseus end the threat of the Minotaur once and for all. But that was a long time ago and their cause waned with the passing of Theseus. Now they are little more than bandits.

You lead the group into a canyon, where the Horned Guard lie in wait. You hope the royalists will arrest the rebels, but they show no mercy. Their ruthlessness gives you pause.

▼ 0–2: *You later learn this particular group of Hornsworn preyed on local villages, raiding them for food and supplies. Your conscience rests somewhat easier.*

You may reset one Argonaut's Ψ. Gain +1 Priest (of Poseidon). Minoans: Diplomacy +1, Hornsworn: Diplomacy -1.

▼ 3–5: *The Horned Guard show no mercy, sparing no one, not even those who surrender. You are told they robbed a tax collector, but there is no proof to back up this claim. And even if it was so, ruthless oppression will only send more into the arms of the Labyrinth.*

Gain +1 ⛵. Hornsworn: Diplomacy -2. Minoans: Diplomacy: -1.

▼ 6+: *The Horned Guard show no mercy, sparing no one, not even those who surrender. You later learn this was not the group they were looking for, but all Hornsworn deserve the same treatment under the rule of Minos.*

Party leader gains 1 Despair token. Gain +1 ⛵ and +1 ▼. Hornsworn: Diplomacy -2. Minoans: Diplomacy: -2.

Return to the Voyage Phase.

0039

Though the Horned Guard are better trained and better equipped, the sheer number of villagers—with your support—easily overpowers them. Weeping parents climb down to the barathron pit to recover their loved ones' remains.

But the mob wants more than justice. They want revenge.

Party leader rolls on the following table, adding Will and Courage, subtracting -1 for every negative point of Hornsworn: Diplomacy and -1 for ▼ 3+.

0–3: *You notice several tattooed figures moving among the crowd, rousing it to action. You completely lose control. The Horned Guard are tossed into the barathron. But the blood-crazed mob doesn't end there. Family members and good acquaintances of the soldiers share their fate. When all is over, you are ashamed of what you participated in.*

Party leader gains a random Fated Mnemos and 1 Despair token. Gain +1 ⛵.

4–6: *The Horned Guard share the fate of their victims. Satisfied, the crowd disperses and you are left to wonder, Does evil justify a brutal reprisal?*

Random Argonaut gains 1 Despair token. Gain +2 ▼ or +1 ⛵.

7+: *The crowd disarms the guards, rips off their armor, strips them naked and administers a beating. However, when all is over, the guards are left alive. They are banished from the village, never to return.*

Gain 4 Armament resources. You may show mercy and invite the outcast soldiers to join your crew. If you do, gain +1 ✕. If you do and ▼ 3+, gain +1 A too.

Return to the Voyage Phase.

0040

This walkway looks inhabited. Huge jars line the far wall. Here and there you find pallets of dried grass. Spaced torch sconces light the corridor. You decide to follow the draft. As you move through the hideout, you pass several slab doors, most of them smashed with hammers, just enough to make a human-sized passage.

You realize Theseus and his followers didn't build this place. They only took it over and adapted it to their needs. You notice maze-like graffiti on the walls. Now the Labyrinthians have taken it from them.

The draft is getting stronger and you start to squint as the walkway around you is flooded with dawn's first light. You look through one of the clefts and see the outline of the Argo slowly emerge from the dissipating fog. Ahead of the mighty ship, a fleet of three Hornsworn triremes closes on the cliff. It won't be long before someone knows you're here.

You find the mechanism used to lower the platform. Eight people are needed to operate the weights and pulleys. Eight people or one Titan, that is. As you are about to lower the platform, you hear a faint, elderly voice:

"Have you come to kill us all?"

You pause. You hadn't noticed the wizened woman sitting with her back to the wall in one of the clefts. Her body is covered in maze tattoos. She does not pose a threat and any one of your company could silence her before she called for help.

"Why do you say that?" you ask.

"Why else would you have come?" she says weakly. "Have we not suffered enough? Must you hound us even when we crawl deep into the earth, the worms that we are?"

You have no answer to that. But you have a decision to make.

Choose:

1. *Follow the plan. Labyrinthians can't be trusted and their words can . . . worm their way into the stoutest of souls. You lower the platform and let Pirithous's men in.* **See 0042.**
2. *The story of Crete has more twists and turns than you'd like to admit. You need to see before you act. You can always lower the platform later. You've got a Titan. They won't be able to stop you. You decide to investigate.* **See 0050.**

0041

You side with order against chaos and try to extinguish the fight before it gets the chance to flare up.

Party leader rolls on the following table, adding Will and Wisdom, subtracting -1 for Minoans: Unfriendly, -2 for Minoans: Denounced and -3 for Minoans: At War. Add +1 for the Minoan Guide.

0–3: *The Horned Guard's response is quick and brutal. When more soldiers pour in from the side streets, you begin to wonder if all of this was planned. The riots are quelled quickly and effectively and the barathron filled with bodies.*

Each Argonaut gains +2 A and 1 Despair token. Gain +1 ▼ and +1 ⛵.

4–6: *The Horned Guard's response is swift and impassionate. They must be accustomed to this sort of thing. They kill those who don't allow themselves to be captured, capture those who protest the loudest and leave the rest alone.*

Gain +1 Priest (of Aphrodite) and +1 ▼. Random Argonaut gains 1 Despair token.

7+: *The Horned Guard show unusual mercy toward the villagers, though the villagers don't seem to appreciate they were just spared a gruesome fate. You do.*

Gain +1 ▼.

Return to the Voyage Phase.

0042

The triremes drop anchor at the foot of the cliff. You disregard the woman and signal the Titan to lower the platform. Soon a group of Hornsworn twenty men strong arrives at the clefts.

"Crete thanks you," says Pirithous dryly, ordering his warriors to fan out and retake the hideout. "Secure the armory."

Armory?

The warriors disappear into the passages in groups of three and four. One of the Hornsworn notices the Labyrinthian woman tugging weakly at his skirt. Before you can react, the man grabs her—all skin and bones—and throws her off the cliff.

One of your own crewmembers jumps up to the Hornsworn:

"Why the hell did you do that?!"

The atmosphere suddenly gets tense, and everyone reaches for their weapons.

"They are the enemy," says Pirithous through his teeth, though he looks more conflicted than his words betray. "Young or old, strong or frail. They choose the path of oblivion and want the world to follow. Should we waste our food on prisoners who do not value life and will poison the minds of every who would listen? This place needs to be cleansed."

This is not how you imagined things would go.

Choose:

1. *Though you may not agree with his methods, you know the Labyrinthian Cult of Nothingness is the biggest threat. These people may not be violent, but they legitimize others who are. You let the Hornsworn do what they came here for.*

Labyrinthian: Diplomacy -2. **See 0048.**

2. *You will not stand for violence against the helpless. You try to convince Pirithous to spare them.*

Hornsworn: Diplomacy -1 **See 0049.**

0043

You retreat to a safe distance and allow the events to unfold.

Roll on the following table:

1–5: *The Horned Guard easily overpower the disorganized villagers. They show no mercy. One tenth of the village population shares the fate of the dissenters.*

Gain +1 ⛵ and +2 ▼. Hornsworn: Diplomacy -1.

6–10: *Experienced warriors move among the crowd, veterans of the civil war thrust into conflict once more. The Horned Guard did not anticipate this and pay the price of ignorance in blood. When the dust settles, not one of their ranks remains.*

Gain +1 and +2 . Minoans: Diplomacy -1.

If the Old Spinner is with you, **see 0047**. Otherwise, *you return to your ship in a grim mood. Your crew remains loyal as ever, but you see a flicker of doubt in their eyes, as if saying "is this who we are?" It dawns on you that inaction may just be a form of cowardice.* Every Argonaut gains 1 Despair token.

Return to the Voyage Phase.

0044

"So their goal is baseless?"

"It's not their goal I have a problem with, it's their methods," hisses the princess.

"Cornered animals become desperate. Have you or your father tried talking to them? Offering them a deal?"

Something snaps behind those beautiful blue eyes. Finally she says, "Yes. Yes he has." You see tears glisten. "Excuse me, Argonauts, I'm not feeling well."

Make an Acacallis tally mark. **Return to the Good Deeds adventure from the Hidden in Plain Sight hub.**

0047

"You had the power to intervene, yet you abstained from choice," she says, as if scolding children.

"It was not—"

"Your fight? A fight is yours if you make it yours. You think you took some sort of moral high ground? In the end all you did was speed up the unfolding chaos."

You have no reply to that. You return to your ship in a grim mood. Your crew remains loyal as ever, but you see a flicker of doubt in their eyes, as if saying "is this who we are?" It dawns on you that inaction may just be a form of cowardice.

Gain +1 and the party leader gains 1 Despair token. **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0048

You allow the events to unfold without intervening. Pirithous's warriors make short work of the Labyrinthians, though a battle it is not. The word 'massacre' rattles in your minds. As you wander the giant walkways marked with blood and violence, you question if it was necessary.

You walk past rooms full of old weapons and realize the true reason the Hornsworn wanted to retake the hideout: their hatred of the Minoan Dynasty runs deep.

You arrive at a large hall, where the Labyrinthians—by the looks of it the most destitute, old, and invalid—made their last, pitiful stand. Unarmed and untrained, their end was mercifully quick. In a sudden moment of realization, you understand why the people of Crete flock to the Truth of the Labyrinth.

Someone needs to do something.

Pirithous notices your troubled faces: "I will join Tantalus in Tartarus soon enough," he offers grimly. "But not before justice is served and my homeland saved." He motions to an unlit alcove at the back of the hall. There, a marble statue of a woman of unparalleled beauty stands in shadow. Her slender frame and regal features betray her noble birth. The stone is now covered in maze markings. "This place was special to Theseus. He erected that shrine as a monument to his undying love of Ariadne." He sighs in self-flagellation. "He would have never allowed for what we did here. Crete is lost without his dignified nobility."

As you come closer to marvel at the princess of Crete, you notice a labyrinth outcrop has damaged the shrine and uncovered a secret chamber below, where a large bull-like helm—far too large for a mortal—rests in dust and debris.

"I wondered where he hid it," muses Pirithous.

"Theseus used it to distract the Minotaur. It's yours, if you want it."

Gain +1 , +1 and +1 . Gain the *Minohead* card (Secret deck 2, card 15). Party leader gains 1 Despair token. Add the *Vicious* Trait to the next battle. Mark I1. If 5 or less, gain +1 as Pirithous hands over the other Daedalus devices. If 6+, Pirithous lowers his head and admits they only had the one. **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0049

"This is not the way, Pirithous," you argue. "If they fight, cut them down, but if they're like that woman, spare them, banish them, but do not harm them. Do not become what you fight."

If Hornsworn: Denounced or worse, Pirithous ignores your words outright, and you automatically fail. Otherwise, the leader tests Wisdom or Cunning (8+). Each Argonaut on foot can gain +1 to add +1.

Success: *You manage to convince Pirithous to stay his men's hands.* **See 0034.**

Fail: *Pirithous looks at you with the pained expression of someone who doesn't like what he's about to do, but is going to do it regardless.*

With enemies inside the hideout and the Hornsworn fleet below the cliff, it would be suicide to pick a fight here. You must allow the events to unfold. Labyrinthians: Diplomacy -2. **See 0048.**

0050

You venture into the hideout again, leaving the broken woman behind. This time you try to follow the signs of recent habitation and then distant sounds, which you hope are voices. Deeper in the complex you walk past rooms stacked with Minoan weapons and war supplies.

You start seeing people: old, invalid, helpless. They stand against walls as if they are the only things saving them from collapsing, or lie on pellets of dried grass. In their eyes you find a mixture of hope and despair. When they see you—and your Titan—they cower in terror.

You arrive at a spacious hall where a large group of Labyrinthians congregates. Up to this point you have not seen signs of violence or hostility, only weakness and fear. One of them, a woman with a defiant look on her face, steps forward, limping visibly and wincing with every step.

"We have no quarrel with you, strangers," she says, eyeing the Titan nervously. "But we found this place first."

"What is this place?"

"Now?" The maze tattoos on her face seem to be indented. "A place of refuge for all those who cannot continue. A bastion against oppression, from all."

Funny, you think. That was its original purpose too.

"So you . . . contemplate your Truth here?" you inquire further.

"There is nothing to contemplate. The Truth is plain. We are all nothing. Worthless and aimless, worthless more still, as we cannot spread the maze's message. No. We come here to die."

You're taken aback by such a harsh statement.

"Are you sick?"

The woman lowers her head. Tears swell in her eyes.

"Sick of life. Sick of pain. Sick of . . ." Her voice breaks and she wells up.

"When someone has enough," says an older man from the group. "They go to the cliff edge . . . and jump."

Choose:

1. *Return to the platform and let Pirithous's men in. This cannot continue.* **See 0042.**
2. *Leave these people be. They have suffered enough.* Hornsworn: Diplomacy -1. **See 0030.**
3. *These people have suffered enough, but suicide is not the answer. You will not leave them to darkness and despair.* Labyrinthians: Diplomacy -1. **See 0016.**

Man of Purpose

α	Comes a Savior
1–2	Mazed Forest ☐
3–4	Synoikismos ☐
5–6	Forced Perspective ☐
7	Words of Love ☐
8–9	Life of Theseus ☐
10	Ashes of Cydonia ☐
Ω	Till Death

α Comes a Savior | Crime

Following rumors about a hidden cache of Theseus, you arrive at a small fishing village—or what was one, at some point. Now the pier stands tall and naked, its pilings bared like corroding teeth. The boats sink in sticky mud. There was water here, once.

Further from the dried-up shore, short, stubby stumps pierce the ground—the fabled underwater forests of Crete, or what remains of them. There, a few villagers are hunting crabs and harvesting the tough-as-stone bark.

One of the women notices you. She comes closer, examining you carefully and noting your exotic appearance and equipment, and leads you to the headman of the village.

"We are twice cursed, outsiders," says the headman before you have a chance to explain your mission. "First came the Hornsworn. When they left for their war against Minos's tyranny, they were heroes. They returned thieves and murderers who prey on the weak. Each month they descend from Theseus's Keep to collect a share of our catch: payment for their protection. But the sea has receded and there is no more catch. Soon we will all starve. Help us and we will share with you anything we have. Petra"—he motions to the woman who introduced you—"can guide you. She knows the coast like the back of her hand."

Choose a party leader, then **see 0001.**

1–2 Mazed Forest | Supernatural

During one of your expeditions inland, you arrive at the edge of an old-growth forest. From a distance, the enormous evergreen oaks remind you of the petrified trees you've been finding in the shallows around Crete. Closer inspection reveals the corrupting mark of the Labyrinth: angular branches and square-shaped leaves, trunks like crooked columns. They look crudely sculpted from brown-green stone, yet they sway on the wind and bend under the weight of perched woodlarks, many similarly misshapen.

"Theseus knew this forest like the back of his hand," says Petra, as you traverse the underbrush. "It was whispered he would often meet Ariadne here. Ah, to feel such love . . ."

"I do not wish to tarnish the thought," says one of you cautiously, "but we came here for a much grimmer reason." You've learned people have gone missing in this forest. Too many to brush aside as running away or an accident.

Choose:

1. *This place reeks of the Labyrinth. Follow the corruption to its root and you will find whatever is taking the villagers. You go to the labyrinth outcrop.*

Labyrinthians: Diplomacy +1. **See 0014.**

2. *With the Horned Guard shorthanded and occupied elsewhere, the countryside has become a haven for bandits: deserters, Hornsworn extremists, and others. You should check the old Hornsworn hideout.*

Hornsworn: Diplomacy +1. **See 0015.**

3–4 Synoikismos | Fate

You've learned of a small smuggling operation just off the coast of Crete. The smugglers are said to deal with all who can afford it—Hornsworn, pirates and brigands, save for the Minoans, for whom they seem to have a particular dislike. The smugglers may have the information you seek.

You arrange a meeting, posing as local bandits in need of weapons. At dusk you arrive at the rendezvous point, a hidden cave in one of the numerous inlets of the Isle of the Bull. As you are led onboard one of the triremes to meet a broker, Oriphos, you notice the uncanny expertise with which the whole operation is being run . . . and the lengths to which the smugglers go to appear more disorganized and unruly than they actually are.

You also notice an ocher-blue trireme snugly anchored in one of the cave's many openings, just at the edge of torchlight. You've seen these patterns once or twice. Those are the markings of the Stewards: former slavers, now often willing allies of the Labyrinthians. Then again, it's just as likely

these are pirates or the vessel was taken in a battle with the Hornsworn . . .

You are sitting at a small table with Oriphos, an older man with a horrible scar running all the way from his balding scalp to the left corner of his mouth. "What can we do for you?" he asks, staring you down across the table.

Choose:

1. *You don't care what the smugglers do or who they may deal with as long as you get the information you need. You will do more good going after bigger fish. You begin negotiations.*
Minoans: Diplomacy -1. **See 0004.**
2. *If that is a Labyrinthian ship, you cannot take the chance. Besides, if the smugglers deal with the cult, they're unscrupulous and their information should not be trusted. You decide to break up the smuggling operation.*
Minoans: Diplomacy +1. Hornsworn: Diplomacy -1. Gain 1 Maze Fragment resource. **See 0008.**
3. *These people are no mere smugglers. There is more going on here than meets the eye. Best course of action is to play along and try to expose them. It's risky and may backfire, but sometimes you need to take chances. You play along.*
Minoans: Diplomacy -1, Hornsworn: Diplomacy -1, Labyrinthians: Diplomacy -1. Gain +2 ▼. **See 0013.**

5–6 Forced Perspective ⊡⊨ *Family*

Petra leads you to a keep nestled in a long, narrow inlet. Once it must've been nigh impenetrable and hidden from view by clever engineering. Now its decaying façade betrays both its age and a universal truth.

"Theseus had many places such as this," says Petra as you disembark from the launch. "Some say he found a map of the giant Olden Builders. Others that Daedalus had them built for him . . ."

You look at the crumbling unjailthic cut stones arranged in a brick bond pattern, inlaid in the cliff itself, like a wall within a wall, and you know no human hand built this.

"Centimanes . . ." muses the party leader, and the thought rings true. "You call them Olden Builders?"

Petra nods and shows you to the crude stairs cut unevenly into the giant blocks. These stairs were made for people, much later than the stone was laid.

"The many-handed ones. But not like the monsters. More like . . . us."

The ascent to the entrance is long and arduous.

Each Argonaut can either move swiftly, but more dangerously (gain +1 **A**) or take their time ascending the steps, contemplating the grim fate that befell the once mighty architects of this place (gain +1 Ψ).

There is no one to greet you at the top, the guard posts long abandoned. You cross the threshold. The interior is cool, but the air moldy, with a faint whiff of decay, of rust. Of death.

You soon find bodies. Dozens of bodies, locked in combat. By the glistening bones jutting from the dried-up skin, you guess the battle took place several months ago. The dead Hornsworn are wearing dented breastplates adorned with the symbol of the Bull, but it's hard to tell if the armor was in poor repair before their wearers fell.

"I—" The scene leaves Petra distraught. "This is not the work of Theseus's followers. It can't be."

The back wall of the main room is covered in grooves, a subtle pattern that by now you know all too well. It's been growing there, steadily, either from beneath the stone or from a curious reddish dent in the mosaic.

The storage alcoves have been looted, the amphoras broken. Nothing of value remains.

In the main room, the victors—if there were any—curiously left a Minotaur statue intact. The lean, towering beast looks down at the carnage before it with unseeing, uncaring eyes.

"What will you tell the crew?"

All you are left with are suspicions and inklings.

Choose:

1. *It seems simple enough. The Horned Guard stormed the Hornsworn keep, massacred its defenders, and left with the spoils. Only they would leave the Minotaur statue unbroken.*
Hornsworn: Diplomacy +1. **See 0027.**
2. *There is a deeper, sadder truth here. You do not sneak into a keep like this without the lookouts noticing, yet there were no signs of struggle outside. Without Theseus to follow, the Hornsworn fell to infighting.*
Minoans: Diplomacy +1. **See 0028.**
3. *This keep was taken from the inside, that much is certain. There is despair written on the far wall, signed by some unfortunate's skull. The Truth of the Labyrinth brought this place low.*
Labyrinthians: Diplomacy +1. **See 0029.**

7 Words of Love ⊡⊨ *Voyage*

Your scouts tell of a strange turn of events in the city of Naxos. After a recent mazequake, Labyrinthians have raided a governor's vault. Among the missing items was a plain wooden box, signposedly with letters to or from Theseus himself. Both the Horned Guard and the Hornsworn want the box back. You'd also like to take a peek . . .

You track it to a Labyrinthian hideout, a square hole in the ground like an inverted maze block. The edges of the chasm are full of angular stones protruding inward at right angles, just enough to form a staircase.

You descend underground. You half-expect the Labyrinthians to sit in darkness, but no, the cavern is lit by a large bonfire. The flames themselves look funny. As you stare at them, you realize they're made from tiny flashing squares . . .

Choose:

1. *Violence is never the answer, but you are so tired, and time is running out. The words of these people cut deeper than blades. Maybe they will just back off once you show them your power. You take the box by force.*
Labyrinthians: Diplomacy -1. **See 0030.**
2. *There is always time for peace. It would be ironic if you tried to reclaim Theseus's letters by harassing the very people he fought for, no? You decide to negotiate.* **See 0021.**

8–9 Life of Theseus ⊡⊨ *Deed*

You are drawn to a small coastal town where a known poet and philosopher, Heramides of Itanos, is rumored to be creating a Theseus epic. As you enter the tiny bay, you notice an agile war bireme moored at the pier. Windswept, it must've weathered more than a few battles. It does not fly the symbol of the Minoan Dynasty, and that means only one thing: the Hornsworn. Which is odd, for this was supposed to be Minoan territory.

When you ask about the historian, you are directed to the house on the cliff. As you march up the steep hill, you notice members of the Horned Guard watching you from a distance—one hiding in the deep shadow of the abandoned shrine of Helios, another on the roof of small storehouse.

If Minoans: Denounced or worse, they send for reinforcements. Gain +1 ▼.

The house tells much about its resident. The bleached ocher walls have been mended many times, yet they are marked with dirt and grime. The path to the entrance has been cleared of weeds, while the greenery around it has grown unimpeded. The bench outside the house looks worn.

The sun-soaked resting place of someone near the end of their journey.

"Consider my words well, old man," a woman in a battered breastplate says, pointing at the house. "It's us or them, no middle ground anymore."

If Hornsworn: Denounced or worse, they curse your names under their breaths. Are the dead gods listening? Gain +1 ▼.

You wait for them to leave, then enter. "Heramides of Itanos?"

An old man in a plain gray robe rises from a papyrus-cluttered desk. Sun and time have left his face a mosaic of crisscrossing canyons.

"Not long now." He chuckles with a wry smile. "Looking for information about Theseus? Which one? Theseus the Fallen Hero, Liberator of Crete? Or Theseus the Firebrand who left Crete in pieces?"

"We want the truth."

"Truth? Bah! The truth won't satisfy anyone."

If the Minoan Guide is with you, **see 0036.** If the Old Spinner is with you, **see 0044.**

Choose:

1. *Theseus's plight was true. He was wronged in life. Let him not be wronged in death. You choose "The Fallen Hero."*
Hornsworn: Diplomacy +1. **See 0033.**
2. *Theseus might've meant well, but his ill-fated rebellion left Crete in shambles, the people starving, and the Horned Guard weakened to the point they can no longer keep the peace—or stop the rising tide of the maze. You choose "the Firebrand."*
Minoans: Diplomacy +1. **See 0034.**
3. *Sometimes truth needs to be obscured, and sometimes put to light. The choice is the burden and many do not want to carry the weight. You do. "Truth is rarely a comfort. But truth is what we seek."*
Labyrinthians: Diplomacy +1. **See 0035.**

10 Ashes of Cydonia ⊡⊨ *Voyage*

You walk through the ruins of a once great polis. It was called Cydonia, though in a generation no one will remember. Most of the buildings have been razed to their foundations. The Grand Temple of Poseidon has partially collapsed into the sea, its insides revealed to all like an open wound. Red blotches mark the spot where the Hekaton smashed a group of worshipers clinging blindly to their dead faith, while below, the sea is filled with bloated corpses.

You continue along a path of broken columns and trees, carefully crossing small chasms in the shape of gargantuan fists. There are dead everywhere, so many they're impossible to count. You notice the horned helmets of the Minoans, mangled and broken like nutshells . . . or maybe these were dented in the first place, the callsign of the Hornsworn?

Some of the dismembered bodies are unrecognizable, save for the small patches of unbroken, unbruised, unburned and unflayed skin, where their maze tattoos are showing.

Disaster favors all.

Each Argonaut tests Courage (9+).
Fail: Gain +1 **A**. Party leader also gains 1 Despair token.

If Labyrinthians: Denounced or worse, **see 0042.** Otherwise, **see 0045.**

Till Death ⊡⊨ *Supernatural*

You arrive at the place where the city of Phaistos once stood. Now a gaping angular sinkhole has swallowed most of it, revealing the zigzagging stone bones of the Labyrinth, gnawing at the old polis's foundations for dead gods know how long.

You came to Phaistos because the Theseus's trail seemingly ends here. This was a rebel city, punished severely after Minos regained control, but back then those known as Hornsworn could walk these streets freely. It stands to reason this was Theseus's seat of power and staging ground.

"Ariadne visited Phaistos in secret many times," says Petra. "Officially, to give thanks to Poseidon. Maybe the old high priest knows something?"

You look to the acropolis. The better part of the temple hill has slid into the darkness of the sinkhole, but a lone promontory still stands.

Choose:

1. *You don't like the idea of traveling above ground. You'll be meeting all kinds of dastards, looters, and worse, and your approach to the temple will be seen a mile off by mortals and monsters alike. The mazequake uncovered labyrinth tunnels, these will surely take you to the top. You go below ground.* **See 0055.**
2. *The tunnels may not be deserted, but even if they are, their effects on the mind are too dangerous to brush off. You could get lost in there. You'll take your chances with bandits. You go above ground.* **See 0056.**

0001

Petra guides you along the desiccated shore. Here and there, small maze fragments protrude from the sand like discarded shells.

"When I was a little girl, this place was peaceful," muses Petra, "though men came for tribute just the same. My father always got sad when he saw Minos's sails. Well," she adds quietly, "except for once."

"What happened that time?"

She gives you a strange look.

"The sea was festooned with flowers. Beautiful. Prince Androgeos had died at Athens. The king mourned, the island . . . not so much. Nobody knew it would come to the Minotaur. That Minos would lose it." You reach a cliff where steps have been carved into the very stone. "If not for Theseus, we would have all ended up in Minotaur's belly!"

You carefully climb the hand-cut steps, taking care not to slip on the damp stone. When you're about two-thirds of the way up, a lone guard in a tattered robe bars your path.

"Turn back, outlanders! This is Theseus's domain!"

"That is why we have come."

The guard looks uneasy, but seeing your numbers, decides not to push his luck. At the top of the stairs, a natural fissure in the cliff serves as the entrance to the Hornsworn's hold. The inside is dark and cramped. This must've been an excellent defensible position during the war. The walls are cracked, however, and here and there, the ceiling has caved in. Theseus's hideout might've outlasted Minos, but it will not outlast time. As you pass through the tight corridors, more and more warriors join your file. They wear ragged chitons, cloaks and helms with broken horns, but in the fleeting light of the torch you notice flashes of polished bronze plates underneath.

"People flocked to Theseus," whispers Petra.

"We've noticed."

"It wasn't just for show, you know. Theseus had a way with words, but he walked the walk. He was a man of purpose. He wanted to make the world a better place . . ."

"Too bad his followers don't seem to follow his example . . ."

You reach a spacious cavern converted into a dormitory and warehouse. There are stacks of crates and sealed amphoras wrapped in cloth, ready for shipping.

"Outsiders." The deep voice instantly makes you feel unwelcome. "Who invited you?"

The speaker, a fat, haggard man sitting on an improvised throne covered in cow hides, grimaces at your sight.

"We come like the tide," answers one of you softly. "The shore's dried up. Petra's people cannot carry your burden anymore."

"Her people are under my protection." He gestures to Petra. "If you interfere, many will suffer."

If the Minoan Guide is with you, **see 0002.** Then choose:

1. *You do not like his tone. These Hornsworn are preying on nearby villages. You cannot do anything about the sea dryjng up—but you can do something about bullies. You confront the Hornsworn and drive them out.*
Hornsworn: Diplomacy -1. Minoans: Diplomacy -1. **See 0005.**
2. *These people are nothing more than bandits. And bandits can be reasoned with. It's just a matter of finding the right price. You bargain with them to leave Petra's people alone.*
Lose 5 Trireme resources. **See 0009.**
3. *You feel as if something is amiss. Or maybe it's paranoia talking. You'd like to know more about the situation, but prying may make matters worse. Nevertheless, you investigate further.*
Gain +2 ▼. **See 0007.**

0002

"The Hornsworn. Crete was torn apart for this. Leave them be," says the princess cautiously. "I believe there is a grander prize here, one you would surely covet. I'll pay these people off so we may look for it."

Choose:

1. *Agree to the princess's proposal.*
Hornsworn: Diplomacy -2 Minoan: Diplomacy +1. **See 0010.**
2. *Deal with the Hornsworn yourself.* **Return to 0001.**

0003

You are swarmed by warriors and quickly subdued.

"We contacted the Argo a while ago," says the party leader. "That titanic weight will be here any moment."

"I am aware," says Oriphos slowly. "But what's a body without a head? I propose this: you let us leave here peacefully and we will let you live. Fair?"

You're in no position to negotiate. Thankfully, Oriphos keeps his word and releases you once his fleet enters the open sea.

"Do not tangle in our affairs ever again," he warns. "You may have the power of Titans at your beck and call, but we are a nation. We do not start fights, but we do finish them."

You watch the Symmachy fleet disappear on the horizon. The sting of defeat is softened a bit by the knowledge that while all this was going on, one of you managed to sneak onboard their command trireme and steal a papyrus with a list of Minoan contacts. There was a smaller note hidden with the scroll that says, "Theseus failed at his post. See that you do not.—A."

Mark N2. Gain +1 ▼ and +1 ⚠. **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0004

You don't want to stay here longer than necessary, so you get straight to the point. You've brought valuables, gold and jewels—things this sort of people kill themselves over, things people like you find utterly meaningless.

"Monsters abound," says Oriphos. "In the cold waters of the northeast, sirens scale rocks made of ice, while in the south a giant demon patrols the skies with malicious intent, what quarry it pursues, I do not know."

"We do," the party leader says. "But what of Crete?"

"Doomed, I suppose."

Gain +1 ⚠. Hornsworn: Diplomacy +1.

As you turn to leave, Oriphos volunteers, "The maze stifles the land and its people. Slave triremes of the Stewards sail the sea yet again. One of them, retaken by the Hornsworn, is anchored here. Its contents are of no use to us, however I have a feeling you might give it purpose . . ."

When you board the Stewards' trireme, the smugglers' fleet disperses. Was this a trap? You don't think that it was. You move along the bow toward the open hold, noting the damage the ship has sustained: burn marks on deck, black smudges of ambrosia on the hull, a dented bronze shield with a lambda painted on it. This ship sailed to Sparta, you reckon, far from home.

When you look down the hold, you gasp in disbelief. A malnourished Titan bound in black iron chains. It looks up at you defiantly. Those chains were forged by inhuman hands from sterner stuff—and so was this Titan.

Gain 1 Spartan Dreamwalker (you'll find it in the Cycle II Pattern cards). **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0005

The smirk disappears from the fat man's face. He leans forward in his throne. You can smell the wine from here. "By Theseus's mandate I rule. Get the hell out of my keep!"

You let out a heavy sigh.

"I'm afraid we can't do that."

"Then you will be carried!"

The Hornsworn warriors who followed you here draw their swords. Little do they know, your men were ready the moment they entered the war room.

"After you."

Each Argonaut tests Fury (7+). Gain +1 **A** to add +1.
Fail: *You are wounded during the skirmish.* Gain +2 **A**.
0–1 success: *The Hornsworn are more numerous than anticipated and well organized. Their response takes you by surprise. You suffer severe losses, though the Hornsworn also pay in blood, including their leader. Seeing you have a whole ship of reinforcements, including the Titans, they retreat further inland.*
Gain +1 ⚠.
2+ successes: *You quickly gain the upper hand and force the Hornsworn out. With their numbers thinned, you doubt they'll be back. The villagers are thankful and offer their support in your search.*
Gain +1 ▼.

Regardless of the result, **see 0011.**

0006

A ground-shaking roar echoes between the trees through the Mazed Forest. You've learned to fear these low, booming tones. Then the screaming starts. You rush toward the source. The screams grow louder. Your hearts beat faster. Now a trail of broken branches and uprooted trees marks your path, an erratic account of the monster's rampage. Closer still, you start to find bodies crushed and mangled beyond all recognition.

Finally, you arrive at a camp—or what's left of it—where the Hekaton is playing a game of cat and mouse with several dozen islanders. They stand no chance.

Labyrinthians: Diplomacy -2, Hornsworn: Diplomacy +1 or Minoans: Diplomacy +1.

You attack the monster from a distance and draw the Hekaton away from the islanders. The dense forest gives you an unexpected advantage. Gnarled branches and roots provide ample hiding spots and somewhat negate the Primordial's size advantage.

You lead the Hekaton all the way to the edge of the forest and plan to lag low until the mindless creature loses interest and goes away.

It stops. The long, lean hands growing on top of its muscular body arrange themselves into a grotesque simulacrum of a human head. It looks to the west—if it had eyes, that is—and . . . frowns?

You tense up, knowing something is wrong. The monster grabs a giant boulder, half buried in the ground, takes a run-up, and hurls the megalithic stone with a force that would crush mountains. You trace the parabolic arc of the improvised projectile and your hearts sink.

Many miles to the west, the boulder smashes

into Argo's hull. You can only imagine the damage it has wrought. The Hekaton roars triumphantly and retreats into the forest.

Lose -1 and subtract -2 . The leader gains +1 Ω. **See 0012.**

0007

Your attention is drawn to the Hornsworn leader's adviser, an inconspicuous man trying to blend in. You remember that man from your visit to Knossos: one of the Minoan Dynasty's courtiers, or perhaps a spy. Your eyes dart from guard to guard and you notice the subtle inconsistencies: the ragged cloaks but shiny xiphos blades and sharp spear tips, the broken, dented helms but pristine limothoraxes.

The empty looks, and the full bellies.

These are Horned Guard masquerading as the Hornsworn.

"As you know, we are looking for Minos on behalf of Princess Phaedra." The fat man is dumbfounded. "And she will not look kindly on those who stand in our way, especially those whom she has power over. Do you understand?"

He clearly does. As the "Hornsworn" clear the keep, Petra is in awe of your clout.

"Maybe you truly are here to finish what Theseus started."

With Petra's help, you're able to explore the keep. In a murky cavern recently uncovered by the receding sea level, the remains of some giant, ancient stonework have stood the test of time. Among the broken pillars, you find a translucent amphora made of an unknown material. Inside it is a viscous fluid with properties described by your philosophers as paracausal.

 is 'four'

Gain 1 Sisyphus Tear. Minoans: Diplomacy -2. **See 0011.**

0008

You have had your fill of these type of carrion eaters. You fein interest and engage in trade talks, while two of you secretly return to the Argo. *When your triremes enter the cave—Titans onboard—the smugglers scramble to battle positions. As you suspected, they are far better trained and armed than they appeared. Still, no match for Titans.*

The smugglers, however, are not in it for the fight. Two ships are set aflame and sent to block your forces, while the rest disperse.

In the morning, you inspect the charred wrecks only to discover they were fireboats from the start: a contingency for just such an occasion.

The smugglers left behind the Stewards' trireme. You quickly realize why: in the ship's hold is a giant stone block, a fragment of the maze, with stone roots burrowing deep into the hull and possibly beyond. Sailors with maze-marked faces tried to break the roots free only to succumb to their tainted influence and die.

Party leader gains the Mazetouched Affliction. Gain +1 and +1 . Labyrinthians: Diplomacy +1, Hornsworn: Diplomacy -1. **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0009

"The sea is gone and with it, its bounty. The villages here will not sustain your … operation for long. But you are a smart man. You know that already." You carefully choose your words. "There are greener pastures, surely. You're clearly preparing to move on. Maybe we could help you speed up this transition?"

The fat man smiles a crooked smile.

Choose:

1. *"We could make your transition painless with a generous contribution."*

Offer a bribe: lose 1 Armament or 2 Monument resources.

2. If Minoans: Friendly or better: *We have a grand ship, the* Argo. *Maybe you've heard of it?" He clearly has. "There is ample space there, and food, and adventure. We do not turn anyone away."*

Offer a place on the *Argo*. Gain +1 and +2 .

3. *You convince the Hornsworn to leave, making promises you can't keep. You tell yourself it's better than leaving the village to fend for itself, though the scales of the Fates are unyielding and a price will be paid in the end.*

It seems you don't have anything of value to offer. Gain +2 and +1 .

Regardless of your choice, **see 0011.**

0010

Princess Acacallis has a way with words and these Hornsworn lap them up hungrily. Soon you are on your way to the lower levels of the keep.

"Will they leave my village alone?" asks Petra.

"Certainly," Acacallis smiles wryly. "They know this coast is doomed. In their hearts, they wanted to leave. They just needed a little push."

Petra's face remains dour. All she heard was "doomed."

In a murky cavern recently uncovered by the receding sea level, the remains of some giant, ancient stonework have stood the test of time. Among the broken pillars, you find a translucent amphora made of an unknown material. Inside it is a viscous fluid with properties described by your philosophers as paracausal.

 is 'nine'

Gain 1 Sisyphus Tear. Gain +1 . **See 0011.**

0011

You return to the settlement to share the good news. The villagers celebrate their newfound freedom with a humble feast. Petra, for her part, offers her continued services as a guide, at least until you stay on the Cretan Shore.

"You know," says Petra, gazing up at the bright stars of the night sky. "You remind me much of Theseus. He also was reluctant at first. This wasn't his fight either. But on a night not unlike this one, he met his reason. Ariadne."

Least likely Argonaut gains the *A Night to Remember* Mnemos card.

0012

"You did what you could," says Petra, sensing your apprehension. "In the end, Theseus did too. I think he felt responsible for Minos's son's death at Marathon and came here to make amends. But fighting for death can only take you so far. Ariadne showed him how to fight for life."

Return to the Voyage Phase.

0013

You try to steer the conversation, but you quickly find yourselves outmatched. Orphos doesn't look like much, but he might as well have studied rhetoric under Aristotle. "This is quite pointless," he says suddenly. "I know who you are, and you know we are not who we say we are. I know you will not be dissuaded and that you have a lot of weight to throw around, if need be. There is no need. We are the Symmachy."

If C2 is marked, **see 0019.**
If C3 is marked or 6+, **see 0003.**
Otherwise, **see 0026.**

0014

You journey through the maze-changed forest, following the trail of corruption. The further you go, the more surreal the landscape becomes. Soon you're traveling through an angular, symmetrical forest reminiscent of the crude cave paintings you've been seeing around the island, more hieroglyphic than natural.

If 6+, **see 0006.** Otherwise continue:

You arrive at a massive sinkhole, though the flat surfaces and right angles at which it cuts into the ground make it seem like a deliberate design, like a quarry.

There's a small shantytown down there, leantos encircling a hand-carved statue of a tentacled triangle. These are the missing people you've been looking for. Not kidnapped or killed but driven here by despair and a desperate need for answers. Many seem catatonic. Others cower at the sight of you. These are the Labyrinthians.

Choose:

1. *They linger here like lambs awaiting slaughter. The Truth of the Labyrinth claims more unfortunates each day. You will not stand by while the fabric of society erodes into nothingness. You decide to disperse the coven.*

Labyrinthians: Diplomacy -1 Hornsworn: Diplomacy +1. **See 0016.**

2. *Who are you to tell these people how to live? They've suffered under Minos. They've suffered through the war. Now you would displace them again? You choose to leave them be.*

Hornsworn: Diplomacy -1. **See 0020.**

0015

You journey through the maze-changed forest, looking for the elusive Hornsworn. With each minute you draw breath in this place, an unknown fear grips you tighter and tighter. The further you are, the more surreal the landscape becomes. Soon you're traveling through an angular, symmetrical forest reminiscent of the crude cave paintings you've been seeing around the island, more hieroglyphic than natural.

If 6+, **see 0006.** Otherwise continue:

You arrive at a massive, tree-covered mound. The Labyrinth, with its many outcrops, has raised the ground here, uncovering an underground structure, a burial site of old. Nearby, an overturned Minoan wagon and rotting Horned Guard corpses serve as a grim warning.

 is 'five'

This must be Theseus's hideout. Before you are able to canvass the area properly, a host of warriors in tarnished, dented armor spills out from the mound. Unsheathed swords show their intentions and their sunken eyes betray a deeper hunger: for meaning or maybe for a noble death.

Choose:

1. *They may have been honorable once, who could say? But now they're common bandits. You will deliver swift justice and question those who are left. You fight them.*

Hornsworn: Diplomacy -1, Minoans: Diplomacy +2. **See 0017.**

2. *This island has bled enough already. Someone has to put an end to this cycle of violence, and it might as well be you. If you absolve them of their crimes and give them a way out, maybe, just maybe, they'll take it. You appeal to their lost ways.*

Minoans: Diplomacy -1. **See 0018.**

0016

You banish the ringleaders of the hollow faith and extend an invitation to their followers. Only a handful take you up on your offer. The others would rather stay and starve than go with you. This fanaticism instills doubt in your own crew. Or maybe it's the aura of this place? This never ending forest of symmetry …

Gain +1 Priest (of Demeter). Each Argonaut tests Will or Courage (9+). Gain +2 to add +2. If you have *Hope Logic* Technology card, add +1.

0–2 successes: *You fail to inspire confidence in your comrades and many start to feel that there may be some truth in the Labyrinthians's creed.*

Gain +1 . Lose -1 Titan.

3–4 successes: *On your way back, one of the escorting Titans goes missing. All you find is its bloodied Antikratos Helm.*

Lose -1 Titan.

Regardless of the result, **see 0012.**

0017

The battle is short and brutal. Your men, backed up by a Titan, quickly gain the upper hand and force the Hornsworn back. They retreat into the mound and the fight continues in the spacious corridors of the hideout. These tunnels were clearly built for creatures grander than mortals. Suddenly, the Titan triggers an ancient trap, and a stone pillar the size of a trireme smashes them into the wall. The Hornsworn surrender not long after that, but the loss of the Titan will be deeply felt.

Lose -1 Titan, gain +1 . **See 0012.**

0018

"Theseus wanted to bring peace to these troubled lands," says the party leader. "So people like you might lay down their weapons and dedicate themselves to grander causes, like living a good life. He may not be here with us"—they look at Petra—"but his spirit echoes in the Argonauts's creed. Everyone gets lost from time to time, but there is a place on the Argo *for all."*

The Hornsworn stand there, dumbfounded. One after another, they drop their weapons. Some fall to their knees, as if from exhaustion, while others weep long-held-back tears.

Gain +1 and +2 . **See 0012.**

0019

"Forgive the charade, but the purported sins of Athens are still fresh in Minoan minds, even so many years later," says Orphos with a sad smile. "This is easier. However, there need not be any falsehoods among friends. The Symmachy is here to help. What do you need?" You explain your current predicament and Orphos nods solemnly. "We may help you with that. Theseus sent us some rather detailed maps before—" He stops, seeing your surprise. "Oh. You did not know. Yes, Theseus was of the Symmachy … before the Eschaton. Before the Symmachy became the Symmachy. Synoikismos. I do not know much of his exploits after he—after his priorities changed. Love makes us all do foolish things. It can free us or condemn us, no?"

Gain +1 and +2 . **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0020

You question them thoroughly, then leave them to their own devices. Their lives are in their hands. How they intend to squander them is no business of yours. At least, that's what you'll tell yourself to sleep at night. But the men and women who look to you see only helplessness, and helplessness invites despair. Soon the news of the forest coven spreads and many more villagers answer the call of the Labyrinth during the night.

Gain +1 and +1 . **See 0012.**

0021

The Labyrinthian priest doesn't care about the box and is willing to part with it … for a price. He just wants you and your men to listen. You hastily agree, as anything is better than bloodshed.

Each Argonaut tests Cunning or Wisdom (8+). Gain +1 to add +1.

Fail: *When you descended the maze staircase, you cut yourself on the incredibly sharp stone edges. Now the wound starts to ache.*

The most likely Argonaut of the ones who failed gains the Mazetouched Affliction.

0–1 success: *As the words of despair seep in, you understand you've been beaten. You leave the hideout with the box, but with fewer crewmembers than when you came in.*

Lose -1 . Party leader gains 1 Despair token.

2–3 successes: *The Truth of the Labyrinth is seductive, maybe moreso than the teachings of the priests of old. You leave with the box and heads full of doubt.*

Gain +1 .

4+ successes: *When the priest finishes his sermon, the party leader reaches out with an empty hand and says, "That's certainly an opinion. Hard pass." Someone at the back laughs nervously.*

Lose -1 .

Regardless of the result, **see 0031.**

0026

"Now tell me truthfully, are you friend or foe?"

The party leader tests Wisdom (10+) or Cunning (11+). Each Argonaut may gain +1 to add +1.

Success: see 0019.

Fail: The party leader gains +1 and +1 , then **see 0003.**

0027

You find more bodies in the back rooms. No more warriors, though. The ruthlessness of the Horned Guard disgusts you. It seems the princesses follow in their father's footsteps all too closely.

"They did not deserve this," says Petra through clenched teeth. "Theseus would not have allowed this."

Minoans: Diplomacy -1. Gain +2 .

When you emerge from the keep-turned-crypt, there is a woman sitting on the highest step, looking down into the inlet hungrily.

"Who are you?" asks the party leader.

The woman looks at them with wet eyes.

"Once I was a priestess of Poseidon." And before you are able to utter a word, she continues, as if driven to tell her story, "But Poseidon did not look kindly on those who want to subvert the preordained order of things. He is dead, yet I still followed his poisonous words. Why? I do not know who they were. But I led them here. And I watched. There are more bodies at the bottom of this inlet than there are at the top. Will you show me the mercy the gods deny us?"

Choose:

1. *"If it is death you seek, you will not find it at our hands. Live with the fate you've brought on yourself."*

Party leader gains +2 . Lose -1 .

2. *"We do not trade in cruel justice. We—" The party leader hesitates, still unsure of their own purpose. "There is a place for you on the* Argo*."*

Gain +1 Priest (of Poseidon) and +1 .

Return to the Voyage Phase.

0028

It's hard to tell the combatants apart and you have your suspicions why. Many fell to backstabbed blows. Others have not even drawn their weapons, as if the fight took them by utter surprise. Their faces are frozen in righteous anger and the shock of disbelief. There is no deeper hurt than betrayal.

The party leader turns to Petra. "You once told us about Theseus's lieutenants, and how they vied for his respect and attention. How they were jealous of one another."

"Yes, but not … not like this …" she whispers. "They loved him. He had their bodies and souls—"

"And his body and soul belonged to another. He did not anoint a successor, did he?"

Petra lowers her head.

When you return to the Argo *and tell the Old Priest what has transpired in the keep, he says, "Let this be a lesson to us all. Find a common cause, not a common leader. Follow the dream, not the dreamer."*

Hornsworn: Diplomacy -2. Labyrinthians: Diplomacy +1. Gain +1 , +1 . **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0029

You ponder the maze pattern on the wall until your eyes water. There is no sense to it, no hidden meaning. You inspect the dead once again. As far as you can tell, there are no maze tattoos or patterns on any of the bodies. "Maybe there was only one dissenter, a catalyst for doubt, distrust, and despair?"

You find a warrior with a crushed head, the trauma matching the indentation in the maze wall. He doesn't show signs of the pattern either. "Or maybe there were none, and it was paranoia that did the Hornsworn in."

"We should not stay here long," says the party leader cautiously.

As if choosing that very moment, the rock itself groans and shakes, throwing you off-balance. Rock fragments rain from the ceiling, injuring those who did not scramble for cover quickly enough. You wait a few minutes, just in case, then leave the keep in a hurry, thanking the Centimanes for their masterful stone masonry.

Outside, you hear the distant blaring of the Argo's siren. You look to the inlet and notice a shape just beyond the waves, like a tendril, or root, or tentacle, but perfectly symmetrical, projecting far into the open sea.

The maze has struck out. The stone has only grazed the hull, but the realization makes you shudder: the sea will not stop this thing for long.

Hornsworn: Diplomacy -1. Labyrinthians: Diplomacy +1. Gain +1 , lose -1 . **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0030

The box has no value to them, yet they fiercely resist. It makes no sense. The situation quickly escalates and the Labyrinthians throw themselves at you with deathlust in their eyes. The fight is swift and one-sided. When it's over and you survey the now quiet cave, you cannot help but fear that this is the Truth of the Labyrinth, staring deep into your souls.

Party leader gains +1 Ω and +2 A. Each Argonaut gains 1 Despair token each. Gain +1 . **See 0031.**

0031

Once you're safely back on the Argo*, you study the letters:*

"Theseus. I have struggled with words in the past, not wanting to jeopardize our friendship. I can't go on like this any longer. Life is too short and precious to let it slip through your fingers. So here it goes: I love you. I want to fall asleep beside you, caress you when you wake up. If you do not want me, nothing will change. I will be there for you, as always. If you do want me, I will wait in Naxos …"

The second letter of the set is written in a different style of handwriting and left unfinished:

"I have not met a fairer woman than you, nor a better friend. Without you, nothing we do here would be possible. I will be there for you, forever." The handwriting waivers here. "But I love Ariadne."

You don't know what to make of this, or see its import. Others, however, do. What to do with the letters?

Gain +1 . If the Old Spinner is with you, **see 0032.** If the Minoan Guide is with you, you may tell her about the letters. If you do, **see 0053.** If Minoans: Unfriendly or worse, choose options 2 or 3, Minoans: Diplomacy -1. If Hornsworn: Unfriendly or worse, choose options 1 or 3, Hornsworn: Diplomacy -1. If Labyrinthians: Unfriendly or worse, choose options 1 or 2, Labyrinthians: Diplomacy -1.

Choose:

1. *Return the letters to the Minoans.* Minoans:

Diplomacy +1.

2. *Return the letters to the Hornsworn.* Hornsworn: Diplomacy +1.

3. *Keep the letters for yourself.* Labyrinthians: Diplomacy +1.

Regardless of your choice, **return to the Voyage Phase.**

0032

"Love: such a foolish, fleeting thing. It moves mountains and parts rivers. If all your life is love, what happens when that love is taken away?"

Place 1 on Inward Odyssey. **Return to paragraph 0031.**

0033

"Theseus seemed to do right by the people. Minos may have offered an illusion of stability, but it was just oppression by another name. Write a tale worthy of a hero, and we'll get the Horned Guard of your back."

Heramides hangs his head and sighs. "Very well. Theseus did do a lot of good. He stopped the sacrifices and killed the Minotaur. His love for Ariadne was also true, maybe more than his love for the people and their freedom. So why do you think he lost, on the eve of victory?"

Heramides will finish his story in grand style, yet you leave his abode with unanswered questions. You impress upon the Horned Guard that if something happens to the historian, you'll be back.

As you leave the sleepy town, you wonder who Theseus was, really.

Minoans: Diplomacy -1. Gain +1 and +1 . **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0034

"Theseus is gone and his heirs do not live up to his legacy. What Crete needs is stability, especially in the face of the threat of the maze. You need to tell a unifying tale, not one of rebellion."

Heramides hangs his head and sighs. "Very well. Theseus, like most revolutionaries, didn't think ahead. He didn't build, he only disrupted. His death left a power vacuum and his war weakened the Minoan Dynasty, arguably beyond the point of no return. The misery we reap now is also of his making. So why do you think people still think of him fondly?"

Heramides will finish his story with a dark realistic twist, yet you leave his abode with unanswered questions. You impress upon the Hornsworn that if something happens to the historian, you'll find them. The Horned Guard, emboldened by your actions, run them out of town.

As you leave the bay behind, you wonder who Theseus was, really.

Hornsworn: Diplomacy -1. Gain +1 and +1 . **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0035

"Tell us the truth, historian—the good, the bad and the ugly of it." *There is a glint in the old man's eyes. "They will hate me for it, Horned and Unhorned both. This home will not be my home for long."*

"Then there is a new home waiting for you on the Argo, if you have the courage to stand by the truth."

He smiles. "Very well. Theseus came to Crete to stop the sacrifices—because it was his own people, the Athenians, who were suffering. He couldn't care less for Crete, at first. Then he met Ariadne and everything changed. This whole war was waged for her freedom alone. Yet she died anyway, and Theseus too soon followed. Or was it the other way around? Those details are fuzzy . . ."

You leave with Heramides in tow. Both the Horned Guard and the Hornsworn eye your passage, but do not interfere: maybe because they also see the reason in your actions, maybe because they saw two Titans arrive at the pier. Who can truly know?

Hornsworn: Diplomacy -1 or Minoans: Diplomacy -1. Gain +1 and +1 . Gain +2 to gain +1 . **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0036

"This man wrote my father's biography," says Acacallis with a cruel smile on her face. *"And in it, Minos is the scion of Poseidon, born of the waves. You can advocate truth all day, old man, now that the cat's away."*

If you have 4 or more Acacallis tally marks, **see 0041.** Otherwise, **see 0043.**

0041

"So there's no truth to the myth?" "Theseus's?" Acacallis smiles wistfully. *"Maybe there is. Still, the man is gone and the island needs unity. Theseus became a martyr and those are easily used to sow chaos and destruction. I don't want to see Crete torn apart by civil war until the end of time. We need peace. Reconciliation."*

Make an Acacallis tally mark. **Return to the Life of Theseus adventure in the Man of Purpose hub.**

0042

A bloodied man grabs at your cloak, as if he recognizes you.

"You did this," he mutters.

"We were not even here."

"You did this when you pushed us to the brink!" You look at him, perplexed. His eyes widen. "You don't even remember me, do you?"

"We—"

His face turns into a scowl of hate. "Just another Labyrinthian wretch to be walked over, right? Another useless body to add to the pile. Well, the pile is overflowing now. The Truth is all the clearer."

You do not recognize the man, which makes it all the more horrifying. It dawns on you that your actions may have been a catalyst: misery only begets misery and persecution leads to extremism.

The man tries to say something, but collapses from blood loss.

Gain +1 . Each Argonaut gains 1 Despair token. The party leader gains a Fated Mnemos card. Then **see 0045.**

0043

The princess turns to you. "Theseus was a dangerous foreign threat who destabilized Crete for more than a decade. He does not deserve absolution."

If you choose the Firebrand option, Acacallis will reward you with one of the following: +2 Titans or +1 and +1 or 6 Armament resources. **Return to the Life of Theseus adventure in the Man of Purpose hub.**

0044

"Remember our little talk? Words are easy. Living by them, not so. It seems like you're choosing what to do, while in actuality you're choosing who you are."

If you choose option 3, place 1 on Inward Odyssey. **Return to the Life of Theseus adventure in the Man of Purpose hub.**

0045

You notice motion uphill and rush forward, eagerly. Too eagerly. You desperately want someone to save, to make sense of this tragedy.

A lone tholos has somehow avoided the total destruction that surrounds it. Only its crooked dome marks the Primordial's passage, black gooey liquid dripping down in huge drops.

Under the tholos's questionable protection, a group of refugees stands watch around a crude statue. Another group, more numerous but no less haggard, harasses them:

"Lies!" shouts the man leading the aggressive mob. *"You've built this place on lies!"*

"Shut up, you worthless shit! Your faith has torn Crete apart!"

"Ariadne and her lover did that long ago! People are dying around you, and you're standing watch by a statue?!"

Another woman steps forward and adds bitterly, "You love the dead so much? Maybe you should join them!"

Those defending the statue are the Hornsworn, while their would-be oppressors are the Labyrinthians. How things change . . .

The statue itself depicts a tall, lean woman with a ball of yarn in her hand, in the embrace of a handsome, armor-clad man.

Choose:

1. *This world is full of evil and strife. It's good to have something to believe in. From what you've learned, Ariadne and Theseus's love was true—or true enough—to be looked up to. You'll side with the Hornsworn and protect the statue.*

Hornsworn: Diplomacy +1. **See 0047.**

2. *The Labyrinthians believe in nothing, yet this time they are right. If the Hornsworn stay here, they are putting themselves in danger. You need to keep the living alive. The dead can fend for themselves. You'll side with the Labyrinthians and disperse the Hornsworn.*

Labyrinthians: Diplomacy +1. **See 0048.**

3. *A pointless idol or no ideals at all—that is no choice. You need to prioritize lives, no matter the cost. Besides, at least one of these factions hates your guts and won't be reasoned with, so you might as well force them to listen. You'll side with none and disperse both groups.*

Gain +2 . **See 0049.**

0047

If Labyrinthians: Denounced or worse, *you try to calm the angry mob down, but you only make it worse. The tussle ends as soon as the first Labyrinthian body hits the ground. You're seen as the brute, same as the Minoan Dynasty who oppressed them for decades. When you return to the ship, you're fewer in number. Many have abandoned your cause, seeing you're no different from the rulers of old.*

Lose -1 and gain +1 .

Otherwise, *you appeal to the Labyrinthians' empathy. They know how it feels to be persecuted. If they truly differ from the old religions, they should stand side and let the Hornsworn be. The Labyrinthians consider your words and slowly disperse, though some look at you with disdain.*

Lose -1 .

Regardless, *the Hornsworn thank you for your intercession and regale you with those few scraps of information they possess. As you leave the tholos behind, you wonder what will become of them.*

Gain +1 and +1 . Labyrinthians: Diplomacy -1. **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0048

If Hornsworn: Denounced or worse, *you try reason with them, but they are deaf to your cautious words. The Labyrinthians tire of your tirade and someone tosses a rock. The Hornsworn retaliate with rusted swords and spears. The situation devolves into a three-way melee. You retreat, but not without suffering losses.* Lose -1 .

Otherwise, *you appeal to the Hornsworn's sense of honor and legacy. If they truly believe in Ariadne and Theseus's undying love, should they not live to tell the tale? After all, if they had not survived when Theseus fell, who would stand here now? The Hornsworn heed your words, though many see this as a surrender to the Truth of the Labyrinth.* Subtract -1 .

Regardless, *the Labyrinthians, content that you took their side, offer you what little information they possess. Then they proceed to demolish the statue. Against the background of the dying polis, the absurdity of it all nauseates you.*

Gain +1 , +1 and +1 . Hornsworn: Diplomacy -1. **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0049

"Look around you. Look at what has befallen your proud polis. Clinging to a symbol of stone when there are those of flesh in need of help is folly, while opposing such notions is pointless. You could do so much with your lives and you want to waste them here? The gods are dead, but we are not. Do not draw our ire. Go now."

You order your warriors to separate both groups and force them to leave the site. It does not go as smoothly as you would have hoped. Small tussles break out here and there, but thankfully there are no casualties.

Hornsworn: Diplomacy -1. Labyrinthians: Diplomacy -1. Minoans: Diplomacy +1 Lose -1 , gain +1 . **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0050

You arrive at a small chamber, its walls a moving tapestry of intersecting lines. Some people are huddled around a few small fires. In the faint light, you notice maze grooves on their forearms and faces, and places where flesh starts to part. There are others, not yet marked but bloodied and shaken—survivors of the recent cataclysm. Those are being inducted into the cult.

You ready your weapons, but one of their ranks opens their arms as if to say "Look at us. Look at what we've become. Look at this city and tell us any of it makes sense. That any of it has meaning." They say, "Do you dare challenge the Truth of the world even if it spits in your eye?"

"We've endured squalls and storms," says the party leader, touching an old scar that hasn't healed properly. "What's a little spit?"

The Labyrinthian looks at you, dumbstruck by your bravery—or bravado—and cracks a smile. "Some of those in the temple have lost their minds and are sacrificing the unwilling. This is not the Truth. Help us stop this madness." He blurts out the words so fast you barely register them, as if he was afraid that if he didn't say them quickly, he would not say them at all.

Choose:

1. *You find there are degrees to the Labyrinthians. You'll help these people stop the sacrifices, and maybe some of them will see the light of meaning. Or, at the very least, they'll help you find the high priest.*

Labyrinthians: Diplomacy +1. Gain +1 . Note "Labyrinthians" and **see 0060.**

2. *These are still Labyrinthians, and they are still advocating for the void's embrace. Just because they don't kill people outright doesn't mean their hands are clean. You will stop the sacrifices, but you will stop the conversion of these survivors first.*

Labyrinthians: Diplomacy -1. **See 0059.**

3. *If there are sacrifices being made, you need to rush forward. This Labyrinthian means well and wants to help, but in a real fight he may become a liability. You rush ahead to stop the sacrifices yourself.*

Gain +1 . **See 0060.**

0053

If you have 4 or more Acacallis tally marks, **see 0057.** Otherwise, **see 0054.**

0054

The Minoan princess is furious and wants you to return the letters to the Dynasty at once.

If you don't intend to return them to the Minoans, Minoans: Diplomacy -1. **Return to 0031.**

0055

You venture into the maze tunnels beneath the acropolis. You've dealt with the Labyrinth before. You steel yourselves against its corrupting influence, yet this time it feels different, more . . . personal. You try to remain focused and push forward, but hopelessness permeates the stone, the very air you breathe.

Each Argonaut tests Will or Endurance (10+). Subtract -1 if you are Mazetouched. Add +1 for the Old Spinner and K10. Add +2 if Labyrinthians: Friendly or better. Add +5 for F5. Gain +1 to add +1. Peril. The Argonaut with the Silver Ball of Yarn passes this test automatically.

Fail: *Despair overtakes you and you can't help but think it will never get better.*

Gain 1 Despair token.

0–1 success: *You wander through the crisscrossing tunnels, feeling more lost by the second—lost in this place and lost in life. You look back at your journey and can't help but feel it has all been pointless.*

Remove 3 random Trauma cards from Grave Trauma deck. Add the *Recovery* Event to the Timeline, 6 days from now: when it triggers, you may return the removed Trauma cards to the deck.

2+ successes: *You have felt this paralyzing feeling all too often, this sense of not belonging or drifting away. A friend nearby puts their hand on your shoulder and squeezes gently. This is enough. You are never alone.*

Random Argonaut gains +1 .

Regardless of the result, **see 0050.**

0056

You traverse the devastated landscape at a steady pace, by now accustomed to navigating maze-changed terrain. Your orderly advance gives even the hardiest bandit pause and you proceed unobstructed. However, there are more than mere bandits here.

As you look into the gaping hole where the city once stood, something stirs. It was too big to comprehend before. But now . . . What you took for rubble and muddied pools of rainwater is a slimy, slug-like body, and the Maze outcrops a hardened shell. Each restless spasm like an earthquake aftershock.

The Temenos is still here, reveling in its destruction. Just a quick nap between calamities.

If any of you is Watched or 6+, add a Temenos Battle to the Timeline, 1 day from now.

You quickly move forward. No one says a word until you reach the canopy of the lower temple, of Helios you believe, hanging precariously from a newly made cliff.

"The fabled Argonauts." Before you stands a Minoan captain in dented, bloodied armor, a unit of guardsmen behind her and an even bigger group of civilians at the back. "I am Parathena of the Guard," she says matter-of-factly. "I've been tasked with evacuating this city. I would kindly ask for your assistance."

"The Labyrinthians in the temple above us have gone mad," she continues. "They're sacrificing survivors. They're poorly armed and disorganized. We can move in and pacify them with few casualties. However, the Hornsworn sympathizers in the city have decided this is the best time to strike at the Dynastic Order. I can't fight and protect people at the same time."

If Minoans: At War, option 1 is unavailable. If Hornsworn: At War, option 2 is unavailable.

Choose:

1. *There is no love lost between you and the Horned Guard, but preserving life takes precedence over a political struggle. You need to reach the temple and stop the sacrifices. If the way goes through the Hornsworn, so be it. You help the Horned Guard.*

Minoans: Diplomacy +1. Hornsworn: Diplomacy -1. Note "Horned Guard." **See 0061.**

2. *It's easy for the aggressor to call for peace when the tables are turned. How many died under the foot of the Dynasty before the Hornsworn said "enough"? You do need help, but not from the Horned Guard. Instead, you reach out to the Hornsworn.*

Minoans: Diplomacy -1. Hornsworn: Diplomacy +1. Note "Hornsworn." **See 0062.**

3. *If there are sacrifices being made, you need to rush forward. Petty squabbles in the face of doom are what got Crete into this crisis in the first place. You don't have time to deal with it. Everyone needs to fend for themselves. You rush ahead to stop the sacrifices yourself.*

Gain +1 . **See 0060.**

0057

"These letters!" she exclaims. *"They were written by Phaedra." She's clearly taken aback by this.*

"You didn't know?"

Acacallis looks so vulnerable in the moment. "I . . . suspected, but—Oh, Phaedra! What have you done?"

Make an Acacallis tally mark. Ignore the Minoan Diplomacy penalties for your choice. **Return to 0031.**

0059

"You're telling people here there is no meaning to life, but oppose the murders that are going on upstairs? You preach your 'Truth' and encourage others to do the same. What did you think would happen?"

You order your crew to disperse the Labyrinthians and aid the survivors. Many thank you for your intercession. Others are only more confused.

If Minoans: Allied, *the few members of the Horned Guard accompanying the survivors offer their help.*

Note "Horned Guard." Subtract -1 .

If Hornsworn: Allied, *the Hornsworn hiding among the survivors are ready and eager to help. Their passion is contagious!*

Note "Hornsworn." The party leader gains +1 .

Then **see 0060.**

0060

As you enter the naos of the Grand Temple of Poseidon, you freeze, the sight of carnage shaking even the stoutest souls among your crew. The floor is wet with blood and the air is filled with screams of people pleading for their lives, or crying, or laughing maniacally, like it is the Eschaton again. This is the naked Truth of the Labyrinth, the total loss of meaning.

There are dozens of people in the naos alone, possibly more in the adyton at the back, including any ringleaders of the cult and the high priest—if he's still alive.

Choose from the options available to you, based on what you noted previously:

1. "Horned Guard." *Let Parathena's warriors cover the main hall and move directly to the adyton.*

Hornsworn: Diplomacy -1. **See 0063.**

2. "Hornsworn." *Let the Hornsworn secure the naos and move directly to the adyton.*

Minoans: Diplomacy -1. **See 0064.**

3. "Labyrinthians." *Let the Labyrinthians calm their brothers and sisters down, while you move directly to the adyton.*

Labyrinthians: Diplomacy +1. **See 0065.**

4. *The Grand Temple is huge and you can't be in two places at once. You need to prioritize the people's lives first.*

Secure the naos. **See 0066.**

5. *The Grand Temple is huge and you can't be in two places at once. You need to strike at the head of the Labyrinthians first.*

Secure the adyton. **See 0067.**

0061

"I'm grateful," says Parathena, ordering some of her warriors to move the civilians out of the city. "And for the record, I don't blame the Hornsworn. Things need to change. But violence is not the way."

You start the ascent to the Grand Temple of Poseidon, but as soon as you reach the crippled acropolis, the Hornsworn who are lying in wait spring their trap.

Each Argonaut tests Fury (10+). Gain +1 and/or +1 to gain +1 for each.

Fail: *You are badly wounded.*
Gain +1 Ⱥ.

0–1 success: *Even though you anticipated the ambush, the Hornsworn manage to take you by surprise. The Horned Guard and your crew hold their ground and use their numbers to push the Hornsworn into the tunnels below. The death toll is high, though, and you wonder, who really won here?*
Gain +1 ⏃.

2–3 successes: *You're evenly matched and use your numbers advantage wisely, drawing the unruly Hornsworn out from their positions and leveling the playing field.*
Subtract -1 ⛛.

4 successes: *The Hornsworn may have sprung their trap, but they failed to anticipate your own ruse: a squad of warriors under the party leader's command sneaked past the sentries and now strikes from the rear at the Hornsworn command. Taken prisoner, the Hornsworn command quickly order their forces to surrender.*
Subtract -2 ⛛. Place 1 ⛛ on Inward Odyssey.

Regardless of the result, you suffer some losses. Lose -1 ✕. There will be time to mourn them later. Now you ascend to the acropolis: **see 0060.**

0062

"We know you're out there!" the party leader shouts toward the toppling temple of Helios. "We hear your plight. Help us retake the acropolis and we will send these Horned Guard on their way."

Parathena's eyes turn cold. She slowly reaches for her weapon, but before she's able to draw it, a man emerges from the ruins.

"So you say, outlander. So you say."

The party leader tests Wisdom or Cunning (12+). Each Argonaut may gain +1 Ⱥ and/or +1 Ψ to add +1 each.

Fail: *Your words calling for calm and unity fall on deaf ears. The Hornsworn take this opportunity to attack their hated enemy. As one of your own falls to a loyalist's sword, you are forced to join the fight. It doesn't last long. Caught between two forces, the Horned Guard are routed. Many civilians were caught in the melee. You wonder who will protect the rest.*
Gain +1 ⏃.

Success: *You succeed in brokering a cease fire. The Horned Guard will escort the civilians out of the city, while the Hornsworn warriors will help you retake the Grand Temple of Poseidon. Neither side is happy with this deal, and so you are satisfied with the compromise.*
Subtract -2 ⛛.

Regardless of the result, *the Horned Guard will remember your part in this and will go to great lengths to teach you not to mess with the Dynasty.*
Lose -1 Titan. Now, however, you ascend to the acropolis: proceed to **0060**.

0063

As you move to the adyton in the back, the Horned Guard begins to pacify the violent Labyrinthians in the naos with minimal violence. You thank the Fates they put Parathena in your path. You can't imagine what would have happened without her.

Labyrinthians: Diplomacy -1. Thanks to Parathena, gain 4 Armaments resources. **See 0069.**

0064

As you move to the adyton in the back, the Hornsworn engage the violent Labyrinthians in the naos. For better or worse, they will make short work of them.

Labyrinthians: Diplomacy -1. *After they're done and without anywhere to go, the Hornsworn want to join you.* Gain +1 ✕. **See 0069.**

0065

As you move to the adyton in the back, the peaceful Labyrinthians begin to break up their brethren. As you suspected, they're no warriors, and some of your crewmembers need to double back and help them so they're not overwhelmed.

Minoans: Diplomacy -1. Lose -1 ✕. Subtract -2 ⛛. **See 0069.**

0066

Though you would like nothing more than to get your hands on the black-clad leaders of this carnage, that will have to wait. You order your crew to wade into the chaos and pacify the violent Labyrinthians by any means necessary.

You manage to save most of the mazequake survivors in the naos, but the adyton has grown silent. The sacrifices inside were performed with more ritual and care, which somehow seems more awful. Everyone is dead, including the black-clad leaders . . . and the high priest of Poseidon. It was all for naught.

Among the bodies you find a strange item the size of an amphora, but the shape of a perfect cube. Its sides are covered in finely grooved maze pattern. You decide to take it with you, for study.

Minoans: Diplomacy -1. Hornsworn: Diplomacy -1. Labyrinthians: Diplomacy -1. Lose -1 ⏾. Gain +1 ⏃. Gain +1 ⛛. Gain the *Unsolved Enigma* ❦ card (Secret deck 2, card 20). **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0067

With a heavy heart, you leave the people in the naos to fend for themselves and go straight to the adyton. Here, sacrifices are performed with more ritual and care, which somehow seems more awful. These cultists are more driven, but still no warriors and no match for you and your crew.

It's good you reached the adyton quickly, as among the would-be sacrifices you find the old high priest.

"Thank you," he says as you help him up. "They would have torn this temple asunder if you had not intervened. So much hatred for their former patron . . ." You realize these black-clad cultists must've been Poseidon's priests once. "I should have seen this coming."

The naos outside grows quiet and still, and your hearts grow heavy with sorrow.

Minoans: Diplomacy -1. Hornsworn: Diplomacy -1. Labyrinthians: Diplomacy -1. Lose -1 ⏾. Gain +1 ⏃. **See 0068.**

0068

When you ask him about Theseus, the high priest smiles sadly. "They were married here. Ariadne and Theseus, I mean. On that fateful night. They loved each other very much. I saw it in their eyes. I told them to flee, to go far, far away from here." He weeps. "But she didn't want to leave her people, and he promised he would make it right."

And then the story flows, like blood from a grievous wound.

"They came for them in the night. Armed and in force. They knew exactly where to look."

"The Horned Guard?"

"No. Those you'd call Hornsworn. Though they did not go by that name then. Then, they were just his lieutenants. His inner circle. They delivered Theseus to Minos. I know not what fate befell the princess, but I doubt Minos would let them harm her."

"Why did they betray him?"

"Why indeed. Was it hate for who Theseus was before he met Ariadne? Or who he did not want to become after they met?"

As you gather yourself to leave, having found more questions than answers, the high priest presents you with a gift.

"It appeared not long after that night. I did not know what to think of it then, so I hid it. Now . . ."

The item in question is a perfect cube the size of an amphora. Its sides are covered in a finely grooved maze pattern.

Gain +1 ⛛. Gain the *Unsolved Enigma* ❦ card (Secret deck 2, card 20). **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0069

You break into the adyton. Here, sacrifices are performed with more ritual and care, which somehow seems more awful. These cultists are more driven, but still no match for you and your crew. It's good you got here quickly, as among the would-be sacrifices you find the old high priest.

"Thank you," he says as you help him up. "They would have torn this temple asunder if you had not intervened. So much hatred for their former patron . . ." You realize these black-clad cultists must have been Poseidon's priests once. "I should have seen this coming."

Gain +1 Priest (of Poseidon). **See 0068.**

Uneasy Rests the Head

α	Balance of Power	
1–2	Rites and Wrongs	☐
3–4	The Hand That Feeds	☐
5–6	The Hands of Minos	☐
7–8	The Minos-branded	☐
9–10	Erasing History	☐
Ω	Withered Tree	

α Balance of Power — *Deed*

The Argo lies at anchor off the coast of Kaliphytos. An uneasy pall hangs over the town. The dock is busy, but not bustling. It has none of the raucous vitality you'd expect from such a place. There's an air of hushed tension, like an oft-kicked dog trying to stay beneath its master's notice.

Still, you've heard you might find answers here.

As you disembark your launch, you are greeted by a squad of heavy-set Minoan troopers—Horned Guard, by the looks of them. They're big and brawny but disorganized. They're used to throwing their weight around more than straight-up fighting.

Their leader flashes you a smile filled with gold teeth. "Welcome to Kaliphytos," he leers. "We're gonna need to search your ship."

"Why?" one of you pipes up.

"'Cause that's Andromos's law, that's why. Oh, and we'll need those weapons from you. Too many of those maze freaks running around. You don't look like their type, but can't risk them getting access to weapons."

On the dock, a grizzled old captain with a salt-and-pepper beard watches with interest.

The same Argonaut makes an uncharitable suggestion about where, precisely, this lot can stick your weapons.

Gold-Teeth grins, like you're about to make his day.

Choose:

1. *You came here for information. The last thing you need is a petty scrap with some local thugs. You try to convince them you're on the same side.*
Minoans: Diplomacy +1. **See 0003.**

2. *These people are used to getting their way. Strength is the only language they understand. You threaten them.*
Minoans: Diplomacy -1. **See 0004.**

1–2 Rites and Wrongs — *Gods*

Your lookout spies a column of thick black smoke rising from the coast. A cluster of figures form a ring around a large fire on the shoreline. Many appear to be common folk, but some wear the uniform of the Horned Guard, although these stand apart from the crowd, watching with eagle-like attentiveness. You get the impression that not everyone is here by choice.

At the center of the crowd, close to the flames, a man in voluminous robes raises his arms toward the sky, a droning chant escaping from his throat. A priest of Poseidon, you realize, with two acolytes flanking him. He clutches a long, carved knife in one hand, the other holding a halter attached to the neck of a large bull.

"Ah! The fabled Argonauts." He smiles, although his gaze does not directly meet yours. "Come, receive the kindness of our lord Poseidon!"

Choose:

1. *The Cult of Poseidon's power waned after the Eschaton. Many, like the followers of the Truth of the Labyrinth, seek to take their place and are looking to exploit any opportunities to gain power of their own. They would surely see your rejection of one of the gods as a powerful tool. You accept the blessing of Poseidon.*
Minoans: Diplomacy +1. **See 0057.**

2. *The gods are dead, and yet their followers fanatically cling to their cults, their priests achieving a dangerously powerful grip over their less numerous but more fervent adherents. You would do well not to attach yourself too closely to any of the zealots. You reject the blessing of Poseidon.*
Minoans: Diplomacy -1. **See 0058.**

3–4 The Hand That Feeds — *Heritage*

Walking through the small village, an oppressive feeling of despair washes over you. You expect to hear the sounds of children playing, or the hubbub of many conversations, but hear only muted whispers. The villagers eye you warily, some hiding in the doorways of their ramshackle homes, others leaning wearily on tools in the fields that they try to work. In the market square at the heart of the village, an opulent tent has been erected. Two members of the Horned Guard stand by the en-

trance to the tent, watching you with sullen eyes.

If the Minoan Guide is with you, the guards will allow you to pass without issue. Otherwise, gain +1 ▼.

Inside, a corpulent man in the robes of a nobleman sits behind a table, collecting tithes and rationing food. Too much coin and too little food changes hands for your liking.

"Ah! The heroes of the Argo." He gestures to some chairs on the other side of the table from himself. "Have you come to trade? Please, let us talk over some wine! Have you tried Cretan figs? They are simply divine!"

A commotion just outside the tent draws the gaze of all present. A figure stumbles through the door, a guardsman coated in dust and sweat. "Smoke!" he gasps between shuddering breaths. "To the south, on the road!"

The officiant's eyes widen in realization.

"The convoy!" he barks, turning his eyes to you once more. "The Hornsworn are attacking again. We cannot lose another train of wagons! You! You're Pheadra's people. Do something!"

Choose:

1. *The Horned Guard may take more than they give to the people, but they keep order in chaotic times. Hopefully they can show some gratitude to those who support them. You help the Horned Guard protect the convoy.*

Minoans: Diplomacy +1. Gain 5 Monuments or 3 Armament resources. **See 0030.**

2. *You cannot abide the corruption on display in the village, even if it could potentially destabilize the region even further. This convoy would only serve to line the officiant's pockets even more. You aid the Hornsworn in 'liberating' the supplies.*

Hornsworn: Diplomacy +1. **See 0031.**

3. *The people are the true victims here. They are caught between the corruption of the Minoans and the reckless thuggery of the Hornsworn. You liberate the supplies from both factions, for the people.*

Labyrinthians: Diplomacy +1. **See 0032.**

5–6 The Hands of Minos — *Crime*

The Argo *cuts through the waves, while a gentle breeze whistles between the columns of the acropolis that crowns the structure. In the warm light of the Cretan sun, you might be forgiven for forgetting about the troubles of the wider world.*

That momentary silence is shattered in an instant, a dull roar echoing throughout the titanic city-ship. You glance about and spy a plume of black smoke rising from one of the lower reaches of the vessel. Knowing the risk a fire could pose to the ship, you rush toward the source.

Below decks, a cargo hold is in flames. Your stomach lurches as you realize just what the flames threaten: a cache of ambrosia, dozens of amphorae filled with the flammable liquid already beginning to glow from the heat. If you do not act fast, then the entire cache will ignite, and the blaze could take a substantial portion of the Argo *with it.*

The inferno is too fierce for a mortal to endure, but a Titan might be able to survive the inferno, at least for a little while. Or, you could try to contain the blast.

Choose:

1. *If the* Argo *is sundered, then your entire people will be lost. A Titan is a grievous but acceptable price to pay to protect the city-ship. You send one of your Titans in to fight the flames directly.*

Lose -1 Titan. **See 0062.**

2. *Your Titans are too valuable a resource, while the* Argo *is a sturdy vessel. It will take a great deal to compromise the structure, but perhaps you can isolate the damage. You have your Titans reinforce the nearby bulkheads to contain the damage.*

Lose -1 ◐. **See 0063.**

7–8 The Minos-branded — *Tragedy*

Faint strains of music flutter through the villa, echoing in the long halls as dozens of servants rush about, carrying platters laden with all kinds of sweetmeats, fruits, and other delicacies. Wine flows into goblets in amounts that would make even Dionysus blush.

It is strange to find yourself in such a seemingly relaxed, civilized setting. The invitation to Cypselos's home was not what you had been expecting, but the nobleman was one in King Minos's inner circle. If anyone could provide you with information to aid you in your search for the missing monarch, it is him.

Now, you and your men find yourselves in the midst of a gathering of the Cretan elite. Wealthy merchants, influential officials, even a few high-ranking military officers are clustered in deep conversation, a complex dance of deals, counter-bargains, and treachery that you have little taste for. You lose yourself for a moment in observing the games of etiquette taking place.

If the Minoan Guide is with you, **see 0049.** Otherwise, **see 0050.**

9–10 Erasing History — *Dream*

Thick tendrils of fog choke the sea air, muffling the sounds of the ocean around you, as if you have passed through the threshold between one world and another to a place where sunlight, noise, and the material world matter not. A few of your crew whisper among themselves nervously.

You are almost caught unawares as a massive shape lurches out of the fog, a surging shadow that just barely misses your leviathan vessel.

A smaller ship—but still enormous by most mortal standards—races past your prow. Its flanks are covered in thick armor plating and its sails are faded, but their colors remain clear to see. This is an Athenian vessel, a warship of impressive size and power. Even so, you can see the signs of age. Could this be a remnant from the conflict between Theseus and Minos?

You have no time to ponder as even more shapes emerge from the fog. Four triremes bearing the colors of various Minoan Houses bear down on the fleeing warship.

Choose:

1. *A warship from the civil war is a very valuable asset, and one that will be lost to the waves if the Minoans do not relent. While taking action against the Minoan Dynasty may be costly, you are loath to let such an asset slip through your fingers. You aid the Athenians.*

Minoans: Diplomacy -1. **See 0044.**

2. *As wary as you are of the Minoans and their many-layered intrigues, they would not be engaging such a formidable target without good cause. If you join their pursuit, you may help them avoid unnecessary casualties. You aid the Minoans.*

Hornsworn: Diplomacy -1. **See 0045.**

Withered Tree — *Family*

You cut your way inland. It's a grueling journey, and the further you venture from the Argo*, the more uneasiness nags at you. But it should be a journey worth making—if your information is correct, at the end of your route lies the palace where Minos was held captive and, hopefully, some answers as to his current whereabouts.*

Minos's onetime home and prison rests on a narrow escarpment that rises above the tree line. At first glance, the building looks like a ruin, but as you look at it, you start to pick out the details. Many of the structure's stones have warped or twisted in place, giving the building a precarious look, as if it might come apart at any moment.

As you draw closer, you spy torchlight through the windows.

You're about to send your scouts forward when a dozen figures emerge from the darkness of the woods. The symbols on their armor mark them as Hornsworn.

Their leader steps forward and gives you an appraising look. "You're not with the cult. I am Christos."

If F1 is marked, **see 0001.**
If Hornsworn: At War, **see 0011.**
Otherwise, **see 0012.**

0001 *"We know of you, Argonauts. Maybe you can help us, like you helped Pirithous. What you did—that's a debt that's hard to repay. Know that the Hornsworn don't forget their friends."*

Christos and his troops take you in. They're kitted out as skirmishers, with little in the way of armor, and light, fast weaponry.

"Have they got some of your people up there too?" says Christos. He frowns as you explain why you've come. "Not what I expected to hear. The maze cult has taken over the palace. They're using it as some kind of conversion camp. It's sick. They're all sick." He spits. "You want in. We want our people out. I think we might be able to help each other."

You nod in agreement.

"Excellent," says Christos. "They outnumber us, though they're poorly equipped. With your help, this should go smoothly. Here," he adds, handing you a small bundle. "It was found on the eastern coast, tangled in a fishing net. I'm told it might be of some use to you. That's what Pirithous's courier told us, anyway. I was to pass it to another agent in a few days . . ." He looks over your shoulder as you unwrap the mysterious package. "I admit, I took a peek. Is it some kind of lure?"

The red Tear gleams with moonlight.

"No," the party leader says with an almost reverent voice. "It's not."

Gain 1 Sisyphus Tear. Hornsworn: Diplomacy+1. **See 0014.**

0003 *You assure them that you're working with the Minoans, and have no intention of letting your weapons fall into the hands of the Labyrinthians. Gold-Teeth starts nodding along as you talk.*

Gain +1 ⛪, subtract -2 ▼. **See 0033.**

0004 *You match his grin. Yours is bigger. "We came here for information," you say, "not to banter with little boys. If you want our arms, you can come and take them. Otherwise, stop posturing and get out of our way."*

The Horned Guard tense up, but maybe not for the reasons you thought they would. You see a lot of hardships in their faces, and a lot of hard choices. Despair creeps through many cracks. Loss of control is one. Many must've been driven to the edge and for some this encounter is the last straw.

Gain +2 ▼. Each Argonaut gains +1 ⛪. **See 0033.**

0005 *It seems that Kaliphytos is even more riven than the rest of Crete. No wonder the people here seem so cowed.*

The old captain from the docks falls into step with you. "So, you've met our fearless protectors. Tell me, travelers," he says, "do they make you feel safe?"

As you walk, he lays out the situation in Kaliphytos. Andromos—known as 'the Aurochs'—is the head of a noble family that's ruled here for generations, by Minos's mandate. Eumache has come to town more recently, claiming to be in charge, with an iron scroll from Princess Phaedra. Each is vying for dominance—the Aurochs with his gang of thugs, and Eumache with her snatch squads who'll disappear anyone suspected of Labyrinthian involvement.

"The Aurochs has been in charge here for years and never lifted a finger." He chuckles darkly. "But the favored friend of one of Minos's daughters shows up and suddenly we're crushed between two overstrong hands."

If the Old Spinner is with you, **see 0006.**

The captain leads you to his home. He shows you the bruises that mark his son. "They beat him in the street. And he's one of the fortunate ones. If he'd spoken out against Eumache, there would have been no beating. They'd have simply disappeared him in the night." He spits on the floor—his own floor. "It makes little difference to me who stands at the top. Even a cruel law is better than no law at all. But as long as those two are set on proving their strength, the people here will suffer."

If the Minoan Guide is with you, **see 0007.**

"We just need some information," you say. "We don't want to get involved."

"Ah, well here's the thing." The captain grins. "You can't catch fish without getting wet. Not that it's for me to tell you your business, but it strikes me that whomever you tip the balance toward may show their gratitude. Side with one against the other, and kick some of these bastards out."

Choose:

1. *The Aurochs and his family have ruled Kaliphytos for generations. For all his faults, the town will be better back under his freer hand. You side with Andromos.*

Labyrinthians: Diplomacy +1. **See 0008.**

2. *Eumache is favored by one of Minos's daughters. Her methods may be rather sinister, but the Aurochs has had his chance, and Kaliphytos needs a strong leader. You side with Eumache.*

Minoans: Diplomacy +1. **See 0009.**

3. *The common people of Kaliphytos are suffering from this power struggle, and neither the Aurochs nor Eumache is fit to rule. By disrupting their operations, you can put some power back in the hands of the people. You choose neither side.*

Hornsworn: Diplomacy +1. **See 0010.**

0006 *"You can call neither one a leader in good faith," says the Old Spinner. "The powerful all too easily grind underfoot those who fall beneath their notice—a lesson you should mark well."*

Subtract -1 ▼. **Return to 0005.**

0007 *"The Aurochs is nothing more than a simple thug," says the princess. "He's never fought for his people. He only acts now because his power is threatened. If Eumache loses ground here, the Aurochs will fall back to his apathy."*

Gain 2 Armament resources. If you side with Eumache in the next choice, make an Acacallis tally mark. **Return to 0005.**

0008 *Later that night you meet with Gold-Teeth and his thugs from the docks, and together you roust the headquarters of Eumache's snatch squad.*

Each Argonaut performs a Courage or Fury test (9+). Gain +1 ⛪ to add +2.

0–2 successes: *You break up their operation in short order, with most of Eumache's people scattering into the night. Yet you come out of the scuffle with more cuts and bruises than you'd like.*

Each Argonaut gains +2 ⛪.

3+ successes: *Eumache's people are ambush predators, not brawlers, and there's little they can do when caught out in the open like this. You impress upon them the errors of their ways, and the consequences, should they remain in town. The Aurochs shows his gratitude in the form of a few crates of supplies.*

Gain 3 Armament resources.

Regardless of the result, *the old captain was right. Your actions loosened tongues and you quickly learn what you came here for—and more. Yet the city feels more dangerous and chaotic than when you first sailed into port. The Aurochs, once again secure in his power, reverts to looking after his family's legacy, while seeds of dissent blossom. You are left to wonder why the Minoan Dynasty, besieged from all sides, still has time for infighting.*

Gain +1 ▼ and +1 ⛪. The least likely Argonaut gains the *Family Feud* Mnemos card. **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0009 *After a quiet word with the woman from the docks, you track down the thugs from your welcoming committee. They're undisciplined and rowdy, and their authority comes from strength. You don't need to kill them—just give them a beating the town won't forget in a hurry.*

Each Argonaut performs a Courage or Fury test (8+). Gain +1 ⛪ to add +1.

0–1 success: *What should have been a short, sharp beating turns into a skirmish. The brute squad comes off worse, but you're forced to withdraw rapidly to avoid casualties.*

Each Argonaut gains +1 Ψ.

2+ successes: *Your soldiers make short work of the brute squad. It takes a few broken bones to shatter their pride and spirit. Eumache is impressed with your prowess and bestows a valuable yet grotesque gift upon you.*

Gain 1 Grotesque Beak or Powdered Matter resource.

Regardless of the result, *the old captain was right. Tipping the scales earned you favor and loosened tongues. You quickly learn what you came here for—and more. As you leave, you notice the atmosphere has changed: Eumache's grip on the city is absolute. You hope she will combine this power with wisdom. You are left to wonder why the Minoan Dynasty, besieged from all sides, still has time for infighting.*

Gain +1 ▼ and +2 ⛪. Regardless of the result, the least likely Argonaut gains the *Family Feud* Mnemos card. **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0010 *The people of Kaliphytos have had enough. You patrol the streets that night and manage to stop a couple of abductions by Eumache's snatch squads and drive off the Aurochs's thugs from beating suspected Labyrinthians in the street.*

The townsfolk are thankful, if apprehensive. They've had a night's reprieve, but without your continued help, things will remain much as they were.

There is a price for such fierce defiance: nobody will talk to you. The Minoans—though squabbling—have a shared disdain for rabble-rousers and in that, finally, they unite, even if just for a short time.

The next day, as you return to the Argo*, you are attacked in broad daylight by unknown assailants. They bite off more than they can chew and are driven off, suffering heavy losses. But that doesn't matter. Some of your crewmembers fall too. The message has been sent. You are not welcome in Kaliphytos.*

The grim mood on the launch is dispelled when you uncover a stowaway: a young girl who claims to be a student of Daedalus. Though her claim is unverified and questionable at best, she does provide you with strange, fascinating knowledge.

▄▀▄▀▄ *is 'seven'*

Lose -1 ✕. Gain +1 ⛪ and +1 ⛫. The least likely Argonaut gains the *Family Feud* Mnemos card.

0011 *Some of Christos's troops are quicker off the mark than he is—they're already reaching for their weapons by the time his eyes narrow with recognition. They're kitted out as skirmishers, with little in the way of armor, and light, fast weaponry.*

Christos's lip curls in a sneer, but he gestures for his people to hold back.

"I'm guessing you're not here for us," he says. "And we are not here for you." He motions to the building. "The maze cult have taken over the palace. They're using it as some kind of . . . conversion camp. They've got some of our people in there. Yours too?" He watches your reaction. "No? Well, I figure you've come all this way for something. You want in. We want our people out. We can work together for now. Unless you'd rather we stay here and kill each other instead?"

Choose:

1. *This Christos is itching for a fight. You doubt the Hornsworn have it in them to execute an infiltration. They're a liability. Besides, you do not make deals with bandits. You chase them off while you have the advantage.*

Hornsworn: Diplomacy -1. Subtract -2 ▼. Gain +1 ⛪. **See 0013.**

2. *If the place is crawling with Labyrinthians as this man says, sticking together might increase your chances. The Hornsworn seem unruly, but maybe you can make it work. You team up with the Hornsworn.*

Gain +2 ▼. **See 0014.**

0012 *Christos and his troops take you in. They're kitted out as skirmishers, with little in the way of armor, and light, fast weaponry.*

"Have they got some of your people up there too?" says Christos. He frowns as you explain why you've come. "Not what I expected to hear. The maze cult has taken over the palace. They're using it as some kind of conversion camp. It's sick. They're all sick." He spits. "You want in. We want our people out. I think we might be able to help each other."

1. *If the place is crawling with Labyrinthians as this man says, sticking together might increase your chances. The Hornsworn seem unruly, but maybe you can make it work. You team up with the Hornsworn.*

Hornsworn: Diplomacy +1. Gain +2 ▼. **See 0014.**

2. *This Christos is itching for a fight. You doubt the Hornsworn have it in them to execute an infiltration. They're a liability. Better to force their hand now and give them a wide berth. You go in alone.*

Hornsworn: Diplomacy -1. Subtract -2 ▼. Gain +1 ⛪. **See 0013.**

0013 *You take advantage of their hesitation to make the first strike. The Hornsworn make a fighting retreat, peeling away one by one into the woods. Neither side takes anything more than a flesh wound in the skirmish.*

You make your way up the slope toward the palace's main entrance. The Labyrinthians have made their camp in the former throne room. The walls, the floor—even the ceiling—have been painted with maze designs, using some coppery substance. You find yourself trying to track paths through the design, and tear your eyes away as your head starts to spin. The designs all seem to resolve in one place: a gaping tunnel mouth on one wall that leads below ground.

The captives are easy to spot—half a dozen men and women with their hands bound to iron rings set into the floor. The twenty or so Labyrinthians, their skin marked with the telltale geometric patterns, don't look like much. They're clearly not expecting a fight.

A Labyrinthian priest leads a bound man to

the tunnel entrance. The prisoner has long been stripped of his weapons and armor, but you peg him for a member of the Minoan Horned Guard.

"The time has come for you to walk the path," says the priest. Even from this distance, you can see that the man is shaking. The stones beneath his feet darken with liquid. The priest turns as you come through the door. "Visitors," she says. "You are welcome here, if your intentions are peaceful."

"Please," the Horned Guard calls out to you. "Help me!"

The priest looks between you and the begging guardsman. She wears an amused smile as she waits to see how you'll react.

Choose:

1. *You are here to stop bloodshed, not condone it. Besides, this man may have some information. He may have even been stationed here. You intercede on behalf of the Horned Guard.*

Minoans: Diplomacy +1. Labyrinthians: Diplomacy -1. **See 0015.**

2. *Time and time again, the Horned Guard have shown their indifference toward the island's people. This man's fate is no business of yours. You leave the man to his fate.*

Labyrinthians: Diplomacy +1. Minoans: Diplomacy -1. Gain 4 Fleshy Mantle resources. **See 0016.**

0014 *"Excellent," says Christos. "My scouts have found a back way into the palace. I'll get my people through there and set up. You go in through the front. See if you can get them talking and distracted.*

"Once they're focused on you and not thinking about the hostages, give a short, sharp whistle, and we'll move in." He squints up at the palace. "Should be able to take the place without too much bloodshed."

Note "Hornsworn ambush." Then **see 0013.**

0015 *"Untie him," you say. The acoustics of the room feel strange. You expect the cavernous space to have an echo, but your voice rebounds like you're in a narrow corridor. Still, you persevere. "No one has to die today."*

The priest looks affronted. "And no one shall—not by our hands!" The guardsman shuffles over to stand near your group. The priest doesn't move. "A debt is owed," she says. "The followers of the maze helped Minos escape his prison, and in return, he put us to the sword. Those who call themselves his descendants owe us. Not a life for a life. But those who have hurt us must walk the path, as we have. After that, they are free to do as they will."

There is no heat to her words. She speaks as if these are simple facts.

"I am Laurona," she says, "and I know why you have come here."

Gain +1 and +1 . **See 0017.**

0016 *You tell the priest you came looking for information, not to interfere. The Hornsworn falls to his knees at your words, his momentary hope cut short. The priest smiles at you.*

"I'm pleased that you understand. I am Laurona." She places a hand on the Hornsworn's head. It's a surprisingly tender gesture. "Do we fear," she says to him. "All will be well when you have walked the path." She pitches her voice to the room. "A debt is owed. The followers of the maze helped Minos escape from his prison. And in return, he put us to the sword. Those who call themselves his descendants owe us. Not a death for a death. But they must walk the path, as we have."

She guides the guard to his feet and whispers something in his ear. He takes slow steps forward, one after the other, into the tunnel mouth. You all watch in silence until he is lost to sight.

"I know why you have come here," says Laurona.

Party leader gains 1 Despair token. **See 0017.**

0017 *"This is a place of power," says Laurona. "The maze is strong here. You must feel it. You can see it all around you, the way it manifests and cuts through the limited nature of our world. How it gazes. This is a place for secrets and illusions to be laid bare. I can help you with the answers you seek. But for that, we must walk together." She gestures at the tunnel mouth.*

If you noted "Hornsworn Ambush," **see 0018.** Otherwise, **see 0019.**

0018 *The Labyrinthians have their attention on you. At the back of the former throne room, you see the last of the Hornsworn slip through, taking cover behind some fallen masonry. They're in position.*

Choose:

1. *These people have been through a lot, but it does not give them the right to subject others to their misery. You give the signal for the Hornsworn to attack.*

Labyrinthians: Diplomacy -2. **See 0020.**

2. *These people are less violent than you were expecting, and the Hornsworn will show no mercy. You tip off the Labyrinthians to the impending attack.*

Labyrinthians: Diplomacy +1. **See 0021.**

0019 *Laurona leads you into the tunnel mouth. For all the oppressive darkness it appeared to have from the outside, once within, you find you can see clearly, though there is no obvious source of light.*

The surfaces down here are marked in the same way as the ones in the throne room. You try to keep your eyes ahead of you. She guides you confidently through turn after turn. If there is a pattern to her directions, you can't discern it.

"This place was not always so—certainly not when it played host to King Minos. Nor is it we who have made it such. But it is a site of significance, and has proved useful in . . . changing the perspectives of those who struggle with our point of view." She gives you a toothy smile. "Do not fear. You are quite safe with me."

She pauses as a figure crosses the tunnel up ahead of you. A man with a patchy beard, wasting from hunger. He doesn't acknowledge you.

"He'll find his way when the time is right," says Laurona.

Once he's passed, she leads you on again. You glance down the passage the man took, but there's no sign of him.

Each Argonaut gains +1 . **See 0022.**

0020 *You stick your fingers in your mouth and whistle. The Hornsworn swarm out of hiding, their spears and swords at the ready. The Labyrinthians turn to face their attackers, grasping for their scattered weapons.*

Which quite handily gives you their backs.

Each Argonaut tests Courage (8+). You may gain +2 to add +1.

Fail: *One of the cultists manages to catch you off guard.*

Gain +2 .

0–1 success: *The cultists can't match you, and they know it. Still, one of them manages to cave in one of your people's skulls with a length of chain before they're brought down themselves.*

Lose -1 .

2+ successes: *Your people move like lightning. The Labyrinthians find blades at their throats before they know what's happening.*

Subtract -2 .

You relieve the defeated Labyrinthians of their weapons and corral them in the center of the room. The Hornsworn busy themselves freeing the captives

"Good work," says Christos. "Bastards never saw us coming."

Laurona looks to you. "You will not find what you are looking for without my help. I can show you. Let my people go from this place, and I will show you."

Christos gives her a backhanded blow. "Shut up."

You look Laurona in the eye. To risk the tunnels below this place without a guide could spell your madness or death.

"I need her," you tell Christos.

"So take her."

"And let my people go," she adds.

Christos goes to strike her again, but you catch his arm.

"You've freed your people. Now we get what we came here for."

Christos scowls, but he doesn't stand in your way.

Party leader gains +1 . Note "Hornsworn control the palace." Then **see 0019.**

0021 *You see Christos peering out from his hiding spot, watching for your signal.*

"There is a Hornsworn battle party behind you," you say to Laurona. The Labythinians have their weapons out before Christos's people have taken two steps. The Hornsworn are drawn up short.

You see Christos weighing up the situation. They might still be able to take the Labyrinthians, but without the element of surprise and your support, it would be far from clean.

He gives an order, and the Hornsworn leave the way they came.

"Bastards," he says as he goes.

Laurona thanks you for your support. "They'll be back, I'm sure. But they shan't catch us unprepared again. My offer stands. I will guide you below and help you on your journey."

Party leader gains +2 . **See 0019.**

0022 *You lapse into silence while you walk. Time has little meaning down here. Minutes and days seem to pass as one. Laurona guides you unfalteringly through turn after turn, and everywhere, the same maze-lines mark the walls in that red-brown pigment. You wonder if the Labyrinthians daubed them there themselves, or if they found the pattern here, complete and waiting.*

You force your eyes ahead of you. It's easy to grow bored and fall into the patterns—to contemplate the maze within the maze.

You round another corner and—there!

The tunnel ends in a narrow cell, a startling sight after the sameness of this warren. There's an unwashed, human stink to the air. The bed is unmade. It's as if someone was just here.

You cast your eyes around the room, looking for clues, any sign you can follow.

You almost miss it, it's so uneven and irregular after the maze patterns in the tunnels, but on one wall, there's some kind of diagram marked in a deep black. As you draw closer, you realize it's a family tree, faded but painted with the deft hand of a royal artist.

"This is where Minos was held," says Laurona. "The followers of the Labyrinth did not orchestrate his escape, but we aided him, sheltered him. Before he turned his hand against us."

You trace the lines of the tree. At the top is Minos, with lines flowing down to his descendants.

"Once, this cell lay directly beneath the palace. But this place has changed. Has been changed. This might've been a throne room wall. It is a fine place for speaking truths. You see the record of Minos and his kin. It clearly occupied his mind when he was kept here." Her eyes glitter. "Who do you see? Who do you not see?"

The tree marks three children of Minos. Androgeos. Ariadne. And a third, the ink there smeared until it is little more than an illegible black square.

"Those who call themselves Minos's children are not so," says Laurona.

"Then who are they?"

She shrugs.

"Minos took them in, but they turned on him too. They will turn on anyone, in time, if it furthers their ambitions. They claim Minos's lineage, his authority and power. I say they must take responsibility for his mistakes and failures as well. The people who stand atop this land may change, as they betray and kill each other, but it is always the same people who suffer. That is why we do what we do."

If the Minoan Guide is with you, **see 0023.** If "Hornsworn control palace" is marked, **see 0024.** Otherwise, **see 0025.**

0023 *You turn to Acacallis, who up until now has remained silent, almost invisible. She's looking at Laurona with hate in her eyes.*

"My family have only ever done what's best for this land. This wretch wants to undermine that, to poison your mind against us as the maze cult poisons this land. Ignore her lies, and evict them from this blighted place."

If you have at least 5 Acacallis tally marks and you want to press the matter, party leader gains +2 , then **see 0068.** Otherwise, **return to 0022.**

0024 *Laurona looks you in the eye. "We are many, and our numbers are growing. But we do not have armies, as they do. We must use what tools are available to us. Let us keep this place. This world is changing. We want to be ready for what's coming. Tell the Hornsworn to leave us in peace. They can have their people. If you side with us, they'll have no choice but to go."*

Choose:

1. *Laurona has proven helpful and that should be rewarded. You know not when this kindness may come back to you. Truth is, it may never. But it feels right. You help the Labyrinthians remain in the palace.*

Labyrinthians: Diplomacy +1. Hornsworn: Diplomacy -1. Mark E2. **See 0026.**

2. *You have no quarrel with this woman or her people, especially after they have proved so useful—though you suspect they have ulterior motives. But her faith—that is a poison that, if left unchecked, will consume the souls of men and women across Hellas. You break up the Labyrinthian camp.*

Hornsworn: Diplomacy +1. Labyrinthians: Diplomacy -1. **See 0027.**

0025 *"We are many, and our numbers are growing," says Laurona. "But we do not have armies as they do. We must use what tools are available to us. This world is changing. We want to be ready for what's coming." She looks you in the eye. "What do you intend to do? Will you leave us be?"*

You glance back to the tunnels.

Sensing your thoughts, she smiles sadly. "I promised you safety. I will still guide you out of here if you say no."

Choose:

1. *Laurona has proven helpful and that should be rewarded. You know not when this kindness may come back to you. Truth is, it may never—but it feels right. You let the Labyrinthians remain here.*

Labyrinthians: Diplomacy +1. Hornsworn: Diplomacy -1. **See 0028.**

2. *You have no quarrel with this woman or her people, especially after they have proved so useful—though you suspect they have ulterior motives. But her faith—that is a poison that, if left unchecked, will consume the souls of men and women across Hellas. You break up the Labyrinthian camp.*

Hornsworn: Diplomacy +1. Labyrinthians: Diplomacy -1. **See 0029.**

0026 *You return to the world above. Christos does not take the news well. You can see him weighing up the odds of a fight, but he's cautious and canny. He's got what he came for. There's no need to spend lives for the sake of it.*

If the Minoan Guide is with you, and you have less than 3 Acacallis marks, she leaves the *Argo*. Discard the *Minoan Guide* Ally card and Minoans: Diplomacy -1.

Laurona smiles at you as they leave. "This place has one final prize here for you."

She leads you to another chamber within the tunnels, just a few turns away from the throne room. The walls here are not marked with maze patterns, but with what look like city-ship designs.

In the center waits a Titan. It's a vast six-armed thing, half buried in rocks and debris. Even immobile, you can feel its latent power, as if a casual shrug would tear it free.

"Who left it here?"

Laurona shrugs.

Extracting it without damaging the structure of the tunnels is less straightforward. You count heads as you leave the tunnels, and find one of your number missing.

Gain 1 Earthshaker Titan. Gain +1 , Lose -1 . **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0027 *Laurona shakes her head sadly. She guides you back through the tunnels in silence.*

Something catches your eye down a side passage. You discover a larger chamber, within which waits a fine prize indeed. A Titan. It's a vast six-armed thing, half buried in rocks and debris. Even immobile, you can feel its latent power, as if a casual shrug would tear it free. Once it's extracted, you lead it back through the tunnels. It has to stop, almost crawl, to avoid bringing the whole place down around your ears.

When you return to the throne room, Christos has secured the prisoners—Hornsworn and Minoans alike. The Labyrinthians wear their former bindings. "I hope you found what you were looking for," he says. "We did good work here today."

You set off ahead of the Hornsworn.

Gain 1 Earthshaker Titan. Gain +1 and +1 . **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0028 *"Thank you," she says. "I know what we are doing here may seem cruel. Most who follow us do so of their own free will. But for those we take in here, a debt is owed. We do not press them into service, truly. We only ask that they walk the path." She gives you a sharp smile. "But those do do so always come around to our way of thinking." She leads you back through the tunnels. "There's one final prize in this place."*

The passage widens into a larger chamber. The walls there are not marked with maze patterns, but with what look like city-ship designs. In the center waits a Titan. It's a vast six-armed thing, half buried in rocks and debris. Even immobile, you can feel its latent power, as if even a casual shrug would tear it free.

"Who left it here?"

Laurona shrugs.

Extracting it without damaging the structure of the tunnels is less straightforward. You count heads as you leave the tunnels, and find one of your number missing.

You leave Laurona and her people to their work.

If the Minoan Guide is with you, and you have less than 3 Acacallis marks, she leaves the *Argo*. Discard the *Minoan Guide* Ally card and Minoans: Diplomacy -1. Gain the Earthshaker Titan and +1 . Lose -1 . **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0029 *Laurona shakes her head sadly. She guides you back through the tunnels in silence.*

Something catches your eye down a side passage. You discover a larger chamber, within which waits a fine prize indeed. A Titan. It's a vast six-armed thing, half buried in rocks and debris. Even immobile, you can feel its latent power, as if even a casual shrug would tear it free. You lead it back through the tunnels. It has to stop, almost crawl, to avoid bringing the whole place down around your ears.

When you return to the throne room, you untie the prisoners and lead them from the palace. Laurona orders her people to stand back. She's knows it's a fight she can't win—not without heavy losses.

"The debt is still owed," she says as you go.

Gain the Earthshaker Titan. Gain +1 and +1 . **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0030 *You order your troops to wade into the conflict, quickly clashing with the Hornsworn. The battle is swift, but not without cost. The rebels, realizing that they are outnumbered, try to carve their way out through your ranks, most perishing in the effort.*

Party leader gains +1 . Each Argonaut gains +1 and +1 . If 6+: Lose -1 .

The convoy saved, you make your way back to the village, where a beaming officiant greets you with jubilation and grants you the pick of the supplies. You leave the village wealthier than when you arrived, but you cannot help but notice the hollow stares of the villagers watching you depart, leading you to wonder if you've truly achieved anything worthy here.

Hornsworn: Diplomacy -1. Gain +2 . **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0031 *Your decision made, you order your troops into the fray. The Horned Guard's joy at your arrival soon turns to fear as you strike out at the Minoan loyalists. Caught unawares, they still try to put up a fight, but quickly crumble.*

Party leader gains +1 . Each Argonaut gains +1 .

As the chaos of battle fades, the leader of the Hornsworn approaches you carefully. He is suspicious but cannot deny the sudden turn of events in his favor. The wagons are searched, revealing a troubling truth: under the foodstuffs, the Horned Guard have been bringing in ambrosia, petrified bones, and ancient mechanisms, all things the Primordials shed. You leave the supplies to the Hornsworn and take only the esoteric materials.

As daylight begins to fade, you avoid returning to the village, knowing that you could not meet the gaze of the villagers. Many will go hungry because of what you have done here.

Minoans: Diplomacy -1. Gain 4 Infused Mechanism or Fleshy Mantle or 4 Muscle Cluster or Calcified Knuckle Bone resources. Gain +1 . **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0032 *You hold until both sides have bled themselves sufficiently, then walk in to scatter the survivors. This tactic saves your crewmembers' lives, but shakes their hearts. You hope they will come around when they see the joy in the villagers' faces.*

Party Leader gains 1 Despair token. Each Argonaut gains +1 and +1 . Gain +1 .

You leave the site of the battle behind and make your way back to the village, where the grinning officiant's jubilations turn to horror as realization dawns. The Horned Guard tense, some reaching

for their weapons, but their leader backs down. The official, sputtering dark threats, quickly flees, followed by his forces.

The villagers are timid after such a long time under the heel of the Minoans, but as you begin to distribute the supplies from the convoy, the mood begins to lift, and you even see a few smiles among the crowds. A ray of hope in a dark time.

Some of the younger men of the village, inspired by your aid, ask to join you.

Gain +1 ✕. Minoans: Diplomacy -1. Hornsworn: Diplomacy -1. **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0033

From behind the brute squad, someone clears their throat. A whip-thin woman steps into view. She circles round the group like a tiger.

"Leave," she says to Gold-Teeth.

"We are enforcing Andromos's laws."

"The Aurochs does not make the law here. This is Eumache's town. As such, it falls to me to interrogate new arrivals. You thugs couldn't spot a member of that accursed cult if they were carving lines into your forehead."

You wonder how this woman dares stand alone against the crowd of thugs. A flicker of movement from a nearby building answers your question—she has javelin throwers on the roofs, covering them.

The woman barely glances at you. "Run along," she says. "These brutes won't bother you further. But we'll have our eyes on you."

There's no good reason for you to get in the middle of this. You head away from the docks and into the town.

See 0005.

0044

Weapons and armor are readied as you and your crew descend into one of your hemiolias. The Athenians may be swift, but the Minoans seem determined to catch them. As you draw alongside them, you prepare a boarding party.

Each Argonaut tests Courage or Fury (9+). You may gain +1 Δ to add +1.

Fail: *It's as if the voracious sea itself wants you to fail, to be cast down into the unfathomable depths.*

Gain +1 Ψ.

0 successes: *The Minoans put up a better fight than you had expected. Your crew take grievous losses before being forced to retreat.*

Lose -1 ✕.

1–2 successes: *The battle is fierce, but you emerge victorious and drive the pursuers away from their quarry.*

Each Argonaut gains +1 Δ.

3+ successes: *The Minoans seem utterly unprepared for the ferocity with which you fall upon their forces. The clash is swift and bloody, but you avoid severe casualties. The Minoans flee on their one remaining vessel.*

Subtract -2 ▼.

Regardless of the result, **see 0048.**

0045

You order your crew to ready their weapons, adjusting course to pursue the Athenian vessel. You order a Titan up to the prow of the launch, preparing a large iron harpoon normally used to hunt the gargantuan creatures of the deep. You are no pirates, but when the might of the Argo is brought to bear, there are few vessels that could stand against her.

Each Argonaut tests Courage or Fury (9+). You may gain +1 Ψ to add +1.

Fail: *It's as if the voracious sea itself wants you to fail, to be cast down into the unfathomable depths.*

Gain +1 Δ.

0–1 success: *The Titan hurls its harpoon, but a sudden lurch of the ship's deck forces its aim wide, the weapon lost to the waves. Before you can prepare a second attack, one of the Minoan triremes rams it, sending it to the bottom of the sea.*

Lose 1 *Petrified lavella* ❦ card or 2 Armament resources. **See 0046.**

2+ successes: *Arrows sail across the divide between you and the Athenians, striking many of their crew. Most effective, though, is the harpoon thrown by the Titan. The iron shaft soars through the air and finds purchase in a seam between two of the armor plates. The Titan grunts, straining against the enemy craft and inexorably beginning to pull it close so you might board.*

Party leader gains +1 Ω. Gain 8 Trireme resources. **See 0047.**

0046

As you close in on the sinking Athenian ship, you get a glimpse of its crew up close: these were Cretan sailors and Horned Guard warriors aboard!

The Minoan vessels reef their sails and draw close to your hemiolia. An imperious woman steps across. She haughtily examines your crew before turning to address you directly.

"I am Oeclea, commander of this fleet. Crete thanks you for your aid in bringing these fugitives to justice. Long have they terrorized our shores, but no more."

You nod your acknowledgment of her gratitude, a little irked by her brusque manner. You leave it to your crewmembers to negotiate with her, overseeing a transfer of resources as a measure of the Minoans' thanks. Then, just as swiftly as she arrived, the commander departs.

Hornsworn: Diplomacy -1. Gain 5 Armament resources, +1 ⛪ and +1 ▼. **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0047

You are about to order the Titan to draw the vessel in closer, but it seems like the Minoans have different plans. The smaller ships close in, launching another volley of burning arrows. A terrible noise like the crack of thunder sounds as one of them strikes something onboard the Athenian vessel—possibly a cache of ambrosia. The ship is engulfed in a fiery explosion, shattering the hull and sending debris tumbling down into the depths. The Minoans keep firing into the water, slaughtering every last survivor. The sight of the massacre leaves you shaken to your core.

The Athenians slaughtered, the Minoan vessels reef their sails and draw close to your hemiolia. An imperious woman steps across. She haughtily examines your crew before turning to address you directly.

"I am Oeclea, commander of this fleet. Crete thanks you for your aid in bringing these fugitives to justice. Long have they terrorized our shores, but no more."

You nod in acknowledgment, but feel uneasy in her presence. The speed with which they disposed of the vessel troubles you. It almost seems as if they wanted to hide something . . .

Once the commander departs, you move up next to your Titan who, unseen by the Minoans, still clutches at the chain that was attached to its harpoon. At its end is a piece of debris, a portion of the stern of the vessel, scorched by the explosion. You pull it aboard, finding a crate lodged between two wooden beams. It's Cretan. On opening it, you find most of the contents are ruined, but there are a few still-legible scrolls that mention strife between the Minoan Houses, the curious case of Minos disappearing from his own palace, and the deceivers' plan to force the 'old blood' out. These documents bear the seal of the Horned Guard.

Minoans: Diplomacy -1. Hornsworn: Diplomacy -1. Labyrinthians: Diplomacy +1. Gain 6 Armament resources, +1 ⛪ and +1 ⚓. **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0048

The Minoans defeated, the fleeing ship is able to slow down, reefing its sails as it comes about to face you. A man comes to meet with you, his hair long, beard streaked with gray. His eyes hold a faint, weary light you know too well—he has known combat his whole life. Not an Athenian at all, but a Cretan, maybe even of noble descent.

"Greetings, strangers," he says. "Our thanks for your aid here. I am Baerios. I am—I was a general in Theseus's army, before he met his fate."

You talk with the general a little longer, learning some more of the ship's tale. Once it was a state-of-the-art vessel, brought to Crete from Athens by Theseus himself. Since Theseus's death, they have been beset by forces claiming to enforce "the will of the Daughters of Minos." They have been constantly fleeing these pursuers, never finding safety for long, their vessel too damaged for a voyage on the open ocean. For close to a decade, they have survived by raiding Minoan supply lines, a ghost ship of the war seeking vengeance for fallen Theseus.

You part amicably. The Hornsworn give you some weapons they have onboard, and some of their number are even willing to join your crew, if you will have them.

As you part ways, you find yourself pondering the ship, the relic of the war that the Minoans seem so eager to erase from existence. Why would they expend so much effort on one vessel for so long? What do they fear that an old officer of Theseus might be able to achieve?

Minoans: Diplomacy -1. Mark D2. Gain +1 ✕ and +1 ⚓. Gain 6 Armament resources or +1 ⛪. **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0049

Your thoughts go back to just before you departed the Argo. *Acacallis pulled you aside. She seems ill at ease, a rare sight.*

"Be wary of whatever you encounter at this man's villa, Argonaut," she cautions. "You are about to walk into a nest of vipers. Cypselos is a dangerous man. During the war, he perpetrated many atrocities upon both the enemy and the innocent."

She refuses to reveal the fact she's traveling on the Argo and accompany you to the fete. The twists and turns of the Minoan courts never cease to confuse and irk you, and you find yourself idly wondering if maybe the Labyrinth would be easier to navigate.

Subtract -1 ▼. If you want to press the issue, party leader gains +2 Δ, then **see 0067.** Otherwise, **see 0050.**

0050

You follow a servant to a lavishly decorated dais, atop which lounges Cypselos. His gut bulges beneath his robe, barely contained by the purple sash around his waist. Piggish eyes blink under a heavy brow, while a once-full hairline now quickly recedes.

"Ah! The mighty Argonauts! We have heard so much about you. Please, join me! Have some wine, and try the stuffed dormice. Delectable!"

Choose:

1. *It would not be wise to upset your host. You accept his invitation.*

Minoans: Diplomacy +1 **See 0051.**

2. *You cannot afford to show favor. You decline and remain standing.*

Minoans: Diplomacy -1 **See 0052.**

3. If you talked with Minoan Guide only: *Something you heard previously sticks in your mind. You confront Cypselos about it.*

Minoans: Diplomacy -1 **See 0053.**

0051

You reluctantly nod your head and seat yourselves around the dais. Cypselos seems overjoyed and quickly snaps his fingers for a host of servants to begin waiting on you. After only a few minutes, you can already feel the rich food and wine beginning to go to your heads. Once he is satisfied that you are enjoying his offerings, the rotund nobleman leans forward to speak with you.

"I am so glad that you could join me here. I have a matter of great urgency to discuss with you . . ."

Hornsworn: Diplomacy -1. **See 0054.**

0052

"We'll stand, if its all the same to you," you declare.

"Ah, I see . . ." The nobleman appears rather crestfallen, suddenly unsure of himself. Clearly he had thought to put you at ease with food and wine before getting to the real intent behind his invitation.

"If you have a reason for calling us here, better to be direct," you prompt. "We have little time for games and politicking."

"Y-Yes, of course . . ." He appears off-balance, but quickly recovers.

Gain +1 ▼. **See 0054.**

0053

"There are some out there who would brand you a war criminal, a dangerous man."

The nobleman's laugh barks out, echoing around the chamber. His eyes gleam, not with remorse, but pride. "I care not what the common folk think!" he proclaims. "I was once a general of King Minos! I burned towns that harbored our enemies, executed those found to be conspiring with the Athenians and their spy agents against our homeland, and branded their families with the mark of our king to forever label them as kin to traitors and seditionists . . . My conscience does not burden me, Argonauts. I embrace what I did in the line of duty!" He lowers his voice, meeting your gaze once more. "But I have not brought you here to resurrect the past. There is a far graver concern I wish to discuss . . ."

Gain +1 ⛪. **See 0054.**

0054

"I live in fear for my life, Argonauts. I do not know who to trust. There are dark forces at work, striking at any and all of Minos's old allies and advisers."

"The Hornsworn?" you suggest.

"I thought so at first, too, but no. These attacks, they are too precise, too directed."

"Then who?" you demand. He is avoiding the point.

"It is not safe to say. Not here." Cypselos's eyes dart around the room furtively. "I need to leave this place. I won't make it there by myself. If you can guarantee my safety, I shall provide you with all you wish to know."

You open your mouth to respond, but a sudden commotion on the other side of the dining hall distracts you. A group of heavily armed men barge into the feast. While armed, none of the men sport any armor on their torsos, their chests exposed to reveal large, ugly markings—a brand burned into their flesh forming the symbol of the Bull.

One of their number shoulders his way forward. "Cypselos, the time has come for you to answer for your crimes," he seethes, fury burning bright in his eyes. "Those whose families you butchered, whose flesh you seared in the name of your king, will have your blood!"

Choose:

1. *Regardless of Cypselos's past, you cannot allow the justice of the mob to reign. Besides, if he is to be believed, then these intruders are not what they seem. You commit your forces to keeping Cypselos safe.*

Hornsworn: Diplomacy -1. **See 0055.**

2. *Cypselos has blood on his hands. Whatever he did in the past, he brought this outcome upon himself. You stand aside and reject Cypselos's offer.*

Labyrinthians: Diplomacy +1. Gain +2 ▼. See **0056.**

0055

The intruders' eyes burn with a righteous light, fully committed to their cause. Even so, they are poorly trained, and the clash is swift.

If Minoans: Friendly or better, then a number of guests rush to your aid, joining the fight and preventing any losses on your side. Otherwise, the Argonauts gain +6 Δ as a group.

Cypselos approaches you, groveling as he tries to express his gratitude. The portly nobleman is eager talk further with you. Once you are out of earshot of the rest of the guests, he quickly explains the full situation to you. The Daughters of Minos, it would seem, are eager to remove any remnants of Minos's old regime and further cement their power. So determined are they, they even send out agents to rile up rebellious groups, clusters of troublesome individuals such as these, using them as weapons to achieve their goals.

You agree to provide Cypselos with a detachment of your own warriors to see to his safety, and leave the villa with just as many questions as answers.

Minoans: Diplomacy +1. Lose -1 ✕, gain +1 ▼. **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0056

From everything you have seen of this nobleman, he constructed this fate for himself. The brands on the chests of these men are hard to argue with, a clear marker of the horrors they have endured. Some of them must have been only children at the time. You step aside and Cypselos is dragged screaming from his home. The rest of his guests watch the incident numbly, eyes wide, muttered questions passing among them. The Minoan elite will remember how the Argonauts stood aside on this day.

Before you depart, the leader of vigilantes approaches you. He, along with many of his comrades, has heard much about the Argo and its crew, and now, the purpose of their life fulfilled, they wish to join you, if you will have them. You ask them about Cypselos's words, his hints that their actions may be part of a grander design, but they seem unaware of any such schemes.

Gain +1 ✕, +1 ⛪ and +1 ▼. **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0057

A broad smile crosses the priest's lips as he beckons you forward. "Mighty Poseidon, grant us your kindness," he drones. "Your people have fallen into the clutches of depravity, listening to the lies of the Labyrinth. The instrument of your will, the Minotaur, lies slain by the heretic Theseus. We ask you to show us the way back into your grace."

You wonder how many sacrifices have been made on this beach before. Did these rituals give the sand its distinctive color?

The priest walks over to you, his hands stained with gore. Muttering under his breath, he trails a crimson thumb across each of your foreheads, marking you for Poseidon.

Place 1 ▼ on Inward Odyssey. If ⛪ 4+, gain +1 ⚓. **See 0059.**

0058

"The gods are dead, venerable one." The priest's expression drops sharply, a sour twist pulling at his lips. "Lies!" he sputters. "Heresy! You do the work of the Labyrinth, undermining the authority of the gods. I see the twisting maze of your words, and I reject it!"

Party leader gains +1 Ω. If ▼ 6+, gain +1 ⚓. **See 0059.**

0059

A fist-sized lump of rock arcs over the crowd, striking the priest in the shoulder.

"No more tyranny!" A small knot of men emerges from the crowd. One of them, in the garb of a governor, steps out from the crowd and points at the priest. "The rule of the Olympians has come to naught, a just reward for their debaucheries!"

"Heretic!" the priest sputters. "Poseidon damn you!"

"Poseidon already damned us!" the governor retorts. "He damned us when he drove Minos to sire that abomination, when he demanded that we sate the Minotaur's hunger with the blood of our own. And now, even when the gods are gone, Poseidon still damns us through his followers!"

Now that you know what to look for, you see it—a few geometric tattoos here, a patterned robe there. A sure sign of the influence of the Labyrinthine Cult.

"You take our cattle for your rituals, you try to crush us in the name of a dead god. The futility! Even in denial you're doing the maze's work! We will—"

A javelin pierces his chest with frightening suddenness, crimson spilling across his torso like a grisly blossom. This has just spun out of control.

Choose:

1. *Dead gods or not, nobody deserves to die at the hands of a mob. If you allow the cultists to kill the followers of Poseidon, it will only serve to spread the Truth of the Labyrinth further. You protect the priests.*

Labyrinthians: Diplomacy -1 **See 0060.**

2. *The people of this land have suffered enough under the Olympians. It is desperation like this that forces them to turn to Labyrinthine Cult for aid. You protect the people from the Horned Guard.*

Gain 1 Maze Fragment resource. Labyrinthians: Diplomacy +1 **See 0061.**

0060

The poison of the Labyrinth is insidious and cannot be allowed to spread any further. Even if you disagree with the methods the followers of the Olympians use, you are forced to admit that their influence is useful in keeping the Labyrinthian zealots at bay.

Each Argonaut performs a Courage or Fury test (9+). Gain +1 Ψ to add +2.

0–2 successes: *You stand firm against the cultists, but their ferocity catches you off guard. A few of your men scream as they are pulled out of formation, the zealots beating them mercilessly.*

Lose -1 ✕.

3+ successes: *You attack with military precision, your trained warriors striking relentlessly. The cultists are frenzied, but you manage to avoid severe losses.*

Each Argonaut may gain +1 Ω.

Regardless of the result, *the leaderless cultists swiftly lose heart, scattering before the blades of your warriors. As a gesture of his gratitude, the older priest offers one of his acolytes to join you. He then turns to his guard escort, ordering them to prepare to march on the nearby village and root out the corruption of the Labyrinth at its source. You cannot help but feel uneasy.*

Gain +1 Priest (of Poseidon) and +2 ▼. **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0061

You order your crew forward, placing yourselves between the villagers and the Horned Guard. Your attention is drawn away as a cry of pain echoes out behind you. You turn to see the deepest ranks of the commoners close in on the priests. The two acolytes fall under a flurry of clenched fists. The older priest manages to run a short distance but is caught at the water's edge. In seconds, blood stains the breakers rolling onto the beach.

The guards, seeing their charges so brutally dispatched, beat a hasty retreat, knowing that they cannot prevail against both the mob and your men.

"The Horned Guard will return to harass us once more," says one of the Labyrinthians. "But their end, the end of the system that enables them, has come a step closer. We welcome this. In time, you will come to understand the world as we have, and give yourself to the maze. Until then, you should leave this place."

With those curt words, he departs, leaving you wondering if you really made the right choice here.

Gain +2 . Place 1 on Inward Odyssey. **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0062 *The lumbering behemoth ducks its head as it wades into the cargo hold. Flames sear its olive skin and burn the long hair protruding from beneath its Antikratos Helm. It strikes the thick hull of the Argo once, twice. Cruel flames surround it, and you see it twitch as survival instincts battle with the will of the Argonaut controlling it. It roars, a scared animal trying to get away.*

A third strike finally pierces the armored hide of the city-ship. A powerful stream of seawater flows into the hold, meeting the flames with a hissing sound like the serpents of Medusa. The Titan tries to retreat from the cargo hold, but its wounds prove too severe and it falls to its knees, struggling to remain upright. You make the only possible decision and order the stricken room sealed. As the Triskelion function fades, you hear the mournful cry of a Titan suddenly realizing it's about to die. The doorway closes.

Hollow relief flows through you. The ship will endure, but at what cost? You wonder what the Titan thought in those last moments, before realizing that your attention must move elsewhere: uncovering why this happened.

If 4+ or 3+, gain +1 . **See 0064.**

0063 *You order the Titans forward, your crew stepping back as the enormous creatures start to fortify the bulkhead. Far more swiftly than any number of people might be able to, the towering giants drag forward large bronze plates and place them around the doorway, bracing for impact. There is a large explosion and some of the bulkheads rupture, releasing jets of white-hot fire and scalding steam, but the Titans are quick to react and seal the breached segments. The inferno raging inside helps to weld them in place before the rush of the sea douses it. Only in doomed Atlantis does fire beat water.*

As the smoke and ash begin to settle, you survey the ravaged corridor, myriad questions rising in your mind. Foremost of which being, who is responsible for this?

If 4+ or 3+, gain +1 . **See 0064.**

0064 *In the silence following the sealing of the hold, the clamor of battle suddenly erupts. You follow the noise to one of the bays from which the smaller launches are deployed. There, your guards have cornered a small knot of warriors, weapons drawn. As you approach, one of these strangers, a towering, heavily-built woman, bares bloodied teeth at you.*

"You invade our homeland! You consort with the Dynasty's enemies! The usurpers, the Hornsworn, the Symmachy . . . We will not allow you to hamper the return of King Minos to his rightful power!"

If the Minoan Guide is with you, you must choose option 1.

Choose:

1. *Return Minos to power? So these are loyal Minoans? It'd be wise to contact the Daughters of Minos and have them intercede on your behalf. Surely they can make sense of this. You may also demand reparations . . . You send these intruders back to Knossos.*

Gain 3 Armament resources. Minoans: Diplomacy +1 and **see 0065.**

2. *You do not trust the Dynasty, especially one that spawns such fanatical elements as these. It may be wiser to see what information you can glean yourself. You have the captives imprisoned aboard the* Argo.

Hornsworn: Diplomacy +1. Gain +1 and **see 0066.**

0065 *Princess Phaedra should be informed of this seditious element rising up under her nose. If this group was able to infiltrate the* Argo*, then there is no telling what they might accomplish elsewhere.*

The prisoners are loaded onto a launch, their guards setting a course for Knossos while you watch them depart. You wonder if the Phaedra will obtain any further intelligence from them, and if she will choose to share it with you.

Gain +1 and +1 . **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0066 *While you feel that the interrogators in the prisons of Knossos might be better equipped to extract information from captives such as these, you also suspect that you would never hear of them again. You would much rather try and learn more yourself.*

You order the loyalists to be escorted to a cell in the bowels of the Argo*. Some of your crewmembers voice uncertainty at sparing the lives of those who threatened their home, but they do not oppose your decision. Over the next few days, your conversations with the saboteurs yield much in the way of usable information, from meeting locations to caches where supplies might be hidden.*

Gain +1 and +2 . **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0067 *"It's . . . complicated. Cypselos . . . He's like Minos. He values strength and ruthlessness. To him, me and my sisters . . . we're not worthy of the throne. If I was to come with you, he would surely be less persuasive."*

You smile.

"Political, smart. There are many ways to rule, and not all of them require force. Wisdom goes a long way . . ."

Acacallis returns the smile.

"Thank you, Argonaut."

Make an Acacallis tally mark. **See 0050.**

0068 *"Why are you so defensive?" you ask.*

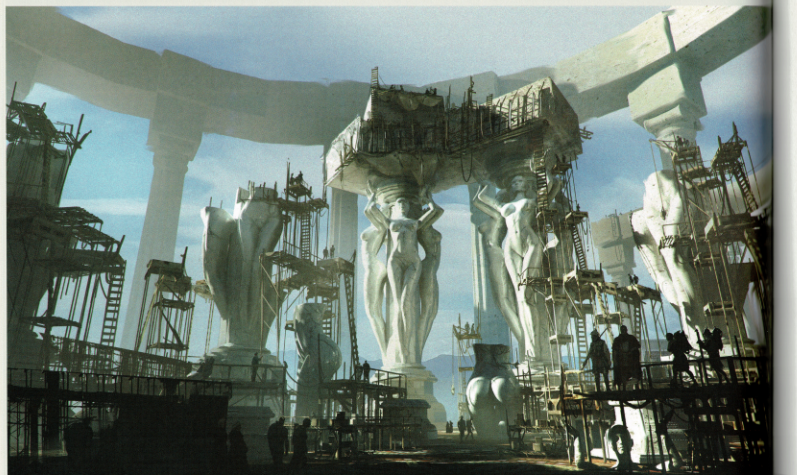
"Why do you have to ask?" she retorts. "We're besieged from all sides by people who want to tear us down. To be constantly compared to Minos or Theseus. Do you think I chose this life?" she snaps. "I was so young when they . . ."

"When they what?" you insist.

There is a deep sadness in Acacallis's voice: "If I could go back and do something, I would. Remember that, at least."

Her cryptic words stay with you.

Make an Acacallis tally mark. **Return to 0022.**



Tears of a Minotaur

α	Ariadne's Love	
1–2	Orphaned by the Minotaur	☐
3–4	Hooves and Saints	☐
5–6	Virgins for the Horned	☐
7–8	Trial by Bull	☐
9–10	The Last Goodbye	☐
Ω	Poseidon's Gift	

α Ariadne's Love — *Tragedy*

The valley is dotted with bull statues. The gilding has worn off in places, revealing crumbling stone, but still, where the sunlight hits them, they gleam like the jewels in a high priest's circlet. Some of the decay is not natural. Someone has put a hammer to the stone, while some statues show signs of regular care and, if you daresay, mending.

As you approach, you notice a priestly man in long robes pleading with a group of adolescents in front of one of the largest intact statues. You see all sorts of offerings laid before it: fruit and cake, honey and wine, even a sack of grain.

"We are the Hornsworn!" says one of the adolescents proudly as he pounds his fist on his chest. His comrades cheer. None of them carry weapons and even the oldest looks like he's barely on the brink of adulthood. These are children, not Hornsworn. "These statues are a disgrace! They should all be destroyed! The Minotaur has been killed, and worshipping it is a crime!" He kicks the basket of fruit. "We should be making statues of Theseus! A true hero!"

You turn to the priestly man, who introduces himself as Belemak, a former priest of Dionysus. The calm he displays makes you wonder if it's not the first time he has had to deal with this.

"This valley should be preserved and respected. These statues were built to honor the Minotaur, that is true. Some people feared it. Others respected it. Many people came to this valley to worship it. Families came to ask for a quick death for their loved ones who had been sent into the Labyrinth. Even the Princess Ariadne came! She cared deeply for the beast, but more for the people. Always, she made amends for her father's cruel law."

The young people snort and roll their eyes at Belemak. "The princess and that wretched king are gone!"

Belemak turns toward you as he picks up the scattered offerings and cradles them in his frail arms. "Ariadne had the biggest heart of all. She truly loved and cared for everyone: her people, her father, her siblings, the Minotaur's victims, even the Minotaur itself! And Theseus!" His eyes turn misty, as if the morning fog has settled in them. "He would have saved her, you know. He was desperate to take her far away from all of this madness but she wouldn't leave her people, so he stayed for her."

The sadness in his voice leaves you speechless.

"That's a nice story, priest," says the ringleader. "But there are statues to be destroyed!" He kicks a wine amphora, and it spills onto the ground, like blood from a wound.

Choose:

1. *You know there are better ways to move on than destroying the past. Torn down symbols have a way of resurfacing, while people without hope turn to the maze. It's better to change a symbol's meaning. You help Belemak and chase away the adolescents.*

Minoans: Diplomacy +1, **see 0015.**

2. *The Minotaur is a symbol of Minos's tyranny, plain and simple. There may be a time for subtler action, but today Crete needs a clearer message. You let the Hornsworn destroy the statues.*

Hornsworn: Diplomacy +1, **see 0016.**

1–2 Orphaned by the Minotaur — *Gods*

On your travels you meet a middle-aged woman who claims a group of bandits is terrorizing a vital trading route that leads to several mountain towns in the area—towns loyal to the Minoan Dynasty. You remember you were supposed to get some Daedalus contraptions from this region for spare parts for the Argo*. Some of the ship's machinas are on the verge of breaking down.*

Several hours into your trek, a lone woman blocks your path. A xiphos at her side, she wears what you have come to know as Hornsworn getup. The rustle of leaves on either side of the road tells you that her archers have you surrounded.

"Pay the tribute to continue your journey, or join your ancestors in the Underworld," the woman says.

You have heard of this group. Ariadne's Children, sacrifices to the Minotaur saved by the prin-

cess. Another example of what happens to people when their idols die. Lost sheep without their shepherd. You remember the Old Priest's words: *"For a cause to survive, people need to believe in the idea, not in the leader."*

Choose a party leader. If the Minoan Guide is with you, **see 0026.** If not, **see 0019.**

3–4 Hooves and Saints | *Fate*

You arrive at the city of Gortyna, where traces of a recent mazequake remain. Destroyed houses surround the city center and you spot some pieces of the Labyrinth sticking from the ground here and there, but no Primordial silhouette in sight.

The city center was spared, but you notice a crowd gathering in front of a big bronze Minotaur statue. You have seen countless representations of the beast during your travels but this one is different. The Minotaur here is more slender and smaller, more graceful than what you are used to seeing.

As you look at the statue, an older woman stops by your side. "It's beautiful, isn't it?" she says. You nod slowly and she seems to notice your perplexity. "You won't find a statue like that elsewhere! It was erected to commemorate Ariadne's love and thus shows a more caring, graceful Minotaur. Some even say it was built by Daedalus himself." Could it really be true? Most legends have a grain of truth to them.

"It really seems like it's Daedalus's work," Alkibiades says after he takes a closer look at the statue. "Some kind of machine, but I can't tell what it does. Yet." It could prove to be useful on your travels.

You can no longer ignore the crowd. People start shouting at each other. The older woman from earlier comes back. "Dear Argonauts, as unbiased strangers, could you help us solve this issue?" She points at the statue. "The Minoans want the statue, for Ariadne was Minos's daughter and cared for the Minotaur. But the Hornsworn see it as a symbol of resistance and an homage to Theseus, the slayer of the beast."

Choose:

1. *Ariadne deeply cared for the Minotaur and was a Minoan princess. It is one of the few things the Minoans have to remember her by. The Minoans should have the statue.*

Minoans: Diplomacy +1. Hornsworn: Diplomacy -1. **See 0022.**

2. *Theseus wanted to free the people and started something bigger than himself. Something that gives people hope and a reason to fight. The Hornsworn should have the statue.*

Hornsworn: Diplomacy +1. Minoans: Diplomacy -1. **See 0023.**

3. *You can honor Ariadne and Theseus by displaying the statue on the Argo for the whole world to see. This would remove the conflict altogether . . . providing you can talk sense into both sides. Alkibiades might also figure out what this contraption actually does. You persuade the people to give you the statue.*

Gain +1 ▼. **See 0025.**

5–6 Virgins for the Horned | *Family*

You come across a burned down settlement. The smoke has cleared and all that remains are charred pieces of broken lives. There are survivors. From the looks of it, these people didn't have much to begin with. You soon learn that all of these families were meant to be sacrificed to the Minotaur at one point or another. After the beast was slain, they were abandoned by the Minoan Dynasty and forced to eke out a meager life. You can clearly see the children's cheekbones. The elders sit in the shade, bony fingers weakly clutching broken canes.

And then there are the Labyrinthians. One of them stands on a collapsed tree trunk while the others roam around the settlement like ghosts, barely speaking but sharing looks full of understanding with the families.

"Brothers and sisters! You need not suffer any longer! Before, you had a purpose, gruesome as it may have been. Sacrifices for the Minotaur!" the speaker begins. You notice some of the families already following the Labyrinthians to the side, nodding and shaking hands. "Now you are left with nothing! The fallen king has abandoned you! The world has shunned you! Do not fear. The Truth is now clearer than ever! Nothing matters. The true shape of the world is revealed!"

More families join the Labyrinthians. From the looks of it, this has been going on for a while. If this continues, they will have converted the entire settlement.

Choose:

1. *You could offer these people a new home and a new beginning. Their lives don't have to become void. These children could have a better future. You offer the settlers a place on the* Argo.

Gain +2 ▼. Minoans: Diplomacy +1. **See 0029.**

2. *Everywhere they go, the Labyrinthians cause trouble. It's time to stop these cultists from spouting more lies. You chase the Labyrinthians away.*

Labyrinthians: Diplomacy -1. Minoans: Diplomacy +1. Gain +1 ⛪. **See 0031.**

7–8 Trial by Bull | *Curse*

You arrive in a village that is rumored to have a direct entrance to the Labyrinth. People are still sent there to appease the Minotaur. The villagers swear that they heard it roar, that they saw its silhouette. Despite their fervent claims, you can't help but question them. You know for a fact that Theseus killed the beast and the original maze is located in a different part of the island.

Hornsworn sympathizers dismiss the story as Minoan propaganda, while the Horned Guard from the barracks up on the hill are certain that a group of Labyrinthians is responsible for the murders.

You decide to investigate. Before you go looking for the Minotaur, you meet Belemak, the former priest of Dionysus. He is as disturbed by this tale as you are and came here to check if it really is the real Minotaur, for he was one of the acolytes who proclaimed it dead.

You enter the tunnel and follow its curving path. Soon you begin to hear something in the darkness. A labored heaving, snorting. Undeterred, you step forward. Torchlight reveals a sinister silhouette, horns, a big snout, and coarse, dark fur.

The beast barrels toward you but you swiftly slash at it with your xiphos. Again and again it comes, snorting and bellowing, but you manage to cut it every time. It doesn't take long before the beast slows down and falls on its side, blood oozing from its multiple wounds. Why was it so easy? The feeling that something isn't right creeps into your mind as you bring a torch closer to the fallen creature. It limps toward a far corridor.

If ⛪ 4+, you must choose option 1. Otherwise, choose:

1. *You should finish what Theseus started and put the creature down. Someone has to put a stop to these murders, whatever this thing is. You finish it off.*

Party leader gains +1 Ω. Gain 4 Armament resources. **See 0027.**

2. *You are not even sure this creature is responsible for the murders. It may be wise to stay your sword for now. However, some of your men—those recruited on the island—seem uneasy at the mere thought of letting the creature live even a second longer. Nevertheless, you let it live and follow it down the corridor.*

Gain +2 ▼ and +1 ⛪. **See 0030.**

9–10 The Last Goodbye | *Dream*

You arrive at a village visited by a catastrophe. Giant hoof marks where houses once stood, and a maze outcrop rising from the ruins of an old temple, all caked in dried-up ambrosia. The survivors are slowly trying to piece back their broken lives. However, there aren't enough pieces for everyone . . .

The water supply is a bone of contention. On one hand, the chief of a small battalion of Horned Guard says they are more organized and will be able to distribute the water more equally. On the other hand, the remaining Hornsworn rebels say they have more experience with handling water in this area. The villagers ask for your unbiased opinion.

Choose:

1. *The Horned Guard is known for its militaristic efficiency and organization. They have the means to handle the water supply. You side with the Horned Guard.*

Minoans: Diplomacy +1. Note "Horned Guard."

2. *The Hornsworn have lived in this area their whole lives. They know the terrain and the layout of the river networks. You side with the Hornsworn.*

Minoans: Diplomacy +1. Note "Hornsworn."

3. *You've noticed that some of the villagers seem uncomfortable leaving something as important as control over the water supply to these groups. It's their village, they should be the ones in control. You side with the villagers.*

Minoans: Diplomacy -1 and Hornsworn: Diplomacy -1. Lose 6 Trireme resources. Note "the villagers."

Regardless of your choice, **see 0006.**

Ω Poseidon's Gift | *Curse*

The silhouette of the ancient library protrudes from the low hilltop, domed roof gleaming in the rising moonlight like the polished skull of a long-dead behemoth. Once white marble columns are now a dull gray, a gargantuan ribcage picked clean by the ravages of time.

This is where the disparate threads of Ariadne's story lead. Her search or yours; there is a definite end here. You feel it.

As you draw near, the weathered ruin above you turns out to be anything but abandoned. Crude fortifications seal gaps in the crumbling walls, while a spiked palisade surrounds the base of the walls, deterring potential invaders.

As you observe the library, you hear the sound of approaching feet. A solitary figure trudges into view: an aged man with matted gray beard, unkempt hair upon his crown and the ceremonial robes that you know to mark him as a dedicant of the Cult of Poseidon. He glares down at his own feet, muttering a nonstop stream of words. He appears quite ill at ease. Absentmindedly, he walks right into the midst of your group.

He flinches, but calms after noting the bright uniforms you wear. "An Argonaut, here? Can it be?"

"We come seeking the knowledge of the library. Following a loose thread . . ."

"A thread?" His bushy brows furrow as the priest considers your words, before understanding dawns in his gaze. "Ah! I may know the secrets of which you speak, and where they rest! You come prepared for battle, I see. That is good! The library was lost to us after Poseidon's fall. The Hornsworn—" He spits upon the ground, the wet gobbet sending a puff of dust into the air. "Those heretics turned their wrath upon us, scattered the followers of Poseidon to the winds, and occupied our monument to his glory."

"Have the people done nothing to remove them?" you ask. "Surely, if they are a problem, the locals would deal with them."

"Deal with them?" The priest's tone turns incredulous. "Oh, they deal with them! They make bargains with them, consort with them! They betray our lord Poseidon by allowing those thugs to occupy his holy place in exchange for aid in fighting off bandits and protecting their crops. They forsake their spiritual purity for things as crass as crops and gold!"

Your thoughts are interrupted by the sound of clashing steel. As you turn your eyes to the hilltop, you can see shifting shadows, dancing flames, and the occasional glimmer of bared weapons. A concerted battle is being waged within the ruins of the library.

A dry chuckle escapes from the priest's throat. "Oh, the Fates have woven a truly delicious pattern for today! The bandits besiege the Hornsworn! Quickly, Argonauts! We must act to secure the library and cleanse it of these vermin!"

Gain +1 Priest (Poseidon) and +1 ⛪.

Choose:

1. *The priest's offer is a tempting one. The aid of an adherent of the Cult of Poseidon would be invaluable in your search for the secrets of the library. The rebels cannot hope to stand against two foes at once. You circle around and attack the Hornsworn.*

Minoans: Diplomacy +1, Hornsworn: Diplomacy -1. **See 0005.**

2. *If the Thesian rebels are helping the locals defend their lands, then if you remove them, you may draw the ire of the people, while those who replace them in the fortified library might end up being more trouble than the Hornsworn. You strike the bandits from behind.*

Minoans: Diplomacy -1, Hornsworn: Diplomacy -1. Lose 6 Trireme resources. Note "the villagers."

3. *You will never fraternize with bandits, but the Hornsworn are not known for their respect for the ancient learnings, especially those of Minoan or divine origin—and that's only if you can even negotiate access to the library in the first place. The strategic choice would be to allow the rebels and the bandits to weaken each other.*

Gain +1 ▼. Labyrinthians: Diplomacy +1, Hornsworn: Diplomacy -1. **See 0038.**

0006

As water is being distributed, the chief of the village comes to greet you. As a token of her appreciation for your support, she offers you free accommodations at her home.

You accept and stay the night.

In your dreams, you find yourself at sea but the ship you are on is unfamiliar. It looks like an old trireme of Minoan design. The man sitting in a chair doesn't see you but you recognize him from all the statues you saw on Crete: King Minos.

A young woman enters the cabin: "It is good to see you, father." A broad smile appears on her face.

He gets up to meet her halfway. "I have missed you terribly. Light of my life, have you come to your senses?"

Ariadne gently but firmly pushes him away.

"Abandon him! He will only hurt you! I know the hearts of men. He is no different."

"He is different," she insists. "He loves me, Father." Her voice is full of certainty.

"How naïve the young heart is."

"He will never hurt me."

Minos sighs. His face then morphs into a mask of deep sadness. "And you him? Won't he feel betrayed? Used?"

Tears well up in her eyes as she smiles again at her father. She kisses his forehead before making her way to the door.

"I don't regret anything, Father. Not a single choice I've made. And I don't blame you for what happened."

Tears roll down Minos's face as the last words of love leave his lips and Ariadne is gone. The king falls back into his chair, his gaze lost in the void, the warmth of her kiss burning on his forehead.

"How naïve the young heart is, and fragile as well," Minos whispers.

With a jolt, you wake up.

See 0054.

0010

The young Hornsworn don't leave you much of a choice. You ask them politely but they won't stop. Some even threaten you.

Each Argonaut tests Endurance (8+). Gain +1 Ψ to add +1 or +3 Ψ to add +2.

Fail: *The're young and inexperienced, but they are stupidly bold. They manage to take you by surprise and injure you.*

Gain +1 A.

0–1 success: *Despite your best efforts, they continue to demolish the statues. Suddenly, one of them has the brash idea to throw a fragment of the statue at Belemak. The projectile hits the priest in the temple and he falls unconscious to the ground. After that, the youths scatter.*

Gain +1 ⛪.

2–3 successes: *They are just children who have lost their leader and their way. You give them a solid beating, but a few manage to evade your blows. They run away, angrier than before, promising to come back. Thankful, Belemak shows you the way to a cave where a feral Titan lives.*

"Believe it or not, he helped me move some of the statues. Treat him gently."

Gain +1 Titan and +1 ▼. Mark B7.

4 successes: *You beat them up until they stop insulting you. Once it's over, they run away with their tails between their legs. They won't come back, at least for a while. Thankful, Belemak shows you the way to a cave where a feral Titan lives.*

"Believe it or not, he helped me move some of the statues. Treat him gently."

Gain +1 Titan. One Argonaut can remove the Mazetouched Affliction. Mark B7.

Regardless of the result, **see 0014.**

0011

Maybe the young Hornsworn will listen if you find the right words to convince them. Maybe the Old Priest will listen too.

Leader tests Wisdom (10+). Each Argonaut may gain +1 A to add +1. For each Faction: Denounced or worse, subtract -1.

Fail: *Your words fall on deaf ears. As you leave, the crash of broken statues echoes throughout the valley. You mourn not the loss of stone idols, but the hope that fades with them.*

Gain +1 ⛪.

Success: *You remind them of the love between Ariadne and Theseus, and of how brave and kind their hero was. You point out that the bull statues can honor them both and that there is no use in lashing out at some inanimate object. After a while, they leave, somewhat at peace. The priest, too, is quiet, but he shows you the way to a cave where a feral Titan lives.*

"Believe it or not, he helped me move some of the statues. Treat him gently."

Gain +1 Titan. One Argonaut can remove the Mazetouched Affliction. Mark B7.

Regardless of the result, **see 0014.**

0012

Your eyes roam over the crowd until you spot familiar geometric tattoos peeking from under sleeves and collars. Wherever the Labyrinthians show up, trouble follows. You have seen the damage their words can cause to people, to the land, and even to themselves. You have lost good crewmembers and others have lost their loved ones, their homes. Everything becomes warped by the plague of the Labyrinth: this Truth they seem so fond of.

You point at the Labyrinthians gathered in the crowd. Immediately people round them up and the chief of the village has to calm everyone down before another murder is committed. He then proceeds to thank you for your help and assures you that those responsible for these murders will face justice.

Minoans: Diplomacy +1 or Hornsworn: Diplomacy +1. Gain +1 ▼. Gain +2 ▼ or +1 ⛪. If B7 is marked, gain +1 Priest (of Dionysus). **See 0050.**

0013

Your eyes roam over the crowd until you spot familiar sets of armor. The Minoans have been both a hindrance and a great help during your journey. They are the ones who gave you a mission, but their questionable methods have put you in some dire situations. How many people have been displaced because of their tyranny? How many villages have you seen on the brink of famine? Everything turns to blood and ashes wherever the Horned Guard is around. Anything to protect the great Minoan Dynasty, right?

You point at the Horned Guard gathered in the crowd. Immediately people round them up and the chief of the village has to calm everyone down before another murder is committed. He then proceeds to thank you for your help and assures you that those responsible for these murders will face justice.

Hornsworn: Diplomacy +1 or Labyrinthians: Diplomacy +1. Gain +1 ▼. Gain +1 ⛪ or +2 ⛪. If B7 is marked, gain +1 Priest (of Dionysus). **See 0050.**

0014

When you return to the Argo *and give the Old Priest an account of the events, he says, "Youth and old age, angst and devoutness, an urge to move and an urge to remain motionless. We are all cursed—or blessed—to walk this path . . ."*

Gain +1 ⛪ and +1 ▼. The least likely Argonaut gains the *A Familiar Curse* Mnemos card. **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0015

You sigh and cross your arms.

"Just leave him alone. He isn't doing anyone any harm."

Belemak smiles at you gratefully, but the adolescents are not convinced.

"We're the Hornsworn!" the ringleader says, anger in his eyes. The traces of childhood are still etched on his features. He turns away from you and kicks the rest of the offerings down, stomping on the honey cake. His comrades cheer him on and start throwing rocks at the large statue, chanting Theseus's name.

They radiate the pure and raw energy of youth. What you see is a group of young people who believe they belong to something worth causing trouble for, despite their idol being long dead. If anything, Theseus's absence might actually have fueled their boldness.

Choose:

1. *You imagine this is how every tyrant starts: using force to get what they want. They need to be taught a lesson before they turn into bullies, or the cycle will repeat itself. You use force to make them leave, but don't kill them.*

Hornsworn: Diplomacy -1. **See 0010.**

2. *If you make them feel powerless, they may turn to darker things. You need to change their minds. You reinterpret the meaning of the statues.*

Labyrinthians: Diplomacy +1. **See 0011.**

0016

The old traditions have failed, in part due to the cruelty of the gods who are now dead. There is nothing more that this priest can do here.

The young Hornsworn look at you, but when you don't make a move to stop them, they laugh openly and start rampaging through the valley, destroying bull statue after bull statue. When one doesn't immediately break, the adolescents gleefully swing at it with sticks.

Belemak doesn't try to stop them. He remains on the side, head bowed and eyes half-closed as if refusing to witness such blasphemy. It's only when the young Hornsworn have finished that he looks up and your eyes meet. You see a resigned

sadness, as if he is only now seeing what the world has come to.

Now that their anger and lust for chaos have been satiated, the young Hornsworn turn to you with hopeful eyes. Their leader approaches. "Will you take us with you? There is bound to be enough room on that big ship of yours. We can work. We can fight. We want to make Theseus proud!"

Choose:

1. *The* Argo *takes all who are ready to do the work and you could always use some able people. Besides, maybe under your guidance these minds can be tempered. You agree to take these young Hornsworn with you.*
Minoans: Diplomacy -1. **See 0056.**
2. *There is so much anger in them, and its edge could turn on you on a whim. It's too dangerous to take an unknown element onboard, especially with the advent of the Labyrinth. You refuse to take them.*
Subtract -2 ▼. Labyrinthians: Diplomacy +1. **See 0057.**

0018

As you think about Ariadne, you're reminded of Belemak's words: how she cared for her people, for the Minotaur, for its victims. She devoted so much of herself to helping others, including the group surrounding you. This is not what she would have wanted.

Leader tests Wisdom (10+). They may gain +1 Ψ to add +1. If Hornsworn: Denounced or worse, subtract -1. If Minoans: Friendly or better, subtract -1.

Fail: *The Hornsworn leader points her xiphos at you. "You didn't know her. How can you know what she would have wanted?"*
You barely have time to counter her blade.
Hornsworn: Diplomacy -1. Leader gains +2 Ψ. **See 0045.**

Success: *You remind her of why they call themselves Ariadne's Children, of the princess's kindness and love. The Hornsworn leader listens and, after deliberating with her people, she agrees to leave the mountains and stop attacking the merchants if you share some resources.*
Hornsworn: Diplomacy +1. Minoans: Diplomacy -1. Lose 6 Trireme resources (if you can't, gain +1 ⛵) and subtract -2 ▼.

Regardless of the result, **return to the Voyage Phase.**

0019

"Why do you attack merchants?" you ask.
Her hand relaxes on her xiphos without leaving it completely. "The treacherous king has abandoned us all. He ruined our lives, tearing us from our families." With her free hand, she motions to the trees. "Some of us were captured and sold into slavery. Others were bound to become sacrifices for the Minotaur. Time and time again, the fallen king has used us and discarded us like broken tools!"
She takes a moment to collect herself. "Life in the mountains is harsh and the winters are fickle. We need those supplies to survive. Dead gods know no one else will provide for us."

Choose:

1. *These people are suffering, but there must be another way to please everyone. Otherwise, this cycle of misery will never end. You convince her to stop attacking the merchants.* **See 0018.**
2. *The ends don't justify the means. The people in the mountain towns are suffering because of their lack of supplies. You use force to make the Hornsworn stop attacking the merchants.*
Hornsworn: Diplomacy -1. **See 0045.**
3. *She is right. They deserve justice for all the crimes the Minoan Dynasty committed against them. The* Argo *will have to go without repairs for a few weeks longer. You return to the* Argo.
Hornsworn: Diplomacy +1. Minoans: Diplomacy -1. **See 0047.**

0020

"Is this what we have become? Thieves and killers? Is this the true legacy of the gods?" Her laughter turns into coughing. "This is your rule, Princess. Do you have the courage to dirty your hands?"
Princess Acacallis pales.
"I thought so. You make thugs like these do it for you, like your father did before you. You're worthless."
You see something break in Acacallis. She draws a dagger.

Choose:

1. *Maybe if more rulers were made to do their dirty work themselves, they'd stay their hands. This is a lesson. You don't interfere.*
See 0058.
2. *Getting dirty will only make you dirty. There is no lesson here beyond that of empathy. You stop Acacallis before she commits to this path.*
At the start of the next battle, the party leader draws a Major Trauma card. **See 0059.**

0022

Ariadne was a Minoan princess first and deeply loved her people and the Minotaur. Her caring nature should not be forgotten. As soon as you give your opinion, shouts erupt from the crowd. The Hornsworn are having none of this.

The leader tests Wisdom (10+). Each Argonaut may gain +1 Ψ to add +1.
Fail: *Before long, a simple argument turns into a bloody fight. You are helpless to stop it. You feel tired and hopeless.*
Leader gains 1 Despair token.
Success: *Begrudgingly, the Hornsworn let the Minoans have the statue. To thank you, the Minoans share some of their resources with your crew.*
Gain 6 Monument resources.

Regardless of the result, gain +1 ▼ and +2 ▼. **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0023

Theseus was a true hero who gave his life for what he believed in. His bravery and resistance should not be forgotten. As soon as you give your opinion, shouts erupt from the crowd. The Minoans are having none of this.

The leader tests Wisdom (9+). They may gain +2 Ψ to add +1.
Fail: *Before long, a simple argument turns into a bloody fight. You feel tired and hopeless.*
Gain 1 Despair token.
Success: *Begrudgingly, the Minoans let the Hornsworn have the statue. Some of the Hornsworn were so moved by your words that they decide to join you on your adventures.*
Gain +1 ✕ and +1 ⛵.

Regardless of the result, gain +1 ▼ and +2 ▼. **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0025

If Minoans or Hornsworn: Denounced or worse: *The people don't trust you. When you mention taking the statue-machina with you, they start throwing stones at you. You barely make it out before the situation truly gets out of hand.*
Each Argonaut gains +1 Ψ. Gain +1 ⛵. **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

Otherwise, the leader tests Cunning (10+). Each Argonaut may gain +1 Δ to add +1.
Fail: *People refuse to give you the statue and some are even offended by the idea. The crowd suddenly turns on you.*
Minoans: Diplomacy -1. Hornsworn: Diplomacy -1. Gain +1 ⛵.
Success: *As your words float through the air, you can see dozens of intrigued faces. You tell them of your grand adventures, of all the places you have seen and what a great honor it would be for the Argonauts to display such a strong symbol as this Minotaur statue. It would be the ultimate homage to their beloved princess and brave hero.*
Minoans: Diplomacy +1 or Hornsworn: Diplomacy +1. Gain +2 ▼. Either gain +1 ⛵ or note "Minotaur Ourania Machina" on the Argo Sheet.

0026

The Minoan Guide steps forward and demands these brigands let you pass. The woman leading the bandits laughs and then she looks her in the eye, her gaze as cold as the ice shining on the mountain peaks looming over you.
"Even the dead gods won't save you now." Then she grabs her xiphos and the archers among the trees take aim, ready to fire.

You may stand by Acacallis and offer your support. If you do, party leader gains +2 Δ, then make an Acacallis tally mark.
Choose:
1. *You didn't come all this way to be robbed, and the tribute they ask for is ridiculous. Their numbers are equal to yours. You can take them. You attack!*
Hornsworn: Diplomacy -1. **See 0045.**
2. *They haven't attacked you yet. Violence doesn't seem to be their default action. It shouldn't be yours. You try to negotiate.*
Minoans: Diplomacy -1. **See 0019.**

0027

There is no point in prolonging its suffering. With one precise hit, the creature lets out a choked grunt before its horned head hits the ground. But something still doesn't feel right. Once you are sure it's dead, you inspect the carcass. To your surprise, you discover it's just a man in an elaborate costume, horned mask and all.
You don't recognize this man. Was he one of the Labyrinthians, as the Horned Guard said? Would they be crazy enough to do something like this?
You take a look down the dark corridor. It branches into many smaller tunnels. At least the part about the maze turned out to be true. You have no way of navigating it without getting lost. You decide to return to the village.
You don't have much to announce other than the fact that the beast is dead and that it was a man wearing a Minotaur costume. The village chief asks you who you think might be behind this masquerade. You can only speculate . . .

Choose:
1. *You have seen how crazy the Labyrinthians can get. And their connection to the Labyrinth is strong. You blame the Labyrinthians.*
Labyrinthians: Diplomacy -1. **See 0012.**
2. *It's the Horned Guard who blamed the Labyrinthians, even before the ruse was up. It wouldn't be the first time that the Minoans have manipulated and set people up to gain control. You blame the Horned Guard.*
Minoans: Diplomacy -1. **See 0013.**
3. *The Hornsworn didn't want you to investigate in the first place. And they have often stirred trouble with their radical ways. They could use this situation to their benefit. You blame the Hornsworn.*
Hornsworn: Diplomacy -1. **See 0046.**
4. *You have no proof, and the Minotaur impersonator is dead. Anyone could be behind these murders. You don't blame anyone.*
Gain +1 ▼. **See 0053.**

0029

Maybe you can give these people a new future. There is enough space on the Argo*, but many of them aren't fighters, especially the children and the elderly. You might be putting them and yourself in danger. Still, your words make sense to many, and they wish to follow you.*
As the new families are boarding the Argo, the clothes on their backs their only belongings, a man approaches you. He is holding the hands of two small children.
"Please, take us with you!" he begs. "They are my niece and nephew. There is still hope for them!"
"What about their parents?"
A grim look appears on his face. "They are too far gone . . ." He is interrupted by shouts and soon you see the parents running toward their children. Geometrical lines snake on the mother's arms and while the father doesn't seem to be marked, but he has the same wild look in his eyes as his wife.

Choose:
1. *Children should not suffer because of their parents' mistakes, even if that means taking them away to give them a better life. You allow the uncle and his nephew and niece to join you.*
Gain +2 Δ. Party leader gains 1 Despair token. **See 0052.**
2. *Who gives you the right to choose for others? Arguing your point of view with others is one thing. Enforcing it on the helpless is quite another. This is a dangerous path. You refuse to take them and leave the children with their parents.*
Lose -1 Δ. Party leader gains +1 Ω. **See 0055.**

0030

You follow the Minotaur through a maze of dark corridors until, to your surprise, you emerge in the barracks of the Horned Guard. The beast is wheezing on the floor, unable to move any further. In the light pouring from outside, you discover it's just a man in an elaborate costume, horned mask and all. You take the mask as proof. In the next room you find traces of blood and several torture instruments. You shudder at the thought of what occurred here. Belemak turns to you and says, "These Horned Guard are tormenting and murdering the villagers. It has to stop!"
You agree.

Lose -1 Δ.

Back at the village, you present your discoveries to the gathered crowd. The Horned Guard blatantly deny their involvement, implicating the Labyrinthians even further, while the Hornsworn sympathizers call to arms, ready to swarm the barracks. Despite the evidence, you notice some of the villagers still refuse to believe you, as if their fear of the Minotaur's survival was more comforting.
The village chief, backed by the Hornsworn sympathizers, eventually thanks you for your help and assures you that those responsible for these murders will face justice.

Minoans: Diplomacy -1. Hornsworn: Diplomacy +1. Gain +1 ▼. If B7 is marked, gain +1 Priest (of Dionysus). **See 0050.**

0031

You have seen what catastrophes the Labyrinthians' words can cause. It's time they find another place to roam. When you chase them away, they don't protest much, as if it was another thing bound to happen. The fact that nothing seems to faze them unsettles you.
Now that the Labyrinthians are gone, these people are once again left without guidance. They turn to you for help. You can share some of your supplies with them, but ultimately it's up to them to save themselves.

The leader tests Will (10+). Each Argonaut may gain +1 Δ to add +1. If Labyrinthians: Denounced or worse, subtract -1.
Fail: *Despite your best efforts, the settlers refuse your help and some families are angry that you chased the Labyrinthians away. They want nothing to do with you. One of the settlers touches you in the scuffle. You feel your skin tingle where they touched you, a burning sensation that makes you shudder.*
The leader gains the Mazetouched Affliction.
Success: *The settlers accept your help. As you leave the next day, you notice another ship in the distance, closing in. It looks like a Minoan trireme. Will the Horned Guard help the settlers, or have they come to further their misery?*
Gain +1 Priest (of Hermes). Lose 5 Trireme resources and subtract -2 ▼. If you don't pay, gain +1 ▼ instead.

Regardless of the result, gain +1 ✕. **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0032

"Is this what we have become? Thieves and killers? Is this the true legacy of the gods?" Her laughter turns into coughing. "Maybe the Labyrinthians are right after all. Nothing seems to matter anymore," she whispers with her final breath.

Minoans: Diplomacy +1. Lose -1 ✕. Gain 4 Armament resources. **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0035

This was the world before the Eschaton, mortals dancing to the Olympians' pitiless tune.
The reliefs stay with you forever. Damn the gods to hell.
As if hearing your sentiment in oblivion, the gods give voice to their anger. The whole place begins to come down.
You race to the exit, where the Titan keeps it from collapsing. You make it. It doesn't.

Lose -1 Titan. Party leader gains +1 Ω. Each Argonaut gains +1 Ψ. Gain +1 ▼. **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0036

The bandit attack on the library is too good an opportunity to squander. You begin to move around the hillside, coming up on the far side of the ruins. In moments, your crew makes an opening in the crude palisade and you rush in.
The battle is fierce but mercifully short. The Hornsworn are not prepared for a rear charge, and you quickly catch them between your forces and those of the bandits. Yet the Hornsworn will not sell their lives cheaply and manage to inflict some losses before falling to their bloody fates. The bandits, emboldened by their swift victory, seem to consider pressing their luck and attacking you, but a quick glance at your gleaming weapons and blood-spattered armor discourages them. In seconds, the bandits have fled into the darkness, and you are loath to relinquish control over the library. They will have to become someone else's problem.
Behind your forces, the priest ecstatically moves through the ancient halls of the library, occasionally kicking the bodies of the Hornsworn or chattering jubilantly in celebration of reclaiming the ruin from his foes. It takes some time to calm him down enough to remind him why you are here.

Party leader gains +1 Ω. Lose -1 ✕. You find a stash kept by the Hornsworn: Gain 4 Infused Mechanism resources.
If Labyrinthians: Friendly or better, **see 0042.**
Otherwise, **see 0043.**

0037

In spite of the priest's urging, you will not attack the Hornsworn. The local people rely on them to keep them safe, and without any proficient warriors in the vicinity, the bandits would run rampant. You order your crew to charge up the hill, catching the bandits between your forces and the fortifications.
The bandits are numerous but poorly trained. You are battle-hardened and fearless. The ensuing skirmish is over almost before it has begun, with minimal losses among your forces. The Hornsworn, surprised by their sudden turn of fortune, are wary as they emerge from behind their fortifications. One of them, a burly man with many scars and a hefty ax for a weapon, steps forward.
Not wanting to lose momentum, you explain that you have come seeking the knowledge of followers of Poseidon, stored in the fortified library.
A sharp hawking sound echoes throughout as the Hornsworn leader spits on ground. Around him, his fellows begin to grumble and clutch their weapons a little more tightly. The air around them becomes a little colder.
"Gods' knowledge!" He barks out a deep, guttural laugh. "Same knowledge that sired the Minotaur? That led Minos to sacrifice the innocent to the beast? The knowledge of the Cult of Poseidon is meaningless! It is good that the gods are gone, and their followers brought low! But maybe," he adds, measuring you up, "maybe we can come to an agreement . . ." His grin grows a little broader.

If Hornsworn: Friendly or better, then you can negotiate passage in exchange for 3 Trireme resources. Otherwise, you will need to exchange 8 Trireme resources. If you don't have as much or don't want to use it, the Hornsworn will take pity on you and help you for free . . . The dead gods, however, will not: gain +1 ⛵.

Regardless of your bargaining prowess, many Hornsworn, inspired by your bravery and tales of your exploits, so reminiscent of the legends of Theseus, want to join your ranks.

Gain +1 ✕. Then, note "Herd" and finally, **see 0044.**

0038

You know that a wise leader does not rush wildly into battle. If you allow the bandits and the Hornsworn to exhaust one another then there will be less risk to you and your forces. You order your crew to stand back, in spite of the priest urging you to attack. The clamor of battle washes over you: the clashing of swords, the screams of the wounded and the dying, the growing silence that always follows a brutal clash. Soon, the peaceful stillness of the night returns.
Your people climb the hill slowly, the priest following you timidly. When you reach the top, a scene of chaos greets you. Bodies lie everywhere, bandits and Hornsworn alike. Most are already dead, while a few are still releasing their final gasps.
A small group of Hornsworn remains standing, bloodied and breathing heavily. One of them, a burly man sporting a broad array of scars and a heavy ax, steps forward, raising his weapon defensively. He sneers as he regards your fresh-faced, eager crew, and the priest in tow behind you.
"Ah . . . Come to finish us off? Here to give the little man his holy house back?" He chuckles, a bubble of bloody spittle gathering on his lower lip.
He doesn't wait for an answer, the ax rising in his grasp as he lunges toward you. His haphazard stagger is quickly brought to an end as your own weapon lunges out, extinguishing his life in a flash. Before the corpse has even hit the ground, the handful of remaining Hornsworn warriors have turned and fled, knowing that they stand no chance against fresh and ready Argonauts.
Behind your forces, the priest ecstatically moves through the ancient halls of the library, occasionally kicking the bodies of the Hornsworn or chattering jubilantly in celebration of reclaiming the ruin from his foes.
You pause to consider what you have done. This place may hold no answers, while the men and women here might have done something with their lives. Now they lie motionless, defenders and attackers indistinguishable from one another. Everything seems so meaningless now. Maybe there is something to this Truth of the Labyrinth . . .

Leader gains a Fated Mnemos. Gain +1 ⛵. Every Argonaut may gain +2 Ψ to gain +1 ▼.
If Labyrinthians: Friendly or better, note "Maze" and **see 0042.**
Otherwise, note "Sea" and **see 0043.**

0039

"The grace of our lord, Poseidon," says the priest unironically with a fat grin on his face. "So the king could sire a near divine being. Too bad they butchered it."
The callousness of the priest reminds you of the world before the Eschaton and these reliefs stay with you forever. Damn the gods.

Gain +1 and +1 . Party leader gains +1 Ω. Each Argonaut gains +1 Ψ. If you gained a Priest during this adventure, you may lose him. **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0040 *This was the world before the Eschaton, mortals dancing to the Olympians' pitiless tune.*
The reliefs stay with you forever.
Damn the gods to hell.

Party leader gains +1 Ω. Each Argonaut gains +1 Ψ. Gain +1 . **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0041 *Judging by the sea wave pattern carved into the giant columns, this seems to be a temple of Poseidon, though you wonder why it would be hidden from view. You spread out to cover more ground. The Labyrinth has indeed struck here, transforming the whole western wall into a vertigo-inducing mosaic of moving lines and angular protrusions. Then there are the giant statues of cows, made from white marble. Mortals did not make this. Despite the holy ornaments, despite the labyrinthization, you still recognize the masterful stonework and the true builders of these place: the Centimanes.*

is 'zero'

You converge on the altar, where a ball of yarn has been carelessly left on the floor. Curiously, a maze vein running perpendicular to the labyrinthized wall goes around it.

Gain the *Yarn Talisman* card (Secret deck 2, card 21).

The far wall above the altar is covered in a series of reliefs, cruder in nature than the cow statues, more in line with the ornaments of Poseidon. You study them one by one, your heart growing heavier with each image.
Minos discovers the Centimanes ruins and lusts for their power. He seems enamored with the cow statues. Poseidon offers him a deal. For one night he will grant him the ability to understand their meaning, for the mere price of endless human sacrifices. Minos agrees. The slaver fleets set sail. Yet Poseidon is a god, fickle and spiteful. He turns Minos into a bull, symbolically or physically—it's hard to discern. Sometime later, Pasiphaë gives birth to Ariadne. The Minotaur.

If "Maze" noted, **see 0040.**
If "Sea" noted, **see 0039.**
If "Herd" noted, **see 0035.**

0042 *"Hmm? Oh, yes . . . I suppose I did promise to help you find what you were seeking. It's beneath this piece of rubble." He points to the library. "It was well guarded against trespassers, but the Labyrinth is strong here. You'll find a way down. Just be warned, Poseidon has left quite a mess. Minos be damned . . ."*
The priest turns to leave and only now do you notice a maze tattoo crawling onto his neck from beneath the robes.
"You . . ."
"Kill me or let me go; it makes no difference to the Truth."

Either lose -1 Priest or gain +1 .

You eventually find a way down through a symmetrical shaft in the shape of a maze block, just as the priest said. You lower yourself down into the vast chamber below.

See 0041.

0043 *"Hmm? Oh, yes . . . I suppose I did promise to help you find what you were seeking." He seems reluctant to give an outsider access to anything from the library, but eventually acquieses. "The library was plundered long ago. But what you seek is underground. Be warned, it was not meant for the eyes of mortals."*
The priest leads you to a vast chamber below the library.

Gain +1 . **See 0041.**

0044 *"There is a chamber beneath the library, a forsaken place of the gods. You won't find anything of value there. Be warned, there was a quake, and the entrance has caved in. You'd need a giant to get through."*
You have more than one.
With a Titan's help, you get inside the underground chamber.

Gain 4 Monument resources. **See 0041.**

0045 *As you give the signal to attack, the first javelins fly. You see at least a few of your warriors fall, but in close quarters the bandits have no chance.*
Your blade gleams red in the sunlight as you stand above the Hornsworn leader. Red paints her clothes but she is still breathing. With great effort, she lifts her head to look at you, a bitter smile splayed on her bloody lips.

If the Minoan Guide is with you, **see 0020.** Otherwise, **see 0032.**

0046 *Your eyes roam over the crowd until you spot familiar helmets with broken horns. You have stopped counting the number of delicate situations the Hornsworn have forced you into. Always sowing chaos and rejecting any kind of authority, claiming they are the legacy of the great Theseus. All they do is drag his name through the mud. All of his efforts, everything he sacrificed—it's all being slowly destroyed in this never ending circle of hate. If only Theseus could see them now . . .*
You point at the Hornsworn gathered in the crowd. Immediately, people round them up and the chief of the village has to calm everyone down before another murder is committed. He then proceeds to thank you for your help and assures you that those responsible for these murders will face justice.

Labyrinthians: Diplomacy +1 or Minoans: Diplomacy +1. Gain +1 . Gain +1 or +2 . If B7 is marked, gain +1 Priest (Dionysus). **See 0050.**

0047 *Everywhere you go, you witness the results of Minos's crimes, and this road is no exception. The Hornsworn are only doing what is necessary to survive in a world where people have to suffer the consequences of one man's failures and greed.*
These mountain towns will have to solve their problems on their own—and so will Alkibiades's artificers, for that matter. Ariadne's Children deserve justice for what happened to them and although you can't provide it, you can at least let them be.

Subtract -2 , place 1 on Inward Odyssey. Lose -1 . **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0050 *Later that day, Belemak comes to see you. A serious look is painted on his face. "It actually never occurred to me before I saw this impersonator, but there was something un-bull-like about the real Minotaur. It was so slender and graceful. Divine."*
"Then the Minotaur wasn't Minos's son after all? But something else altogether?"
"Maybe." Belemak sighs. "Only Minos knows. Well, Ariadne might have known, since she cared for the creature."
You don't know what to think of any of that.

Return to the Voyage Phase.

0052 *With a swift nod, you allow the uncle and his niece and nephew to come aboard the Argo. As the ship sails away, some Labyrinthians and settlers gather on the shore, looking for those who chose—or were forced to—abandon them. The uncle's face remains grim as he guides the children inside the Argo.*

Gain +1 . **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0053 *With so little evidence, you do not wish to blame anyone. No one should be punished for crimes they didn't commit. This doesn't change the fact that the murderer might still be on the loose. That disguised man couldn't have been working alone.*

Labyrinthians: Diplomacy -1. Minoans: Diplomacy -1. Hornsworn: Diplomacy -1. Gain +1 . Subtract -2 and lose -1 . If B7 is marked, gain +1 Priest (Dionysus). **See 0050.**

0054 *The next day, you take one last walk through the village before you leave.*

If the Horned Guard got control of the water supply:
The Horned Guard distribute the water evenly, but keep half of the supply for themselves, regardless of how many warriors are in the battalion. As a result, some of the villagers don't get enough water.
Subtract -1 and gain +1 .

If the Hornsworn got control of the water supply:
The Hornsworn distribute the water evenly and barely have enough for themselves. As a result, their forces are weakened.
Each Argonaut gains +1 Ψ. Lose -1 , gain +1 .

If the villagers got control of the water supply:
They manage to handle it on their own and distribute the water evenly, but a lot of it is wasted. Before you leave, one of the elders leads you to a broken house where you find plates and tissue of the Labyrinthauros. The Primordial must've shed it like a snake sheds its skin.
Gain 3 Infused Mechanism resources.

0055 *You shake your head and climb aboard the Argo. The uncle accepts your decision without a word, but you can see anger in his eyes, then despair, and finally resignation. As you sail away, he remains on the shore with the two children until you look at the horizon, wondering if in time they will join the Cult of the Labyrinth too.*

Lose -2 . **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0056 *There is plenty of room on the Argo, you reason. What harm can a dozen young people do? Still, you eye them cautiously. They say they can fight and you have seen their violence and anger, but can you count on them, when the need arises, to keep a cool head and abstain from action?*
As the young Hornsworn speed back to the forest to gather their things, you turn to the former priest who is kneeling in front of the big bull statue, picking up the broken amphora pieces. You gather the fruit that can be salvaged and replace them in the basket, but the look the former priest gives you is clear as day: it's a poor consolation.
"At least they'll be gone now," Belemak whispers as you retreat. His hunched figure still remains in front of the big bull statue as you sail away.

Gain +2 and +1 . **See 0014.**

0057 *You cannot afford to take these young Hornsworn with you. The risks are too great, and a lot of things could go wrong. Besides, you are running low on supplies as it is. Their leader gives you the evil eye and you can feel the venom burning at the tip of his tongue, but he doesn't say anything. He rounds up his boys and leaves. Maybe for good. Maybe not.*
Since there is nothing left for you here, you turn to the former priest, who is kneeling in front of the big bull statue, picking up the broken amphora pieces. You gather the fruit that can be salvaged and replace them in the basket, but the look the former priest gives you is clear as day: it's a poor consolation.
"They need a symbol," he says. "Who will they turn to when, in their eyes, Theseus becomes just an ordinary man?"
His hunched figure still remains in front of the big bull statue as you sail away.

Lose 3 Trireme resources. **See 0014.**

0058 *Though it takes her all, Acacallis stabs the Hornsworn leader with a shaking hand.*
"That's enough from you! Traitor . . . All Hornsworn are traitors. You're all traitors!"

Minoans: Diplomacy +2. Lose -1 , gain 4 Armament resources. **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0059 *The party leader stand between Acacallis and the Hornsworn woman and takes the hit. Blood spills from the wound, but they pay it no heed.*
"No, Acacallis," they say calmly. "This is not you."
"What do you know of me, Argonaut?" She breaks down into tears. "I'm no better than her."
You look at the Hornsworn leader, but she has passed out from the loss of blood. Another wound wouldn't have mattered. But you didn't intervene to save her, did you? You wanted to save Acacallis.
"Whatever you did, whatever path you walk, you can always turn back. The potential for redemption is the birthright of each and every one of us. That is the hope we believe in."
The princess raises her gaze, a mixture of relief, happiness, and sorrow painted on her pained face.
"You truly believe that, don't you?" she asks, amazed. "You don't know how rare you are, Argonauts. Thank you for being here, for me and for Crete."

Make 2 Acacallis tally marks. Minoans: Diplomacy +2. Lose -1 . Gain 4 Armament resources. **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

Dreams Laid Bare

α	A Knife So Sharp	
1–2	Changing of the Guard	☐
3–4	Prisoners	☐
5–6	Stalked by the Maze	☐
7–8	Mazed Hull	☐
9–10	Among Broken Pottery and Trampled Grapes	☐
Ω	Price of a Promise	

α A Knife So Sharp — *Voyage*

The Labyrinth has begun its final push. Destruction is upon the city of Kato Zakros, where Theseus once promised to end Minos's tyranny and bring freedom to the people of Crete.

The giant shadow of the Temenos looms over the narrow streets. The ground is shaking, and fissures open like fresh lacerations, swallowing people by the dozens. Screams drown the noise of stone breaking and fire raging. Crowds mass at the port, but there are far too few ships to save all. Chaos reigns. You imagine this is how Eschaton looked.

The Argo is too far away to send for help. It's only you and your party against utter extinction. And yet you cannot abandon your search. You have come too far to stop now. Nikephoros, Theseus's confidante who allegedly walked out of the maze with him after he slayed the Minotaur, is said to be here somewhere!

She's taller than most and with a flaming red mane she will easily stand out in the crowd.

You cross street after street, looking at every passerby, trying to keep an eye on the Temenos, a shadowy silhouette looming in the skyline. You can't stay here long.

"Nike, that beggar? What do I care how Theseus killed the beast?!" one man spits. His partner looks at you with a softer gaze and adds, "People said seeing the Minotaur was what drove her mad."

You enter the market. Broken stands and fruit trampled to mush litter the ground. People are fleeing, fighting, and looting abandoned storefronts. From those you manage to stop, you get only snippets.

Theseus. Minotaur. Madness and despair. Some even claim she was a direct descendant of Eris that came to bring chaos to the city.

If the Old Spinner is with you, **see 0064.**
If not, **see 0063.**

1–2 Changing of the Guard — *Supernatural*

With the memory of the Temenos destroying the city of Kato Zakros still fresh in your mind, you stop at a village, where Theseus's confidante, Nikephoros, is rumored to have stayed. It's a nice change from the bustling metropolises, hills, and fields rolling in the countryside. It would have been peaceful to look at, if not for the grotesque painting the maze has turned it into. Ungodly symmetry, straight lines, sharp angles.

Once you reach the settlement, your scouts report that a group of Black Labyrinthians, the self-proclaimed priests of the maze, control this region. You've heard of them: more driven, more fanatical, black-clad. It seems they have chosen this village to organize some cruel games and their participant-victims: its inhabitants. Games where people are forced to fight each other, to walk into traps . . . You even hear about one where the victims were cast down into a pit with a famished and brutalized Titan.

One of your scouts has more insight: the people targeted for those games are usually the Minoan nobility who ruled this land with an iron fist all those years ago.

If the Minoan Guide is with you, she urges you to stop this masquerade. If you choose option 1, make an Acacallis tally mark.

Choose:

1. *You learn that the Black Labyrinthians' next target is Philostratos, an old Minoan noble who is rumored to have struck a deal with Athens and helped Theseus when he arrived on Crete. You pay Philostratos a visit before the Black Labyrinthians do.*

Minoans: Diplomacy +1. **See 0036.**

2. *Your spies have found the Black Labyrinthians' hideout. It may be worth taking a look, especially since most of the cultists will be away, busy hunting Philostratos. You search the hideout.*

Minoans: Diplomacy -1. **See 0037.**

3–4 Prisoners — *Family*

While on deep reconnaissance in the heart of the island, you set up camp.

Something wakes you up in the middle of the night. As you come to, you realize you're surrounded by high walls. The sentries are gone. The tiny pattern of angular lines shifting on the stone blocks leaves little doubt where you are. You have not seen the Labyrinth emerge so quickly or so quietly before. The rate of transformation is accelerating . . .

You pack up camp and leave the way you came—or so you think. You try to follow the position of the sun, barely peeking above the walls, but you are constantly detoured by dead ends. It feels like hours have passed and yet there is no exit in sight. The walls seem to close in above you and soon you can't even see the sky. Now you are truly trapped.

Doubt starts to spread among your crew. You see it on their faces, in the way their eyes search the land around you to come back empty. Dread settles in as you realize you are lost and are just wandering around without any sense of direction.

Choose a party leader.
If Minoans: Diplomacy is higher than Hornsworn: Diplomacy, **see 0010.** If it's the other way around, **see 0011.**

5–6 Stalked by the Maze — *Curse*

You've just returned from scouting, avoiding a Temenos encounter by the skin of your teeth. Alas, your relief is short-lived as you notice something rising on the horizon. Angular lines, grotesque angles. A maze wall as long as this stretch of the coast has just emerged behind you . . . and it's begun to move, like some kind of stone tidal wave. You order your crew to depart immediately. Your only chance is to get to the open sea.

Choose a party leader.

As the Argo rides the waves, you notice smaller ships following you, survivors from the nearby polis razed by the Temenos. But the maze is growing behind you, spreading its angular walls like a giant toothed maw ready to swallow you whole. You can hear the strain on the aeolipilean engines, but if you can just push them just a little bit more . . .

If J1 is marked, **see 0070.**

You hear a loud snapping sound. The maze has caught up to one of the triremes following you. Twisted lines spread on the broken hull, now carried by the Labyrinth, unraveling like some kind of a cursed puzzle, until they cover the entire wreck. Screams echo from inside and you turn away. The maze seems to have momentarily slowed down, before regaining speed once the trireme has been completely ingested, lost to the churning blocks. This pattern continues, as ship after ship becomes one with the maze.

The captain of the last trireme, which, to your surprise, managed to close in on the Argo, shouts to get your attention. "Argonauts! Please! Let us come aboard! We can't outrun it!"

Choose:

1. *You can't turn a blind eye when others turn to you for help. You are the Argonauts. Besides, there is a whole ship of hopefuls watching your every move. You slow down a bit and allow them to come aboard the* Argo.

Hornsworn: Diplomacy +1. Lose -1 ◐. **See 0029.**

2. *You cannot risk allowing them onboard. Slowing down could spell doom for you all and you can't fail, not when you're so close . . . You leave the other ship to its fate.*

Hornsworn: Diplomacy -1. **See 0030.**

7–8 Mazed Hull — *Tragedy*

Shouts from a lower deck interrupt your morning stroll around the outer rim of Argo's bow. When you get there, a crowd has already formed and you have to push your way through. Several people are arguing so vehemently they are close to exchanging blows instead of words. Many who share their opinions but are too timid—or too smart—to not get themselves directly involved, encourage them to do just that.

One crewmember argues that there are too many people aboard the Argo *and that the living quarters have become cramped. Another says that they saw one of the refugees you picked up recently tinker with the engines. Yet another swears they saw someone steal from the food reserves. Just as the voices blend into one droning sound in danger of swallowing all civilized discourse, a tremor shakes the ship.*

One of Alkibiades's grease monkeys runs up to you. "Breach! Maze on the hull, and it's spreading! We need to deal with it now!"

Upon hearing the news, your crew starts fighting anew, blaming each other for this predicament.

Choose:

1. *The* Argo *is your means of travel, but it has also become your home. If it is corrupted, the journey stops. These petty squabbles will have to wait. You deal with the mazed hull first and leave someone in charge to handle the dispute.*

Labyrinthians: Diplomacy +1. **See 0033.**

2. *The ship, as always, will endure. It is its lifeblood, the people that make up its crew, that is in danger here. You need to get to the bottom of this dissent before it escalates. You mediate the dispute and leave Alkibiades to deal with the mazed hull.*

Labyrinthians: Diplomacy -1. **See 0034.**

9–10 Among Broken Pottery and Trampled Grapes — *Heritage*

The mazequake has moved through this area swiftly—and completely.

You can't help but shudder as you make your way to a small village not far from Malia where you are to meet your informant. Giant pieces of dark stone stick out of the earth, eerie and unnatural, like some kind of undecipherable sign from a forgotten deity. You let your gaze wander over the strange lines carved in the stone.

After a few seconds, you continue along the road and reach the first buildings. It looks like the houses have been turned upside-down, their roofs broken into thousands of pieces and now lying between the labyrinth fragments like scattered petals.

Near a small hill, you notice a large building miraculously unscathed, some kind of palace. A crowd surrounds it. Before you can make your way toward it, a young woman steps in front of you.

At first, you don't understand the harsh whispers forced through her lungs in raspy breaths. Blood cakes her forehead and her clothes are torn in places, her tanned skin covered in a thick layer of dust and grime.

"Please," she finally says. "We need help."

She points to several people nearby. Some are bringing water, others are tending to the wounded and dying. Children with hastily bandaged heads rest against a jutting labyrinth wall like broken dolls.

You look back at the woman. Her unwavering gaze burns through you. The geometric tattoos on her arms are mostly covered by the dust, but you see enough to know she's one of the Labyrinthians.

Choose:

1. *You've been on this island long enough to know these people are mostly victims. Ignoring them is what led to this crisis in the first place. You help the Labyrinthians tend to the wounded.*

Labyrinthians: Diplomacy +1. **See 0054.**

2. *The Labyrinthians have chosen their fate. This catastrophe may very well be their prayers answered. They don't get to walk away scot-free on that basis. You ignore her and continue on your way. You have an informant to meet.*

Labyrinthians: Diplomacy -1. **See 0018.**

Ω Price of a Promise — *Dream*

Another polis. A Temenos emergence.

The Argo lies at anchor some distance from the coast. The walls of the nearby polis are crumbling. Whole sections plummet to the waters below. Even here you can hear the deep rumbling sounds of destruction.

A woman clad in Labyrinthian robes approaches you. You know not how she got onto your ship.

"It is high time we met, Argonauts. I am Nikephoros."

You look at her, dumbfounded. You have been looking for her all this time and here she is, coming to you of her own volition. Either the Fates are smiling upon you or cursing you.

"I have come to bargain," she says once you find a private place to talk. "I need your help to rescue my son. If you do, I will tell you what you wish to know." She smiles for a brief second before donning a neutral, calm mask. "As a token of good faith, I will tell you how it all began. Before Theseus even knew about the Minotaur or the plight of the people, he came to Crete on behalf of Athens to destroy the Minoan Dynasty. He was an agent of chaos." Nikephoros nods. "His initial plan was to destabilize Minos's rule and the entire Minoan system. But everything changed when he fell for Ariadne."

"And then?"

"That is all I will tell you for now. My son is in the city." She looks at you with cold determination, not like a mother pleading for her son's life, but like someone who knows what they want and how to get it. You can tell this kind of attitude, coupled with her calm demeanor and smart thinking, is what has allowed her to survive this long.

"This city is in the Temenos's path and will be destroyed," you say and she nods.

Choose:

1. *If she is willing to cooperate and give you the information you seek, it may be worth it. You risked your lives looking for her before. This won't be any different. You help her rescue her son.*

Hornsworn: Diplomacy +1. **See 0035.**

2. *Heading out to the city chosen by the Temenos is too dangerous, at this rate it will be upon it before you will. You will search the city after it leaves. With luck, her son will still be alive. In the meantime, you need to ask a few pressing questions. You refuse to rescue her son and interrogate her instead.*

Labyrinthian: Diplomacy -1. Hornsworn: Diplomacy +1. Minoans: Diplomacy +1. **See 0045.**

0001

You roam the streets in search of Nikephoros, even as the Temenos is slowly moving toward the city center, a tide of slowly collapsing buildings preceding it. Still, there is no sign of the woman. Even your bravest crewmembers are growing restless.

After another dead end, you enter a plateia filled with burning debris from a fallen building. Among the few people standing next to an overturned fountain, you spot a flaming mane of red hair. You approach her, but it's not Nikephoros.

"You are the Argonauts, aren't you?" the woman asks, hope in her voice. "The city is doomed. Please, take me with you!" You try to shake her off but she holds on. "I beg of you! There are others looking for this woman of yours! If the Primordial doesn't take me, they will . . ." Tears are now brimming in her eyes and she slowly lets go of your arm.

She doesn't know anything about these 'others.' Or Nikephoros. Some of your crew don't believe her story. People will do anything to survive. But you can't shake the feeling that you are being watched.

Choose:

1. *She could be in real danger and she might be valuable if she knows something. But bringing her onboard could put everyone at risk. Nevertheless, you take her to the* Argo.
Gain +1 . **See 0005.**

2. *She is lying. You haven't been discreet since you arrived: anyone could know that you are looking for Nikephoros. Especially spies. It's too big of a risk. You leave her in the city.*
See 0006.

0002 *You swiftly descend and reach the procession of Labyrinthians leaving the city. You ask around. They speak among themselves for a few moments before their leader shrugs and agrees to help you. It's all the same to them.*

You spread out; together you'll cover more ground. After a while, a child comes back and says they have found her. It doesn't take long to reach the place . . . and there she is; a tall woman with flaming red hair making her way through a small destroyed oikoi.

"I am not her," she says with a tinge of sadness, as if even in this Fates have deemed her not important enough. "But you are not the first to ask."

The Labyrinthians approach her and ask her to join them. The look on her face and the way she pensively watches the Temenos tells you she is considering it.

Choose:

1. *She was already wandering the city aimlessly. It was only a matter of time before she found death. Even the Labyrinthians are better than that. You do not interfere and let her become one of them.* **See 0007.**

2. *She might not be Nikephoros, but she deserves a better fate. She deserves a more fulfilling story. You invite her onboard the* Argo.
Labyrinthians: Diplomacy -2. Gain +1 . The *Someone Waiting* Mnemos card holder gains 1 node. **See 0005.**

0003 *You make your way to the Horned Guard battalion and ask them to help you find Nikephoros. The captain doesn't seem interested until he hears her name and mentions that they have been looking for her as well. Together, you set out into the city, as the shadow of the Temenos approaches and destruction rains down.*

Two soldiers find her in front of a still-standing temple of Poseidon. They try to restrain her but she thrashes and says that she is not the woman you are looking for.

The captain doesn't listen to her and orders his men to hold her steady while he pulls out his xiphos. He tells her that they have multiple witness reports of her stealing supplies from the public warehouse and consorting with the Symmachy, which, under martial law, are offenses punishable by death. She denies all of it.

Choose:

1. *It is the law. You may have been more lenient if you were in their shoes, but you're not. This is not your city or island, while the Horned Guard are your allies. You let the Horned Guard enact the law.* **See 0008.**

2. *No one should be sentenced without proof. And she might know something useful, even if she is not Nikephoros. You stop the Horned Guard and take her to the* Argo.
Gain +1 . Minoans: Diplomacy -2. **See 0005.**

0004 *It seems the Symmachy seeks the same prize you do: Nikephoros. They're playing their cards close to their chests, as the Symmachy does, so you can't discern their intentions. You agree to coordinate the search.*

If C3 or L1 is marked: the Symmachy are unfriendly. *You feel the stares of the Symmachy agents on your necks as you walk in front of them, looking for Nikephoros. Your crew are even more restless.* Gain +1 .
If C2 or L2 is marked: the Symmachy are friendly. *With the Symmachy's help, you manage to comb the city quickly and your party's morale rises despite the utter chaos surrounding you.* Lose -1 . Otherwise: the Symmachy are neutral. *This new addition to the search helps, but the city is too big and the destruction around you doesn't help your endeavor.*

Regardless of the Symmachy's stance, *eventually, you spot a red-haired woman on the edge of the agora and two Symmachy agents jump on her before she can react. They quickly subdue her, forcing her to her knees. Once you get closer, you realize she is not Nikephoros.*

But this doesn't deter the Symmachy, and one of them pulls out a dagger. The woman keeps protesting her innocence, pleading that she doesn't know where 'Nikephoros' is or what a 'Metonym' is. The Symmachy leader approaches her nonetheless, his blade reflecting the fires burning in the agora around you.

Choose:

1. *The Symmachy is cold and calculating but not cruel. They always have a good reason to do what they do. The conflict between this woman and the Symmachy is none of your concern. You let the Symmachy kill her.* **See 0009.**

2. *You may not know their history or the Symmachy's reasons, but this woman knows Nikephoros. She might know something more. You stop the Symmachy and take her to the* Argo.
Gain +1 . **See 0005.**

0005 The least likely Argonaut gains the Watched affliction. A bond forms between the woman and the party leader. Note her name and bonus: "Chara: +1 Will" on your Argonaut Sheet.

A slab of stone landing next to you suddenly brings your attention to the situation at hand. The Temenos dawns on the city, its giant shadow blocking out the moon and the stars. All becomes dark. As you look at the people around you—your crew, Chara, the escaping refugees—you spot a lone figure sitting in front of a collapsed tholos. Grizzled beard, tattered robes, skin curled up in long strands . . .

The Punished.

Less imposing than you imagined. He doesn't move when you turn toward him. He only watches.

Party leader gains +1 . **See 0062.**

0006 *You cannot risk your crew to help one woman, especially when you don't know if she's telling the truth. If she is not Nikephoros, then she is of no interest to you.*

She takes the news with a bitter smile but her eyes are burning like the city around you. "Have we really come to this? Everyone on their own?" She moves past you. "A would curse you, Argonauts. But we are all already cursed, to live in this world. I will see you in the next one."

Her words leave a chill in the air, but there is no time to waste. Once she is gone, you look around. A lone figure sitting in front of a broken tholos grabs your attention. The Punished is simply there, with his grizzled beard and tattered robes. He watches you and waits for your next move.

Gain +2 . The party leader gains 1 Despair token. **See 0062.**

0007 *"There is nothing more to be done," she says after a while. "Only anguish and pain remain." It almost sounds like a deep truth she has always believed in but only now dares speak aloud. The Labyrinthians gather around her slowly.*

Note "Labyrinthians." Each Argonaut gains +1 . Labyrinthians: Diplomacy +1.

There is still time to look for Nikephoros, or to help other people evacuate, but deep down you know it is a stretch. The Temenos is here. Soon, there will be nothing left of the city.

A lone figure is sitting in front of a broken tholos. You would recognize that grizzled beard and those tattered robes anywhere. The Punished watches you with a calm smile, waiting to see what you will do next.

See 0062.

0008 *You silently watch as the Horned Guard captain kills the woman, a clean cut that ends her in seconds. The captain catches your gaze as he wipes his xiphos. You can't read his emotions. There is no sense in burying her, the Temenos will soon take care of that.*

Note "Horned Guard." Party leader gains 1 Despair token.

You still haven't found Nikephoros and the city is about to be destroyed. You feel in your bones that it's now or never.

Then a solitary man sitting in front of a broken tholos catches your attention. His beard is grizzled and his robes are tattered but you recognize him anyway: the Punished. He simply sits there and watches you.

See 0062.

0009 *The history between this woman and the Symmachy is none of your business. She isn't Nikephoros. The agent plunges the dagger deep into her chest. A strangled scream escapes her lips before she falls to the ground, grunting and wheezing. The man takes the blade out and wipes it on her clothes.*

Uncharacteristically sloppy . . . The party leader kneels beside her. Realizing her death will be a slow and painful one, they put her out of her misery.

Note "Symmachy." Gain +1 . Hornsworn: Diplomacy +1.

There is no time to deal with the Symmachy as the giant shadow of the Temenos blocks out the sun and plunges the whole city into darkness. You are about to leave when a silhouette sitting in front of a broken tholos catches your attention. You cannot believe your eyes at first. The Punished is simply sitting there, watching you, with his grizzled beard and tattered robes. He doesn't make a move, doesn't utter a word.

See 0062.

0010 *The more you wander, the more you doubt your chances of ever finding an exit. Around midday—or what you think is midday—you spot a Horned Guard caravan, also completely lost between these walls. What were they looking for so far inland? You thought the Dynasty had abandoned your interior to the Labyrinthians some time ago . . . The caravan is a few dozen warriors strong, and their wagons are loaded with bolt throwers. These projectiles might not pierce the AT field of a Primordial, but they might bring down a Titan . . . Your sense of dread only spikes when you notice specks of blood on the soldiers' armor and the hungry way they watch you, as if you are the prey they are looking for.*

Choose:

1. *Some of your crew remain wary of the Horned Guard. Nevertheless, there is no outward hostility between your two forces. Together you will find the exit quicker, so it only makes sense to trust one another. You join forces with the Horned Guard to find an exit.*
See 0071.

2. *These men are driven by violence and lust for power, and you get the feeling they are in this area to deal with you. The maze will only deepen their vices. It's only a matter of time before someone snaps. You can't take that chance. You attack the Horned Guard while you still have the advantage.*
Minoans: Diplomacy -1. **See 0051.**

0011 *You eventually find a group of Hornsworn rebels in the same predicament as you. Although it is reassuring to see other people, the sense of dread you feel only gets stronger as you approach their leader, a ruthless-looking old man in dented, bloodied armor. The rebels have no quarrel with you, but that does not make you friends. And, strangely, they're not looking for an exit from this trap. They are here to mete justice to some former Horned Guard veterans living in a town still under the control of the Minoan Dynasty.*

Choose:

1. *With more people, you have a better chance of finding an exit. It may be wise to try to convince the Hornsworn leader to abandon their objective and join forces. You persuade the Hornsworn to abandon their attack and work together to escape this trap.* **See 0073.**

2. *By the looks of it, their leader will not give up on the attack, no matter what, and you will be more effective in finding an exit on your own. You can't trust people hell-bent on revenge. You leave the Hornsworn be and find an exit on your own.*
Hornsworn: Diplomacy -1. Lose -1 .
See 0044.

0018 *The faster you get the information you seek, the faster you can be on your way. The crew is counting on you. You can't let them down, or stick around until another masquerade spits out more labyrinth pieces.*

You ignore the woman and keep walking toward the palace. Her venomous words strike you like lightning.

"You turn your back on the helpless. You are no better than them!" She points at the group of people gathered around the palace. "All you care about is yourself. Be cursed, stranger!"

She stomps away before you can react.

Gain +1 . Each Argonaut tests Courage (8+).
Fail: gain +1 .
Then **see 0019.**

0019 *You walk on through the rubble. Suddenly, you hear a commotion nearby and make your way toward it. A Minoan guard is yelling at some man who can barely stand. You recognize the guard as Kresilas, your informant.*

"You Labyrinthians never do anything useful!" he spits. "All you do is spout absurdities! You are going to bring the wrath of the gods upon us!"

"The gods are no more," the man says laboriously. For a moment you see a spark of anger in his eyes, but it quickly fades. Those are the eyes of someone who lost everything and is just tired.

Kresilas kicks him.

"The debris won't clear itself! If you want to eat, you need to work!" His fingers twitch by his side.

Choose:

1. *Excessive violence is not necessary, but you need Kresilas on your side for this one. Angering your informant is rarely a good interrogation tactic. You wait until Kresilas is done.*
Minoans: Diplomacy +1. **See 0020.**

2. *You don't like bullies and you won't stand for this, informant or not. You stop Kresilas from hurting the man further.*
Minoans: Diplomacy -1. **See 0021.**

0020 *You watch as the guard kicks the man again before he walks toward you.*

"Argonauts, you finally made it! Forgive us for not welcoming you in the proper manner you heroes deserve, but this recent mazequake took us by surprise." He looks gloomily at the pieces of labyrinth sticking out here and there as if he is contemplating the idea of kicking them too. "But I'm sure our chief would be more than glad to invite you to his palace."

"What about this information you promised us, Kresilas?" you ask, crossing your arms.

"You will have to talk to our chief, Adiros, for that. I'm only the messenger."

"And where can we find him?" You sigh.

Kresilas points at the palace behind the gathering of people.

"That's the place. Adiros should be inside." But before you can leave, he grabs your arm. "Be careful. You never know who to trust around these parts. Some people are desperate."

You thank him and walk toward the palace.

Each Argonaut gains +1 . **See 0022.**

0021 *Before Kresilas can kick the man again, you grab his arm and pull him back.*

"That's enough!" you say.

Kresilas looks at you as if you are crazy. "These Labyrinthians never do anything! We are the ones who work all day! We protect the people of this village! And what do they do? They talk about doom and fate, all this nonsense!" He looks at the man with disgust. He lifts his foot again but you block his movements. Instead, he directs his kick at you.

Each Argonaut gains +1 . Least likely Argonaut gains +1 .

You try to talk him down, but there's no use. This is deeply embedded anger. Redfaced, he simply refuses to listen to you. Before he stalks off, he says that you should ask Adiros for the information you seek.

See 0022.

0022 *As you reach the crowd of people gathered around the palace, you notice a lot of Minoan guards, Labyrinthians, and people who don't seem to belong to any particular group, simply here to see what the noise is all about.*

As you approach the palace from the side, one of the guards pushes you back. "No one goes in," he says, though you know he will have to make an exception for you.

Each Argonaut tests Cunning or Courage (6+).
Fail: Gain +1 .

The crowd suddenly quiets and you can hear the collective intake of breath before shouts erupt like a tidal wave. People push at you from all sides as guards surround the person who has just come out of the palace. General chaos ensues, at least until the man speaks.

"My dear people, please calm down!" This must be Adiros, the former priest of Poseidon who leads the Minoans. "Let us resolve this peacefully!"

Someone from the crowd yells, "You bastard! There is nothing to resolve! You force us to work, though we are starving, while you feast on the little that is left! Where were you when we needed shelter?"

Someone moves in the crowd. Guards start to pacify the loudest Labyrinthians who respond in violent kind. Bystanders are caught in the middle, unable to defend themselves. Looks like you won't get the information today.

Choose:

1. *In the face of a crisis, order needs to be maintained at all costs. Even if there are supplies being hoarded by the Minoans, they will be lost to the chaos. You help the Minoans.*
Hornsworn: Diplomacy -1. **See 0023.**

2. *These people have suffered the most. They need a moment of respite lest they not survive, or worse—get radicalized by the Truth even further. You help the Labyrinthians.*
Labyrinthian: Diplomacy +1. **See 0024.**

3. *Regardless of who makes it out on top, the bystanders will be left with little to nothing. These are the people you need to protect. You help the people caught between them.*
Hornsworn: Diplomacy +1. **See 0025.**

0023 *You join the Horned Guard protecting Adiros, who retreats to his palace.*

Each Argonaut tests Fury (7+). You may gain +1 to add +1.
Fail: *You feel a sharp pain between your ribs. A knife is sticking out of your chest but whoever stabbed you is long gone. You can't fight anymore. It's over.*
Gain +2 .
1–2 successes: *You manage to defend yourself against the onslaught, but the mob keeps pushing. One of your crew steps in front of you to protect you, only to fall to their knees, blood seeping through their clothes.*
Lose -1 .
3+ successes: *After a while, the waves of people recede and you are left standing among the Horned Guard. It's a total victory!*
Each Argonaut subtracts -1 .
Regardless of the result, *the crowd scatters. Adiros, thankful for your help in maintaining order, shares what he knows.*
Gain +1 and +1 .

0024 *You join the Labyrinthians in the crowd. Adiros retreats to his palace.*

Each Argonaut tests Endurance (7+). You may gain +1 to add +1.
Fail: *You feel the sharp bite of a sword on your shoulder. You can't fight anymore. It's over.*
Gain +2 .
1–2 successes: *You do your best to push the guards back, but they keep coming. You put up a good fight, but your Labyrinthian allies scatter and you need to fend for yourself.*
Lose -1 .
3+ successes: *You manage to break through the guards' defenses. The Labyrinthians swarm the palace. You can hear Adiros scream somewhere inside, but you leave him to his fate.*
Subtract -2 .
Regardless of the result, *the Labyrinthians share their stories with you. There is information there, buried among the misery.*
Gain +1 and +1 .

0025 *You try to protect the innocent people caught in the middle.*

Each Argonaut tests Endurance (7+). You may gain +1 and/or +1 to add +1 each.
Fail: *You can't tell exactly how or when, but you find yourself with a deep slash across your back. You can't fight anymore. It's over.*
Gain +1 and +1 .
1–2 successes: *It's impossible to fight properly in such close quarters. You put up a good fight, but in the end you barely make it out alive.*
Lose -1 .
3+ successes: *The fight doesn't last long, as the Minoans and Labyrinthians tear each other to pieces. Once the dust has settled, the people you saved thank you. Without homes, many volunteer to join your ranks.*
Gain +1 .

Regardless of the result, gain +1 . If 4+, Minoans: Diplomacy -1. **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0026

The Horned Guard captain leads you to an acquaintance of his, an ex-slaver for the Stewards who, after hearing about your predicament, offers to help you look for this woman. He brings out a long, thin, almost invisible weave—"Of endless length!" he says proudly—and gives it to you.

"All those sent into the maze were leashed with these. If she wandered out of there . . . just follow the thread."

"The Gordian thread," Alkibiades whispers in awe. "Said to be made from the wool of Geryon's giant sheep. Imagine all we could do with such a marvel!"

And what they did with it instead.

Yet, this is the only lead you have. You follow the thread to an abandoned house where a young woman covered in soot cradles her dead baby in her arms.

Minoans: Diplomacy +1. Party leader gains +1 Ω. **See 0060.**

0027

If Nikephoros was in the city, you would have found her by now. Instead, you can help some people evacuate. The Temenos lumbers through the streets, slowly but surely, like a snail of destruction. Soon there will be nothing left. With the help of your crew and the Titans just arriving from the Argo, you manage to save a few dozen civilians. It may seem like a small reward as you watch the city burn from afar, but just looking at the relief on their faces is enough.

Among these survivors are the couple you met earlier. It feels like a lifetime ago that they were telling you about Nikephoros at the market. One look at your crestfallen face lets them know that you haven't found her. While one of them helps the other survivors, his lover stays with you.

"We may have heard many rumors about her, but one thing was certain: she was a Labyrinthian," he says. You're not sure if that's a good or a bad thing.

Gain +1 and +2. The party leader gains new friends. Note their names and bonus: "Kasios & Telos: +1 Endurance" on your Argonaut Sheet. **See 0057.**

0028

You approach the Punished, who still doesn't move. Only his eyes follow you. His calm is unnerving. "You," you say.

He solemnly nods. "Go ahead. I do not matter."

If you noted "Symmachy," **see 0066.** Otherwise, continue:

You pull out your xiphos and approach the Punished who is seemingly resigned to his fate. "I am so sorry for everything," he says. It feels wrong to strike an unarmed man and yet you kill him. It's over.

Gain +1 and +1. **See 0058.**

0029

You allow the trireme to catch up to you, open the Trade Fleet Dock on the starboard beam and perform a risky in-motion docking. As the refugees begin to disembark, you try to regain the lost momentum.

The hull groans. The engines will reach their full potential in a few minutes. You just need a bit more time. The maze wall behind you grows bigger and bigger. It almost fills the whole horizon like . . . the Timefront? You don't know where that thought came from and it is soon lost in the ensuing panic. The Labyrinth is crashing down, like a jaw that is about to snap shut.

Everything goes black for a moment, then you hear a screeching sound and feel a slight tremor, like a push from behind.

Right when you think it's over, you feel the familiar tug of the engines deep inside the Argo's belly and the ship is propelled forward with divine speed. For a few scary seconds, the maze keeps pace with you, but eventually it slows down until it is nothing more than a distant nightmare on the horizon. Still, you keep going until the aeolipilean engines go cold.

The people you've rescued will be eternally thankful for what you've done for them. Things settle down, and once you have inspected the damaged hull, you retire to the mess hall for a hard-earned cup of wine. There you find an old man from the rescued trireme. His name is Lycophon, and he is sharing stories of Theseus with the rest of the crew. Curious, you ask him about Theseus's involvement with Athens.

"Oh, Theseus was more than a rebel prince of Athens!" he laughs and winks. "He still had some contacts there, synei, synei, and he used them well, bringing us much-needed supplies." His face darkens. "And then one day, that channel was closed forever. Burned."

Gain +1 and subtract -1 . Mark B9. **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0030

The maze catches up to the last ship. For a few excruciating seconds, the trireme dances on the dull front teeth of the maze, the people inside screaming as the hull bends in odd angles, before snapping and turning into a strange shape, like a petaled flower or a coral colony. One of your crew points to something on your hull. As you lean over the railing, you notice a man clutching onto the Argo for dear life. He must have jumped right before his ship was taken. You order him brought inside.

You feel the familiar tug of the engines deep inside the Argo's belly and the ship is propelled forward, leaving the Labyrinth behind. For good measure, you keep going, even when the maze's angular walls are far behind you.

The survivor is an old man with one good eye. When you come to see him, he manages a pained thank you but refuses to share his story. You're not surprised. You left his people for dead.

Still, having lost his home, he joins your crew. It is from them you learn that his name is Lycophon and that he once served under Theseus. Over the next few weeks, he tells your crew many stories of his time in the Rebellion of Theseus and his dealings with Athens before the Eschaton, and of his meetings with Ariadne. Despite the cheerful way he tells these stories, a certain sadness lingers in his eyes.

Gain +1 or 1 Maze Fragment resource. Gain +1 and +1. Mark B9. **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0033

There isn't much you can do to stop the hull, but Alkibiades comes up with some brilliant ideas: contain and cauterize, just like with any other infection. You need your Titans for heavy lifting and metal-shredding. After hours of hard work, the maze finally seems to be contained. It isn't gone, but it looks like it won't be a threat for now.

When you return to the bow to see how that dispute went, you find the man you left in charge dead in a side corridor. The wound, blunt head trauma, paints an inconclusive picture. Was he murdered in cold blood, or was this a mistake made in the heat of the moment, someone pushing someone a bit to hard, someone tripping? You start an investigation, but no one comes forward. You may never know what really happened.

The crewmember is sent off with the highest honors, but their death casts a heavy pall on the ship and its crew.

Hornsworn: Diplomacy -1. Gain +1.

Whispers follow you around every corner. You begin to notice angry faces and gloomy gazes. Were they there before? The faith in your leadership waivers with each passing day, until one night you see a group of people leaving in one of your recon triremes.

Lose -1 . If B9 is marked, **see 0075.** Otherwise, **see 0076.**

0034

You tell Alkibiades's messenger that the Argo Works need to deal with this one themselves. They don't question your orders, but you can see on their face that they would have liked you up there with them for morale, and for the sheer power of the Titans.

Still, you have to deal with this morale crisis before it gets out of hand. You gather the disgruntled crewmembers, the firebrands, and go through the issues one by one. While some of them can be solved—finding new places to set up crew quarters on a seemingly bottomless ship won't be hard—others have no easy solution. Your efforts are not in vain, however. The actions you propose and the concessions you make dull the blade of dissent. Your crew has calmed down considerably and although a lot of those problems remain unsolved for the time being, you feel like you have avoided a disaster: A mutiny or sabotage is the last thing you need on the Argo.

When you join Alkibiades a few hours later, the grim expression he wears like a too heavy a crown says everything about how this crisis went.

It was very difficult to deal with the mazed hull without Titan support. He managed to contain the spreading of the maze, but part of the hull had to be scuttled.

Lose -1 . Lose -1 . If B9 is marked, **see 0075.** Otherwise, **see 0076.**

0035

You gather a team of volunteers and a Titan—just the one so as not to draw the Temenos's attention—and head out to the city. After his initial attack, the giant Primordial has settled into some sort of lull in the middle of the city. The pyramid tentacles twitch in the air in a restless sleep. But you know this isn't the end. The destruction surrounding you, the burning buildings, the chasms swallowing whole city blocks, the maze outcrops—these were just the foreshocks. The biggest quake hasn't happened yet. As you make your way through the streets, you wonder how many times you will have to walk among crumbling stones and dead bodies. Will this constant cycle of destruction ever stop? You frown on seeing the accompanying Titan looking around, almost lost. Has the Argonaut junctioned with it noticed something?

You turn to Nikephoros, who walks by your side, silent and serious.

"When was the last time you saw your son?" you ask her.

"Long ago, too long."

Her gaze turns to you for a moment and she studies your face before she sighs. "You have agreed to help me. I am grateful. Let me tell you more. Do you know why Theseus cut ties with Athens?"

"Ariadne changed him, right?"

She smiles softly. "In a way. He also saw how the people were living under the Minoan Dynasty. Athens's involvement wouldn't have changed that. On the contrary, Athens wanted chaos, a rival ruined." A serious look flashes across her face. "But Ariadne had legitimacy. Under Ariadne and Theseus, Crete could turn into a modern society free of tyrants. Or gods. As you can imagine, that kind of ambition earned him a lot of enemies and not all were mortal.

As you digest this new information, you reach a small hill. In the streets below, several groups are dealing with the aftermath of the initial Temenos attack. The Horned Guard is helping citizens evacuate. A dozen Hornsworn are looting a half-crumbled villa. A group of Labyrinthians sits around muttering, their faces turned toward the Temenos.

This reminds you of something . . . and just like before, your search would go much faster with some help. The silhouette of the Temenos looms above you. The singular maw gazing into the distance like an inverted eye. Its size makes you distrust your senses.

The Argonaut with the Watched Affliction gains +2. If Minoans are: At War, you cannot choose option 1. If Hornsworn are: At War, you cannot choose option 2. If Labyrinthians are: At War, you cannot choose option 3.

Choose:

1. *The Hornsworn Guard knows every building and street in this city. They may not be the ideal protectors, but they're the only ones who maintain order. You ask the Horned Guard for help.*

Minoans: Diplomacy +1. Labyrinthians: Diplomacy -1. **See 0046.**

2. *The Hornsworn know the ins and outs of this city, all the secret places. They may be erratic, but you have fallen on their support many times in the past. You ask the Hornsworn for help.*

Hornsworn: Diplomacy +1. Minoans: Diplomacy -1. **See 0047.**

3. *The Labyrinthians know all the places where no one wants to go and all the hiding spots in the city, including the likely maze tunnels underground. Nikephoros's presence might stem their darker side. You ask the Labyrinthians for help.*

Labyrinthians: Diplomacy +1. Minoans: Diplomacy -1. **See 0048.**

0036

Philostratos's house is easy to locate and his guards let you in without a word. You find the nobleman in his court. He is kneeling in front of a shrine dedicated to Athena.

"I knew you would come eventually, Argonauts."

"The Black Labyrinthians will target you next."

He laughs. "I am aware of that. But there is nothing an old man like me can do. My guards will not be able to stop them, and my power over this land has dwindled to a handful of sand. I will receive no help, and I will not survive these games." He looks back to the shrine. "Such is the will of the gods."

If Minoan Guide is with you, **see 0067.**

When you ask him about the rumored deal with Athens, he shrugs.

"It is true. The Athenians and I came to an understanding a long time ago. I wanted power, and they wanted me to help one of them."

"Who?"

He smiles softly as if looking at a child. "Oh, Theseus, of course. An Athenian noble, an outsider . . . He had no friends here."

Gain +1.

You talk with Philostratos until it gets dark.

"You should be going, Argonauts," he says. "They might come to get me tonight, and I don't want you to get caught up in that."

You still wish to convince him to escape with you. He could tell you more about Theseus and Athens.

Leader tests Will (10+). Each Argonaut may gain +1 to add +1.

Fail: *Philostratos looks at you sadly and shakes his head. "I won't survive much longer. Leave before the Black Labyrinthians draw you into their sick games."*

Gain +1.

Success: *You manage to convince Philostratos to leave with you. He dismisses his servants and guards who in turn look to you as if to say "What should we do now?" Well, you know a place where they might be welcome . . .*

Labyrinthians: Diplomacy -1. Gain +1. Gain +1 or subtract -2.

0037

No one is guarding the Black Labyrinthians' hideout. The followers of the maze don't seem to bother themselves with such trivialities. The cave system is spacious and artificial, though it was not excavated by mortals. You recognize the builders' hand by glyphs on the walls.

There are small tunnels in these walls, carved out by much cruder instruments, leading to countless cells. Most of them are empty, but one holds a frail, wounded man.

One look at him tells you he won't make it. His wounds are infected, and he can't even stand. He knows it, too. Still, he wants to spend his last moments outside, and you oblige. One of your crew brings him a waterskin while you help him to a chair.

"I used to be powerful," he says. "My name used to have meaning. But I see now this way was wrong. People suffered because of me. Because of the nobility, because of Minos. I learned my lesson too late." He takes a sip of water and you ask him about Nikephoros.

"I don't know her, but Philostratos might have. He dealt with Theseus when the Athenian first came here."

Gain +1.

"If I could ask just one thing of you, Argonauts, it would be to bring these wretched Black Labyrinthians down so that no other person suffers at their hands. All former Olympian priests, the lot of them! Corruption will always call to corruption, in one form or another. As for me, I don't deserve to be saved. My body should remain here, where so many others have died."

His breathing slows down and becomes raspy. He doesn't have long. But before you can grant his wish, your crew report that the Black Labyrinthians are back.

Each Argonaut tests Fury (8+). If Labyrinthians: Denounced or worse, subtract -1. Each Argonaut may gain +1 to gain +1.

Fail: Gain +1.

0–1 success: *The Black Labyrinthians fight like devils, leaving your crew gasping for breath. In the end, the cultists are dead and you are fewer than when you entered, but this ordeal has brought the survivors closer together.*

Lose -1 and -1.

2–3 successes: *The Black Labyrinthians may all be former priests, but they manage to hold their ground for a while. Some of them escape into the night. After it's all over, you free the lonely, famished Titan you found in a dug-out pit. So that wasn't a rumor . . . The old noble is already dead, his wish at least partially fulfilled.*

Gain +1 Titan and +2.

4 successes: *The Black Labyrinthians are nothing more than former priests trying to regain some of their former clout, prostrating before any power that could grant that. Once everything is over, you rescue a lonely, famished Titan you found in a dug-out pit. So that wasn't a rumor . . . The old noble is already dead, his wish fulfilled. Solemnly, you burn his body before torching the rest.*

Gain +1 Titan, subtract -1. **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0038

Your Horned Guard allies come up empty-handed, which makes some of your crew question why you asked them for help to begin with.

You cannot wait any long. You have to leave.

"I understand," Nikephoros says as she lowers her head and follows you back to the Argo.

Gain +1, +1 and +2. **See 0077.**

0039

You find your Hornsworn allies clashing xiphe with the Horned Guard. You help them fight them off, but many perish. Such a senseless waste of life. Even in the face of total destruction they cling to their prejudices. Nikephoros's son is nowhere to be found. There is nothing else for you to look for here.

"I understand," Nikephoros says as she lowers her head and follows you back to the Argo.

Gain +1 and +1. Lose -1. **See 0077.**

0040

The Labyrinthians return from the underground tunnels empty-handed and resume their sitting position, possibly awaiting the end at the hands of the Temenos.

"They will not move," Nikephoros says when you wish to help them evacuate. "It doesn't matter. We need to go."

Gain +1, +1 and +1. **See 0077.**

0043

It isn't easy, but you manage to persuade the Hornsworn leader to give up on his attack and focus on working together to find an exit. You can tell they aren't thrilled by this turn of events, but they have been wandering this trap for some time as well. While you set off again, you can hear some grumbling and hushed whispers behind you. It seems the doubts your crew have are growing.

Gain +1. If A9 is marked, gain +1.

Finding the exit isn't easy, but the time you spend with the Hornsworn looking for one gives you a bit more insight into their lives and their goals—there's not much to do here besides talk. These people were crushed under the Dynasty's heel long before the civil war started. Many of them know their cause was lost with Theseus, but they refuse to go back. For a brief moment in their lives, they held hope—and their fates—in their own hands.

Eventually, you do manage to find an exit. As your crew groups up their separate ways, you shake the Hornsworn leader's hand. Trust may be scarce and hard to win, but you would have had a lot of trouble finding the exit on your own.

Hornsworn: Diplomacy +1. Gain +1. **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0044

You watch the Hornsworn leave in search of the town they wish to attack. You wonder if the Labyrinth's trap is getting to their heads, but it's too late now.

Some of your crew seem relieved at this turn of events, which somehow makes things worse. You've won peace, for now. You don't know how long it takes you to find an exit, but by the end your crew are exhausted, uneasy, and frustrated. Some blame you for refusing to ally with the Hornsworn, while others simply question your leadership. You question it too. Would you have found the exit any faster if you had bargained with the rebels?

Your thoughts are interrupted by faraway noises of battle ringing like a sick echo on the Labyrinth walls. It looks like the Hornsworn found their mark—but they won't find the exit anytime soon. "Serves them right," you think instinctively. But then again, it's easy to see the maze from a bird's eye view. It's quite different to live it in those trenches.

Gain +1. **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0045

Nikephoros doesn't protest when you refuse to rescue her son and lock her in a room close to the Titan Stoa. She simply nods to you as you sit in front of her.

"And so the masks change, but never the roles," she says with a bitter satisfaction. "You want something and you don't care who gets hurt along the way. I could stonewall you. But then I also will have played my role perfectly, right? If I refuse, it's meaningless. So I will tell you something . . . But telling everything I know would take time, time that none of us here has. What do you wish to know exactly?"

"What is your connection to Theseus?"

"Mm. I was one of his companions. When the Fates turned and the time came, we went into the Labyrinth together." She looks you up and down, her gaze piercing. You realize this isn't the first time she's found herself in this situation. As the

last Labyrinth survivor, she must have had her fair share of interrogations.

"Do you see, Argonaut? You are no different from Minos." Her tone is even and emotionless. "You both use force and orders to get what you want, never giving anything in return. This is why the Labyrinthian Cult started, and why it thrives."

She leans forward. "Still, I will tell you the rest. Do you know why Theseus cut ties with Athens?"

"Ariadne changed him."

"In a way. He also saw how the people were living under the Minoan Dynasty. Athens's involvement wouldn't have changed that. On the contrary, Athens wanted chaos, a rival ruined." A serious look flashes across her face. "But Ariadne had legitimacy. Under Ariadne and Theseus, Crete could turn into a modern society free of tyrants. Or gods. As you can imagine, that kind of ambition earned him a lot of enemies, and not all were mortal."

Gain +1 ⛉. If C3, L1 or H2 is marked, **see 0049.** Otherwise, **see 0052.**

0046

You quickly explain your situation to the captain of the Horned Guard. He seems perplexed at first, but he eventually spares some warriors to help you look for Nikephoros's son.

Each Argonaut gains +1 🜁. Note "Horned Guard" and **see 0080.**

0047

Once the Hornsworn realize you are not here to stop them from looting, they listen to your plea. As long as they can keep whatever bounty they find, they agree to help you find Nikephoros's son.

Each Argonaut gains +1 Ψ. Note "Hornsworn" and **see 0080.**

0048

The Labyrinthians turn their heads toward you when you approach and ask them for help. Upon seeing Nikephoros, they agree to look for her son with you.

Leader gains +1 Ω and 1 Despair token. Note "Labyrinthians" and **see 0080.**

0049

You hear shouts outside the door and a Titan's roar. Then the siren blares. As impossible as it may sound, someone has boarded the Argo*. The invading strike force is large, larger than any you've faced before, and far more organized. They don't seem to be interested in taking the ship—wise of them—but they are making their way inside. Here. You place yourself in front of Nikephoros. "They came for me," she says. "The Symmachy doesn't share their toys." You wish to ask her about it, but the enemy swarms the room.*

Each Argonaut tests Fury (10+). You may gain +1 Ψ to add +1 or +2 Ψ to add +3.

Fail: *You do your best but there are too many of them.*

Gain +1 🜁.

0–1 success: *There may be many of them, but your crew are ready to defend the* Argo*. The casualties are heavy on both sides, but you eventually repel the attack.*

Lose -1 ✕.

2–3 successes: *The enemy took you by surprise, but you aren't giving up yet. Your crew quickly joins the fight and bravely push the enemy back in unison. It takes time, but eventually you gain the upper hand, and the enemy retreats.*

Gain +1 ⛉ and lose -1 🜁.

4 successes: *The enemy is no match for you. They took you by surprise, but the* Argo *is your home, and you will defend it no matter what. Titans and mortals fight together against the invaders. Their attack smashes like waves on a cliffside.*

Gain +1 ⛉ and lose -2 🜁.

Regardless of the result, *the Symmachy retreat as soon as Titans ascend to your deck. Nothing can measure up to these giants. As the adrenaline rush ends and exhaustion begins to take hold, you notice Nikephoros stumble and fall. If a Titan hadn't grabbed her at the last second, she would have smashed her head on the metal floor.* **See 0081.**

0050

After much thought, you decide to put your differences aside and work with the Horned Guard to get out of this trap. The soldiers keep looking at you strangely, but none of them makes a move. You also hear grumbling behind your back and hushed whispers, but when you turn around, you can't pinpoint which of your men disagree with your decision.

Gain +1 🜁.

Eventually, by coordinating your efforts, you do find the exit, well before your rations—and willpower—run out. You shake the captain's hand before you part ways, with renewed faith in humanity.

Minoans: Diplomacy +1. Gain +1 ⛉. Party leader can discard 1 Despair token or subtract -1 Ψ. **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0051

You strike before the Horned Guard can unleash their wrath upon you. The fight doesn't last long. With the element of surprise on your side, you overpower them easily. This hopeless wandering in the maze might have weakened the Dynasty's soldiers, or perhaps your crew found renewed strength in this momentary purpose after so much time running in circles. Either way, you let the survivors run away, not willing to pursue them further into the maze. You commandeer their wagons, as they carry much-needed arms and bronze for smelting.

Gain 4 Armament resources.

Despite this victory, morale quickly fades as you find yourself back at square one, only this time there is no one to help you. You wander aimlessly, seemingly for days. Your crew become exhausted, frustrated, and wary. Then they become spent and depressed. Many get lost in the side passages or collapse from exhaustion. Others desert you, doubting you can ever lead them out.

When you find the exit, fewer than half of you remain. Behind you, you hear a cry somewhere deep inside the maze, growing fainter and fainter. Maybe it's the Horned Guard survivors, or maybe it's your own crew. The maze, and despair, do not discriminate. In truth, they do not care.

Lose -1 ✕. **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0052

You hear shouts outside the door and a Titan's roar cut short. A sense of dread overtakes you. It becomes eerily silent outside. You draw your blades and place yourself in front of Nikephoros. "Krypteia comes for me," she says. Before you can respond, the door bursts open and men with black blades storm the room.

You have never faced enemies such as these. Blades flash in the half-lit chamber and your crew fall one after the other. There are fewer of them than you, yet they gain the upper hand. You're fighting for your very lives.

Nikephoros steps around you, but before she can join these strangers, one of your Titans roars and attacks the newcomers.

Each Argonaut tests Courage (12+). You may gain +1 🜁 to add +1 or +2 🜁 to add +3.

Fail: *These unknown enemies are much stronger than any foes you've faced before. You fall to crippling wounds, trying desperately not to bleed out.*

Gain +3 🜁.

0–1 success: *As fast as lightning, these men overpower your crew and if not for your Titan, you would all be dead.*

Lose -1 ✕ and gain +2 ⛉.

2–3 successes: *The fight is even and long. These men don't seem like they are about to retreat, until your Titan breaks through their ranks, disrupting their formation. They slowly retreat, but the damage is done.*

Lose -1 ✕ and subtract -1 ⛉.

4 successes: *These strangers are strong, but your crew proves to be stronger. Blood seeps through the floor and all will remember this battle for a long time, but the enemy retreats.*

Gain +1 ⛉ and each Argonaut may discard 1 Despair token or subtract -1 Ψ.

Regardless of the result, *Nikephoros is wounded and falls to the ground.* **See 0081.**

0054

As soon as you agree to help, the woman drags you toward the wounded. You find yourself hauling water, passing supplies, and stoning your hands with blood as you help the Labyrinthians. A sense of impending doom will hang in the air, as if this disaster wasn't the end of it, as if it was merely a foreshock of some greater calamity.

The little you can do still helps, but it feels like a temporary relief. Judging by their wounds, most of these people won't make it without prolonged care. The Labyrinthians whisper among themselves, bitterness seeping into their words as they mention the Minoans and how it all isn't worth it.

Lose 8 Trireme resources or gain +2 ⛉. Party leader gains +1 Ω. Then, **see 0019.**

0057

When you return to the Argo *and give the Old Priest an account of the events, he says, "Promises are hard to keep. They are made of words, weightless little things, and yet hold so much meaning. You can promise your family you will protect them. You can promise your lover everything will be okay. But when faced with the inevitable, does a promise truly matter?"*

The least likely Argonaut gains the *A Broken Promise* Mnemos card. **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0058

When you return to the Argo *and give the Old Priest an account of the events, he says,"Promises are hard to keep. They are made of words, weightless little things, and yet hold so much meaning. You can promise your family you will protect them. You can promise your lover everything will be okay. But when faced with the inevitable, does a promise truly matter?"*

Later that week, you learn the Punished was seen in a nearby town, seemingly after you executed him.

The least likely Argonaut gains the *A Broken Promise* Mnemos card. Mark M2. **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0059

A Titan from the Argo *catches up to you. It must've been swimming all night. You can't imagine the strain on the piloting Argonaut. All roads to the city are blocked. It will take you to your launch, but time has almost run out.*

Yet you keep looking for Nikephoros until the very last moment. You just have to find her! More and more fires start in the city, buildings crumble, and people die with heart-wrenching screams, but still you push on.

Eventually, you stumble into an abandoned house. A young woman sits on the floor, covered head to toe in soot. Her dead baby lies limp in her arms.

Party leader gains +1 Ω. **See 0060.**

0060

"You came looking for her, didn't you? Nikephoros?" You nod. The tears on the woman's face have long since dried, leaving smudged trenches on her cheeks.

"I opened my door to her when no one else would." Her voice remains flat, not a single emotion appearing on her face as she looks dead ahead, all life snuffed out of her. "She was kind and wise. She helped me bring my baby into this world." Some of your crew fidget, but you listen. "I couldn't believe she was a Labyrinthian because she shared so many stories of her past. Of her birthplace. How I wanted to go see it! The great Athens! All the adventures she was a part of, how she followed Theseus, despite another who loved him." She breathes in quietly. "But she is not here. She is long gone."

You ask her more questions, but she doesn't answer. She has stopped breathing. A tremor shakes the ground and the roof caves in. One of your Titans takes the brunt of the collapse, protecting you, but it is too wounded to be saved.

Gain +1 ⛉. Lose -1 Titan. **See 0057.**

0061

You gather as many survivors as you can and the Labyrinthians who helped you earlier show you a path through the maze tunnels beneath the city. You're not keen on venturing into the Labyrinth, but it's better than walking under raining debris and fire. A few dozen people follow you through and after a long walk, the Labyrinthians guide you safely outside.

Before you part ways, one of the Labyrinthians mentions Nikephoros. "If Nikephoros wants to be found, she will come to you in time." When you ask her how she knows Nikephoros, the woman simply shrugs. "She is a Labyrinthian as well." You're not sure if it's a good or a bad thing.

Gain +1 ⛉. Labyrinthians: Diplomacy +1. One Argonaut gains the Mazetouched Affliction. **See 0057.**

0062

The Punished, the cult's de facto leader, IS RIGHT THERE.

Choose:

1. *All this time, the Punished has evaded you, and now he is just sitting there. You might not get another chance. You decide to kill the Punished.* **See 0028.**

2. *This is the last chance to look for Nikephoros. She might still be in the city. You focus on finding Nikephoros.*

If you noted "Horned Guard," **see 0026.** Otherwise, **see 0059.**

3. *Innumerable civilians will be caught up in the destruction of this once proud polis. With your help, some of them might escape. You help the civilians evacuate.*

If you noted "Labyrinthians," **see 0061.** Otherwise, **see 0027.**

0063

On the other side of the street an old woman sitting on her stoop gets your attention. She looks as if she's spinning an invisible thread.

"I have lived my time," she explains. "And I am tired of running."

"Have we met? Nikephoros?"

She smiles wryly.

"Do I look the part? Nah. But I knew her well. And she knew Theseus. She told of his razor-sharp knife. It may help you find her."

"A blade?"

"You are rather dense, aren't you? A way of thinking, one that cuts deeper than any blade could. Past illusory walls and self-imposed prisons. You know how Theseus got out of the Labyrinth? He climbed on top of it. Maybe you should take a page out of his book."

You want to ask her more questions, but she points at the looming shadow of the Temenos, now eclipsing the moon. "Time is running out, Argonauts. I have lived long enough and I'm tired of running. It's best I rest here."

"What? You don't expect us to—"

"I expect you to listen to the Queen Mother and take her wisdom to heart! The maze creature, it knows me and comes for me. I cannot accompany you any longer, lest I endanger the success of your quest. And succeed you must! For Crete and my daughter's sake!" She calms down and waves you along. "Don't worry, we'll see each other again, in Elysium."

Gain +1 🜂. Lose the *Old Spinner* Ally card. If *Heart of the Maze* Exploration card is in the Exploration Deck, return it to the box. **See 0065.**

0065

You find the closest vantage point, a crooked tower erected in the name of the sun god Helios. Under other circumstances, the view might have been breathtaking. The city reaches all the way to the sea but is now scarred, razed districts dotting it like dark bruises mar the skin. You don't see Nikephoros, but you notice several groups of people moving about. A Horned Guard battalion is marching south. A line of Labyrinthians walks north.

Choose a party leader. If Labyrinthians: Denounced or worse, you cannot choose 2. If Minoans: Denounced or worse, you cannot choose 3.

1. *You can't trust any of those groups. It's better to look on your own. You still haven't explored every nook and cranny of the city. You'll look for Nikephoros on your own.*

Gain +1 ⛉. **See 0001.**

2. *She's kept the maze intact and lived on the streets, among the destitute and downtrodden. There's a good chance Nikephoros had a brush with the Labyrinthians. You'll ask the Labyrinthians to help you find her.*

Labyrinthians: Diplomacy +1. **See 0002.**

3. *The Horned Guard know this city like the back of their hands. They must have seen her around. You'll ask the Horned Guard to help you find her.*

Minoans: Diplomacy +1. **See 0003.**

4. If L1, L2, N2, K4, C2, or C3 is marked only: *Your climb didn't go unnoticed. Light signals from a nearby tower draw your attention. You recognize the pattern. It's the Symmachy. You'll see what they have to say.* **See 0004.**

0066

Symmachy agents move past you to hold the Punished down, while a third man moves in with shackles. They want to take him alive. Why? He doesn't struggle.

"I am so sorry for everything," he whispers and tears roll down his cheeks.

A whistle. A sigh. A char-black javelin sticking out of the Punished's chest. What just happened?

One of the Symmachy agents mutters: "Krypteia." And then they too are gone.

Gain +1 ⛉, +1 🜂 and +1 🜁. **See 0058.**

0067

"Surely, wise Philostratos, there is still hope," Acacallis says. "The Argonauts have a mighty ship. You could come with us. We could take the other nobles and leave this settlement. You could start a new life in Knossos."

Philostratos looks at her for a moment. "The sweet optimism of youth. I used to be like that once." He smiles softly. "Alas! Dear Princess, my time has run out. If the games are not my undoing, I will have to live with the knowledge that I, like most of the Dynasty, was an unknowing architect of Crete's fate. I will stay here."

Gain +1 ⛉ and place 1 ⛉ on Inward Odyssey. Then **return to 0036.**

0070

Some of your crew abandon their posts and resign themselves to sitting on the deck, shoulders slumped and eyes void. You try to rouse them, to no avail. They only mutter the same thing over and over again. "The prophet was right. Nothing matters. It's all over."

Party leader gains 1 Despair token, then **return to the Stalked by the Maze adventure.**

0071

Those bolt throwers make you wary. Still, you are not cold-blooded killers. You approach the caravan under the banner of truce and propose your two forces work together to find a way out of the maze.

If ⛉ 5+, **see 0072.** Otherwise, **see 0050.**

0072

The Horned Guard begrudgingly agree to your terms, though the truce is tenuous from the start. As your wander through the maze together, getting glimpses of the setting sun, their soldiers keep eyeing you strangely. You can't shake the feeling that something is wrong.

It happens in the night, during the hour of the wolf. The Horned Guard move against you, hoping to kill you in your sleep. You have seen the little clues here and there, so you are not taken by surprise—quite the contrary.

You face the attack with grim disappointment in humanity. You quickly overpower the Horned Guard and send them fleeing. When dawn breaks—little difference inside the maze—you count your dead and move on.

Minoans: Diplomacy -1. Lose -1 ✕.

You locate the exit the very next day. Before you leave, you hear a cry somewhere deep inside the maze, growing fainter and fainter. It seems like the Horned Guard are not going to escape this trap anytime soon. The inner maze is as strong as the outer one.

Gain +1 ⛉. **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0073

You speak with the Hornsworn leader, trying to convince him to abandon their plans for revenge and join you in searching for the exit.

If ⛉ 5+, **see 0074.** Otherwise, **see 0043.**

0074

His mind is set like a judgment rendered on a stone tablet. Your insistence only makes him more driven—and more suspicious of you. By the end of your talks, he's openly hostile. Not wanting to escalate the conflict further, you leave the way you came—deeper into the maze.

Gain +2 ⛉ and **see 0044.**

0075

Later that night, as you rest your arms against the railing, wondering if there ever was a good way out, you feel someone stand next to you. Lycophon, the one-eyed survivor you picked up a while back, watches the dark horizon and doesn't say anything at first. You wonder if this situation reminds him of his adventures with Theseus, as they sailed the seas and challenge the status quo.

"You know, Theseus also had to make tough

choices. He cut ties with some of his own people. Because of Ariadne." Lycophon adds with mysterious, not quite approving smile, *"Love really changes a man."*

"Do you think he made the right choice?" Lycophon shrugs.

"For whom?"

Subtract -1 Ψ. **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0076

Sleep evades you as the day's events weigh heavily on your mind. Your feet lead you to the upper deck, and you find yourself contemplating the dark horizon, your arms resting on the railing. After a couple of minutes, you hear approaching steps. The Old Priest stops next to you. His gaze sails over the calm waves and you wonder how many tough choices he must have had to make in his lifetime.

"Difficult times bring forth difficult choices and one is never sure which path to follow."

"So how do you choose?"

"Me? I find that life is a constant of new arrivals and old departures. As people change, so do their relationships. From what I gather, the hero of this island, Theseus, cut his ties to Athens to be with Ariadne."

"That may not have been the best of choices, in retrospect."

The Old Priest shrugs. "In retrospect. Though without love, his purpose might have been different or he would not have had a purpose at all."

Party leader can discard 1 Despair token or subtract -1 Ψ. **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0077

As you reach the Argo, you remember something you heard and turn to Nikephoros. "How did Theseus die?"

You see a shadow of hesitation cross her face. She stops walking and looks at you for several seconds, then sighs.

"When he learned of Ariadne's passing, he went mad with grief and lost all sense of purpose. He became a shadow of his former self and even that shadow dwindled until it was nothing. He didn't matter. Nothing mattered. So was the Truth of the Labyrinth born."

You freeze. You've heard those words before. "N-No . . ." you stammer.

"Yes, Argonauts. He isn't Theseus anymore, but he is very much alive. Punished for his dreams."

If the Minoan Guide is still with you, **see 0079.**

At that moment, you hear a noise behind you. The Titan accompanying you turns toward you, head cocked to the side. You have never seen it act like this before. It somehow looks more . . . knowing, as if it is aware of everything that has been going on. Nikephoros smiles as she looks at it.

"It has accepted the Truth." She turns to you. *"Life is a labyrinth. But the way you navigate it is up to you. My son has passed, but I have made my peace with it."* She smiles sadly and steps away from you, onto the wooden pier. *"Now I need to make peace with myself. Farewell."*

You try to stop her, but she's surprisingly fast. You'd run after her, but the Temenos is here, looming over the port like postponed doom finally showed up to collect.

The only thing you can do is retreat.

Gain 1 Logicbreaker Titan. **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0078

You press your hands against her wound, but instead of flinching, she grabs your arm. "Theseus went mad when . . . when Ariadne died." Her ragged breath tickles your ear as you lean in to listen. "Nothing mattered to him. He didn't matter. He isn't Theseus anymore . . . but he is alive . . . Punished for his dreams."

If the Minoan Guide is still with you, see 0079.

At that moment, you hear a noise behind you. The Titan turns toward you, head cocked to the side. You have never seen it act like this before. It somehow looks more . . . knowing, as if it is aware of everything that has been going on. Nikephoros smiles as she looks at it.

"It has accepted the Truth." She turns to you. *"Life is a labyrinth. But the way you navigate it is up to you. My son . . . I will never see my son again . . . but I have made my peace . . . with it."* She smiles sadly, and then her eyes glaze over and her body suddenly goes limp.

Gain 1 Logicbreaker Titan. **Return to the Voyage Phase.**

0079

Upon hearing Nikephoros's words, Acacallis falls to her knees. "After all this time! He is still . . . He is still alive!" Tears run down her face as she brings a hand to her mouth in a vain attempt to stifle her sobs. A smile is peeking out from behind her fingers. Then she looks up at Nikephoros. "But how can it be? It's impossible!" The relief on her face tells you she believes it nonetheless.

Nikephoros just looks at her with misty eyes.

"The Labyrinthians," continues Acacallis, crying. *"All of this is our fault. We have contributed to this horror."* She gasps in shock. *"We couldn't have known. How could we? And yet—" You have never seen her so shaken before. "No, it cannot be."*

She rises to her feet and leaves, muttering to herself between sobs.

Make an Acacallis tally mark. **Return to the previous passage.**

0080

With more people you manage to cover more ground, but the Temenos's presence is still unsettling. It started to move again, slowly but surely. You don't like the way it unhurriedly approaches the Argo. You spot your Titan behaving strangely once again. This time, it is looking at the Temenos as if contemplating it. Could the Argonaut junctioned with it be having some issues in the Balaneion?

Nikephoros looks at the Temenos briefly before she follows you.

"What happened when Theseus betrayed Athens?" you ask her as you press on.

"Athens sent word to Minos, and thus the war began. Theseus became a pariah in some circles, a rebellious hero in others. As for the gods, they punished him by awakening the Minotaur earlier than usual." She sighs. *"If only he and Ariadne had had more time. They were a good match."*

You nod. Maybe they were. That's little comfort for the Cretans now. You push those thoughts aside and focus on the task at hand. You redouble your efforts to locate Nikephoros's son, all in vain. He is either not here or already on his way to Elysium.

The Temenos roars. The sound is deafening, like a siren, but at the same time there is rhythm to it. It's a solemn hymn, one of despair. It's much closer to the Argo now, ready to unleash its final onslaught. You have seen the damage it can cause.

If "Horned Guard" noted, **see 0038.**
If "Hornsworn" noted, **see 0039.**
If "Labyrinthians" noted, **see 0040.**

0081

You help Nikephoros sit up. "Who were these people?" you ask. Nikephoros gives you a bloody smile. "It doesn't matter anymore. My journey ends here." She coughs and reaches out toward you, her hand leaving her bloody side, revealing a grievous wound. *"I want you to hear his story,"* she says, and coughs again. *"After Theseus's betrayal, Athens sent word to Minos and thus the war started. Theseus became a pariah in some circles, a rebellious hero in others. As for the gods, they punished him by awakening the Minotaur earlier than usual."*

Gain +1 Ψ. **See 0078.**

Special Events

Cackle

A storm brews on the west. Fat, menacing clouds cluster low on the horizon, honeycombed by lightning bolts stabbing the waterline like jagged spears. As you watch the unfolding weather phenomena, mesmerized by the sheer violence of it, you notice movement: a minuscule blot of blackness, darker even than the clouds. It's gaining speed. Heading toward the Argo.

"It is back," says the Old Priest with a grim expression. *"The terrible foe. No matter how far we escape, no matter how gravely we wound it, it comes back to haunt us. The Scourge of Hermes. It will not cease until the Argo is destroyed."*

"Then we face it head on," says one of you with a determined voice.

The Old Priest smiles softly.

"Brave. You are not strong enough. You will be, in time—of that I have no doubt. But for now, we need to evade it. Ride our time."

As you are about to leave, the priest adds, "It will catch up to us, eventually. When that happens, do not be fooled by its bestial demeanor. It is a cunning enemy and it sees us as its playthings. I think that is why it allowed us to progress thus far. To play. In battle, do not show strength until you are certain you can finish it."

You look back to the horizon. The rumble of the storm now sounds like a sinister cackle.

Spawn the Hermesian Pursuer 4 Map tiles away from the *Argo* (or as far from the *Argo* as possible). Add the *Cackle* Exploration card to the Exploration deck. See the Adversary Rules in the Rulebook for more details.

Fateful Visitant

During the last battle you tempted the Fates like never before. You felt their pull and refused to give in. At one point you thought you died, your thread snapped—yet here you are.

As you contemplate your brush with oblivion in the mess hall, in the early hours of the morning, a figure approaches you. At first you think it's one of the crewmembers from the middle watch, come to send you off to your quarters, but no. The mysterious stranger is clad in an ethereally white robe with a long hood concealing their face.

"You cheated the Moirai today, Argonaut."

Voice as cold as the grave. For a moment you think it's Thanatos himself who has visited you, but then the figure pulls the hood off and you see it's a middle-aged woman with silvery hair.

"I should be dead, I know."

"Death is dead," she replies dryly. *"And you are the proof the rule of the Fates is not absolute. I am here to tell you: do what you're doing. Defy them. The tyranny of the Moirai must one day end."*

She turns to leave, but you grab her by the sleeve of her robe.

"Who are you?"

She tugs at the robe, pulling it free.

"Not your concern, Argonaut."

You reach for your argoxiphos and yell for the guards. But she is gone, even though it would have taken several seconds for an Olympic athlete to reach the closest door of the mess hall.

The Argonaut who experienced the event gains a Boon: "Visited: Whenever you survive an Obol Draw, subtract -1 Ψ."

Fate Worse Than Death

The blow didn't kill the Titan, nor did it shatter the Triskelion bond instantly. But the Fates, it seems, weave their tragedies with long threads, and much time can pass between the pull is made and felt. You and your crew are starting to feel it now, stronger than ever. You brace for the unexpected—as if that can help.

You suffered a *Fate Worse Than Death* Event in the last Battle! Now's the time to check what gruesome fate awaits you. Maybe it won't be that bad . . . Roll a d10 and see for yourself:

FATE WORSE THAN DEATH EVENT TABLE

Roll	Effect
1	Your Argonaut dies. Refer to the *Rude Awakening* Event.
2	Lose -1 .
3	Permanently lose 1 from your Titan's Loadout.
4	Lose -1 .
5	Gain +1 .
6	Gain a Fated Mnemos.
7	Lose an additional Titan.
8	Gain +2 Ψ.
9	Lose 4 Mortal or 2 Primordial resources per Acclimation.
10	Gain +3 and +3 Ψ.

No Mercy for the Centimanes

As you are about to deal the final blow to the hideous creature, it cowers in fear, raising its hands—all of them—high, in a gesture of surrender. You stop, startled.

"No . . ." The noise produced by hundreds of fingers rubbing against each other sounds eerily like words. "No more . . ."

Now all the hands are pointing inland, to a nearby hill formation. Before you are able to process what has just happened, the Hekaton writhes in pain. Its fingers and arms stiffen in rigor mortis, and now the pitiful creature resembles a dead spider.

You curse under your breath. You don't know if it's morbid curiosity or some other, more noble motive that drives you toward that hill. It doesn't stand out from the landscape. You spend the better part of the afternoon looking for something, anything, that would explain the Hekaton's erratic behavior. You are about to give up when one of your scouts reports a discovery.

A recent mazequake has broken the land in half, revealing aeons-old Centimanes ruins, with strange, faded cave paintings of giant cows on every wall. Among the precision-cut building blocks of what you imagine was a Centimanes village, you find a deeper hole still, filled to the brim with petrified substance. There was a purpose to it, a purpose you have yet need to uncover. As you rummage through the landfill, you come to the conclusion that the substance is more like mummified biological matter covered in coral with a distinct, familiar, symmetrical pattern—clearly a type of sickness or parasite.

And then you realize the biological matter is, in fact, bodies. Dozens upon dozens of giant bodies, contorted into grotesque shapes. Six-armed, their features unrecognizable. The bodies, though enormous, vary in size greatly, leading you to believe they belong to beings of various ages.

Some of the bodies are missing limbs, arms specifically. You count. Ninety-eight, nighty nine . . .

All those who went in and subsequently emerged from the mass grave of the Centimanes now share a bond. A deep sorrow for the fate of the six-armed giants and a deeper determination not to let this fate befall humanity.

From now on, during every Cycle Battle with the Hekaton, you start with 1 Break ( ) and 1 Opening ( ) tokens in the Kratos Pool. If you have an Earthshaker Titan, give it a name. That Titan always starts with +1 Ω.

RUDE AWAKENING

You thought yourself invincible. You spend battles submerged in the emerald waters of the Balaneion, safely away from the fight, a disembodied spirit of power and hope, steering a thoughtless avatar of muscle and bone to victory—or death. You have seen countless deaths at this point, from your crewmates to the mighty Titans, to the terrifying Primordials. You've heard their screams, you've felt pangs of sadness, you've said words of farewell. Everything dies.

But you were an Argonaut, the hero, the chosen one awakened from the Mausoleum to control the colossi and steer the course of humanity to a brighter future. Death was something that happened to others. Until today.

"Return from whence you came, brave soul," starts the elegy.

Your body is entombed into the same Mausoleum, where it will remain, reunited with the other fallen, until the end of time or until the nigh impenetrable hull of the Argo *finally gives way.*

All the remaining Argonauts are present, as is the Old Priest and the hundreds of crewmembers who day after day work tirelessly to keep the Argo *going. A quiet hum comes from the depths of the ship, as if even the Titans are joining in the mourning.*

As the elegy dies down, a whooshing sound resonates through the spacious chamber. The Argo *has listened. The* Argo *has awakened a new soul, one who will carry the torch for the fallen.*

If the fated box is not marked, gain +1 .
Gain +1 . Take a new Argonaut Sheet, draw a new Portrait card (or simply choose a Skill) and a new Mnemos card from the Mnemos Vault. If the fated box is not marked, it has to be the *Curse of the Gods* Mnemos card.
Then mark the fated box and **return to the Voyage Phase.**

THE GATE

When the battle dust settles and you have time to calm down and reflect on what just happened, a strange feeling comes over you. You remember you found a gate—not an opening of stone, but rather an indescribable threshold, one that, in gear foolishness or courage, you crossed.

You don't remember what you saw on the other side, but you remember how you felt: totally alone, alienated not only from your comrades but also from your body and the world itself. A state of absolute exclusion, without light, or warmth, or hope. Only despair remains.

At that moment you knew you were in the very heart of the Truth of the Labyrinth, in its Temenos.

Despair washed over you and you almost lost your sanity to the unconquerable tide. You thought of your comrades, their lives going on without you . . . and it gave you strange comfort. You held on and the tide receded. The gate opened and you returned, just in time to witness the crippling blow you've dealt to the monstrosity.

And now you know, beyond a shadow a of doubt, that all darkness fades, all despair is transient, while hope is eternal and life continues.

The Argonaut who dealt the Critical Wound gains a Boon: "Eternal Hope: Gain +1 Despair Limit. When you discard a Despair token, you subtract -1 ."

THE OTHER

That last hit to the Antikratos Helm broke something, some fail-safe that kept the Titan's violent bestial psyche at bay. Now the dam is broken and all that hate and rage and violence pours into you, mixing with you. You are swept away.

If your Titan had died back there, on the battlefield, that would have been it. Not even the great philosophers of the Last Academy could have brought you back from a failed junction. But it lived and you lived with it.

And something happens. That vicious tide of wrath and loathing you feared would sweep you away? It does not come. All you feel is a tinge of sadness, of loneliness.

Before you are able to truly understand what is happening, the Balaneion sages pull you out. "You were in freefall," they say, "almost beyond the point of no return, where your soul would drift for all eternity."

You feel loss, as if a part of you truly stayed there, in the junction.

When you later visit the Titan Stoa, you recognize the Titan you fused with. And it recognizes you, somehow. Something was born that day, something deeper than a mere Triskelion Junction.

Name the Titan you were junctioning with and note it on your Argonaut Sheet. While you are junctioning with that Titan, you have +1 Precision and ignore the *Fused Souls* Trauma card.

TUTORIAL SUMMARY
SKIPPING THE TUTORIAL

If you've already gone through the Tutorial Timeline (days T6 to T0), we won't force you to go through it again! Just apply the following bonuses and penalties, and you're ready to begin the campaign from Main Story paragraph 0001.
If you're starting a campaign with new players, or if it's been a while since you played, it may be a good idea to skim the Tutorial story passages to get up to speed on who's who and what's the current state of the *Argo*.

What to get:
·Choose 4 Argonaut cards. Prepare 4 Argonaut Sheets and sign them with your Argonauts' names. Assign Argonauts to Players.
·Take the Argo Sheet.
·Mark the starting values of your (5), (4) and (0) on appropriate tracks.
·Mark your starting diplomacy with all factions as '0'.
·Note that you have 8 Dreamwalker Titans.
·Mark boxes T0 to T6 on the Timeline.
·Gain the *Imprisonment* and *Siren Survivor* Mnemos cards. Gain 1 node on *Imprisonment*.
·Gain the *Sirenteeth, Siren Armor, Boatmace, Shipwrecker Shield, Sail Spolas* and *Kratos Kopis* cards.
·Gain the *Bridge Tholos, Titan Stoa, Excursion Propylon, Last Academy,* Argo *Works, Trireme Weapons, Trireme Armor* and *Trireme Ranged Weapons* Technology cards. Assemble your Projects deck by finding all cards these technologies '**Lead to**'.
·Gain the Doom 1A card and place 2 on it.
·Place 1 on the Inward Odyssey card.
·Gain 4 Raw Ambrosia, 1 Calcified Knuckle Bone and 1 Muscle Cluster resources.
·Gain 1 Sisyphus Tear Divine resource.
·Mark A7 or A8 on the Choice Matrix (randomly).
·Place the starting Map tile (number 027) on the table.
·Place the *Argo* miniature on the Starting Map Tile.

UNFATHOMABLE AEONS

As the Argo comes to life on the shores of Kephallonia and begins its fateful odyssey, something feels different. Its crew, from the lowly sailors to the philosophers of the Last Academy and Argo Works shipbreakers, to the Argonauts themselves, just emerging from their deep slumber, feel something is different.

Or rather, something feels the same. As if you already did all of this. This feeling of déjà vu follows you until you reach the coast of Crete.

You have been redirected to this passage, meaning you've lost at least one *Aeon Trespass: Odyssey Cycle I* campaign. Don't despair. The *Argo* is a very special vessel and even defeat isn't absolute. Some things simply endure from campaign to campaign.
For one, the fated boxes you've marked during a previous campaign persist in a new one. These may open completely new story outcomes for you! Also, if you happen upon a hub adventure that only has 1 fated box and it's already marked, if it's not an Alpha or Omega adventure, you may skip it and roll on the table again!
You also get some other boons, knowledge, and gear that accumulate from campaign to campaign. In case of added , go through the appropriate Inward Odyssey adventures before you begin your campaign.
Depending on the number of fated boxes marked here, you start the campaign with:

1: +1 , the *Shallows Navigation* Technology card, 1 *Sirenblade* card, 1 *Spring Engine* card, 1 *Iapetus Guard* card, and 1 *Whale Knives* card instead of the *Sirenteeth* card.

2: Everything mentioned above, as well as +1 , the *Arrow Barrage* Technology card, 1 *Ballista Gun* card, 1 additional *Iapetus Guard* card, and 1 additional *Spring Engine* card.

3: Everything mentioned above, as well as +1 , the *Hope Logic* Technology card, and 1 Sisyphus Tear Divine resource.

4+: Everything mentioned above, as well as +1 and 1 *Jawbone Axe* card.

Important: The Choice Matrix resets with every new repeat campaign. This means that, unlike fated boxes, your Choice Matrix marks do not persists after a game ends.

YOUR DEATH TRANSCENDS REALITY

Your doom is so utterly complete and yet even in this voracious void you cling to something. Even death may die, while you endure. And transcend!

Open Envelope H. Gain the *Hades Godform* Awakening card and immediately Awaken, .
Replace the current *Your Death Transcends Reality* Obol card (remove it from the game) with the *Your Death Transcends Reality* Obol card you found in the Envelope H.

R&R Adventures

		Go to
1	Catch of the Day	* 11
2	Clothes Make the Argonaut	* 22
3	The One with the Goats	
4	Eschaton Deniers	
5	Fete for the Aeons	
6	Secret Admirer	
7	Lysistrata	
8	The Stray	
9	The Burden	* 99
10	Drunken Odyssey	

*If marked, mark the second box, then proceed to the passage number denoted inside it.

1 Catch of the Day

Each day dozens of the Argo's sailors go down to the lower outer decks to fish. Most of the time the ship is sailing too fast to make it more than a way to pass the time, but once in a while, they catch something. Today you've decided to participate in this peculiar bonding exercise.

Each Argonaut rolls on the following table:

1: *You're worse than bad! Not only did you not catch anything, you managed to tangle yourself in the fly line! Still, seeing the happy faces of your comrades laughing with you and not at you, you figure you haven't come out of it empty-handed.*
Subtract -1 .

2–3: *Small fry. This is the bare minimum that will keep the laughter at bay, but nothing more than that. Still, it's a catch!*
Subtract -1 and -1 .

4–6: *Prize catch! There will be feasting tonight!*
Gain 1 Trireme resource.

7–9: *Cubic mackerel. It looks like a spotted brick! After the initial amusement dies down, you are left with a sudden realization that this fish was transformed by some unknown power. You bring it to the Last Academy for study.*
Gain +1 (only once per adventure).

10+: *You feel a tug on the line and start to reel in your catch, but it's not giving up! Soon the whole deck gathers behind you, cheering you on. Suddenly, the line becomes loose again. When you reel it in, there's no sign of the fish, only a single silvery scale in the shape of a heart. Hoping it will bring you good luck, you tuck it into your pocket.*
Lose -1 (only once per adventure). Gain 1 positive Precision () token for the next Battle.

At the end of the day, the fish you caught won't even fill your own stomachs. Yet you don't see it as a waste of time. You haven't felt this relaxed in a while. Just sitting there, spending time with your companions with nothing on the line, cracking jokes and talking about home—or the faint memories you cling to—has been refreshing and heartwarming.

Tomorrow you'll be putting your life on the line again. Today? Today you caught some fish!

11 Catch of the Day (Fated)

You've made a habit of frequenting the fishing spot now, and again the crowd there is a welcome change from the bridge crew and the Balaneion staff. You realize you thought of the Argo in grand terms—of Titans, Academies, Primordials—but left out the minutiae that is the heart and soul of your voyage: its people.

The artificers and smiths of the Argo Works you at least met during your visits to Alkibiades's workshop. The Farmers of the Bow who tend to the gardens that provide emergency provisions and the herders who keep the stock for Titan feeding. The cleaning crews that keep your Titans in top shape. The merchants who trade with the many peoples of Hellas. The scouts that venture into the unknown lands weeks before the Argo shows up. The sailors, the tailors, the engineers of the Aeolipile Engine Room. And the many many others who have not quite found their place yet, who happened onto the Argo by accident or by the Fates' will.

Every single one of them has a story to tell: a sad story, a happy story, a romantic story, an uplifting story.

As you spend time with them, fishing, you grow to appreciate what the Argo really is. A safe haven for all.

Gain +1 or subtract -2 .

2 Clothes Make the Argonaut

An enterprising artisan from the lower decks, Clorthos, comes to you with a peculiar proposition. They figure that now that you're a single crew with something of a mission—correct on all accounts—you need the ultimate expression of this unity.

A brand spanking new uniform.

You're . . . let's say, skeptical.

Yes, yes, you've been wearing these weathered robes for far too long now and yes, they do absorb surprising amounts of moisture, making each dip into the Balaneion an exercise in frustration. There's nothing quite like defeating a monstrous Primordial by the skin of your teeth and then having to walk back to your quarters dripping veritable streams of green water, looking like a drowned rat.

Yes, the Argo's crew keeps wearing the clothes they arrived in, making distinguishing between a sailor, a priest and a chef confusing at best, a disaster waiting to happen at worst.

Yes, nothing really fits Telebacchus and everyone is tired of seeing his hairy belly button.

OK, it's settled: you're getting new uniforms!

Clorthos is ecstatic. They want to start the work right away. You have a few suggestions, chief among them being the fabric. On your last expedition into the bowels of the ship, you found a stockpile of a strange white cloth, thin but durable—and really hard to dirty! Maybe it was meant for making sails? Hearing about this discovery, the Old Priest promptly named the new fabric 'argocloth.'

"That one has a singular mind, doesn't he?" Alkibiades chuckles.

"Like you wouldn't believe."

Clorthos gets to work.

Subtract -2 .

22 Clothes Make the Argonaut (Fated)

The day you've been waiting for has finally come. It's been an arduous road riddled with challenges and unsurmountable obstacles—like Telebacchus's girth, O Fates, that man has an equator—but they have finally arrived.

The new uniforms.

Soft to the touch, hard to crumple.

Lined with a second layer for comfort.

Wide, bulky collars.

Brave, hopeful color schemes.

Golden finish and tons of accessories.

Capes.

To say you're satisfied is to besmirch the inspired work of Clorthos. Nothing short of elated will do. Black hems and piping for the Argonauts, green for the Balaneion. Red for warriors, blue for the Last Academy. Yellow for Argo Works? *Or is that too on the nose?*

Subtract -2 . During the next battle, during an attack, each Argonaut can use the Elation keyword once, regardless of their Kratos Table.

3 The One with the Goats

If is less than 7, roll on R&R again.

It has been brought to your attention that the ship is full of goats.

It's not something that typically happens, you're being assured, and not a problem ordinarily brought before the Argonauts, who are normally too busy fighting giant monsters and saving Helios to be bothered by this type of crisis. However, there are special circumstances to consider.

The goats appeared after your last expedition to the depths of the Argo. *The goats seem to show up everywhere you happen to go and disappear soon after you leave. Also, there's the small matter of that giant goat statue you may or may not have toppled and broken on the last island you visited.*

The plot thickens.

"No." You stop the Old Priest before he says something. "We're not calling them 'argogoats.'"

"Fine."

You once more venture into the Argo *to get to the bottom of this caprine mystery. Later that day you emerge none the wiser, with more goats in tow. You double back to the goat idol island and try to make amends—you do have a large number of monuments and statues on the ship, for weapon crafting purposes of course! Still, no luck. More goats.*

It is time for drastic measures.

"This is why you summoned me?" The unknowing, ethereal, divine-slash-mythic-slash-I'm-not-really-sure-what-she-is Amalthean Nymph asks with a hint of disbelief.

"Well, you are half . . ." one of you gestures, but another pokes them in the ribs.

"Very well," she says slowly, mischief dancing on the tip of her tongue. "But I will only do one: get rid of the goats. Or tell you why they're here in the first place. Choose wisely."

Choose:

1. *The goats need to go. They take up space, they get in the way, they eat the food reserves. And the smell, oh dead gods, the smell. You need to get rid of them before they become a bigger problem. You can live with not knowing how they got here.*

Gain +1 .

2. *The goats are here to stay. At least in as much as you'd rather know what caused this inexplainable migration than simply get rid of them. Address the cause, not the symptoms. Or something.*

Gain +1 . One space on the *Argo* becomes permanently taken by Goats ( ). You can't get rid of the Goats ( ) for any reason. **See 33.**

33

"Curiosity Nymph will adore you." The Amalthean Nymph laughs rollickingly. "It is simple, really. They belong to the Argonites."

"The what?"

"The people who live in the depths of the Argo. *Did you really think you were the only ones here? Or the first?"*

After that, the Nymph disappears and all you're left with are questions. And goats. Lots and lots of goats.

Mark B3. If A1 is marked, immediately reset and remove the Goats ( ).

4 Eschaton Deniers

"The Eschaton is a lie," says the pale middle-aged man sitting on an upturned bucket. "They tell us this to keep us in the dark. Contained on this ship and doing our chores. Like sheep, or the goats I keep hearing about."

"Nah, you got it all wrong, Conspiros," another disgruntled man interrupts him. "Eschaton happened. It was an inside job. Dionysus did it, with mortal help."

"Dionysus?"

"Yeah. Always drunk, always partying. Does that sound pious to you? Divine? Like a proper god? No. It's an obvious epicurean plot to uproot our traditional way of life."

"I heard one of the Titans uprooted a giant tree," Oblivios chimes in.

"Shut up, Oblivios." Both men are finally on the same page.

"Are the Titans even real?" asks a fourth man. The rest of the group give him a quizzical look. "I mean, have you ever seen any of them?"

"Yes?"

"But, like, really up close?"

"Yes? I work in the cleanup crews, Damianos, I wash them."

"But do you really?" Damianos insists, a fire in his eyes. "Or do They just want you to think you do?"

Before the man from the cleanup crews has a chance to answer, a horn blares. The Argo *has come into contact with a Primordial. The Argonauts are rushed to the Balaneion and a team of Titans will be sent to meet with it on the battlefield, before the monster closes in on the ship.*

"Yeah, yeah," says Conspiros, as the group packs up to head for the designated shelter. "Has any of you even seen one of these Primordials?"

Gain +1 Titan.

5 Fete for the Aeons

The night is warm and full of stars, the air smells of flowers, wine and roasted meat. From your vantage point on top of the Bridge Tholos you have a bird's eye view of the whole deck, lit up like a polis on the eve of a Dionysus feast. Among the braziers, your crew mingles.

"It's quite a thing, isn't it," says the Old Priest, joining you.

"They needed it," you agree.

"You too, I know. But that wasn't what I was talking about. I meant this," he gushes, opening his arms wide. "The many peoples of the Argo. *When you first woke up from your sleepless slumber, I told you: in the beginning, this ship was merely a haven for the exiled and downtrodden, beached on the coast of Kephallonia. We lived in peace, but we lived alone. Now? Now that a crew, a community. People from all walks of life working together to make this journey possible."*

You look at the crowds below. Laughing, cheering, partying. Soon they may be fighting for their lives again. They will be doing that together too.

"Do you feel it?" the Old Priest asks after a while. "What we are becoming?"

You would like to wholeheartedly agree, but there is still a part of you missing—those elusive memories you've been chasing in-between the struggle against a post-Olympian world.

Yet, when you look below, at your crew, even if for a moment, you do. You feel it.

Belonging.

Gain +1 , lose -1 . Every Argonaut can discard 1 Despair token. One Argonaut can either discard Mazetouched or gain 1 node for a Fated Shadows.

6 Secret Admirer

One of you has been receiving letters of a romantic nature. The seal on the papyrus is always broken, but you can't expect much, rarely a thing comes out unscathed on the Argo. *The handwriting is even and neat, and the prose is quite good. Though you don't respond, each letter builds onto the narrative. It's all quite vivid, painting a picture of two star-crossed lovers torn apart by circumstance and duty, yet not losing hope and steadily but surely gravitating toward one another.*

It was funny at first, then flattering, but now it's starting to creep you out. You need to find out who's sending these and make them stop. Or start dating. It depends on the vibe.

Randomly choose an Argonaut. They've got a Secret Admirer! Now, according to the Pharos Delve Rules (see Rulebook), you'll start your investigation. You may stop the investigation at any time, which will result in the Inconclusive Outcome. Otherwise, you will either arrive at the Correct Conclusion or Incorrect Conclusion.

Investigation (13):
Inconclusive Outcome: See 66.
Correct Conclusion: See 665.
Incorrect Conclusion: See 666.

66 Inconclusive Outcome

You've done everything you could without crossing any lines. It seems you have met your match—figuratively speaking. The Secret Admirer has covered their tracks well.

You may not have found out who they were, but you made your point. The Admirer has gone to ground and you have received no further letters. For now.

Lose -1 .

665 Correct Conclusion

You've tracked your Secret Admirer right to the doorstep of . . . the Old Priest? No, that can't be right. As you ponder how you ended up here, you notice someone sneaking up to the old man's door. They leave something there—ha, a papyrus!—and disappear into the night. Before you have time to draw any conclusions, a small goat rounds the corner and snatches the letter.

You give chase. The goat is, quite surprisingly, very fast for its size. You lose it temporarily below deck, but then bump into it right before the doors to the Envoy's Office. At this point it does not have the papyrus anymore. You let it skedaddle and knock on the door.

"Ah, I was just going to see you," says Alecta, one of the ship messengers. "I've got a letter for you."

"Are you sure it's for me?" you ask dubiously.

"Huh. To tell you the truth we've had a lot of trouble lately. Those damn goats. They eat papyrus like grass. I've had to pull this one," they hold the letter up, "out of one's mouth!"

"But why send it to me?" you ask brashly, making the messenger blush. "Ah, no matter. Give it to me, I know who it's for."

For a moment you consider talking with the Old Priest about the whole thing, but then you shake your head. It's not your place to ask or to pry. It actually brings you some comfort to think that even at their age, love is on their mind. You take all the letters you've received up to this point, bundle them up, leave them by the old man's quarter and knock on the door before quickly retreating to the shadows.

As the Old Priest unwraps the letters and begins reading, you see a smile creep onto his face and tears rolling down his cheeks. You feel your eyes water too.

Lose -1 . Gain +1 .

666 Incorrect Conclusion

You are pretty sure your Secret Admirer is . . . the Old Priest! No, that can't be right. You even stake out his humble quarters near the Acropolis Deck, but nothing comes of it. The Old Priest spends his evenings doing Daedalus logic puzzles and sleeping. Mostly sleeping.

What you've learned: the Old Priest is a snorer.

What you haven't learned: who your Secret Admirer really is.

Still, that's something, right?

Subtract -1 .

7 Lysistrata

LYSISTRATA
There are a lot of things about us women
That sadden me, considering how men
See us as rascals.
It has come to this.
Grown men playing women, grown women playing men, so playing children really, and children, thankfully, left out of the whole production. Argo *Presents Aristophanes's Lysistrata is a go. Hilarity ensues. If, by hilarity, you mean petty squabbles over costumes, stage design, lines, roles, and direction.*

As you look down upon the chaos of your own making, you wonder how did it come to this. Was it pride? Misplaced sense of duty? No. You remember that night. There was wine and boasting. And this:

"You can't make a whip out a lion's ass, you Koprias!"

"I'll take that bet," declares Alkibiades with a wry smile.

Ah. So that's the Liontail Whip explained.

LYSISTRATA
There are a lot of things about us women
That sadden me, considering how men
See us as rascals.
CALONICE
As indeed we are!

You reap what you sow. In this case, you perform in a play about men going to war and women wanting to achieve peace through withholding sex. You know, your golden comedy standard.

As you go through the motions, you start to question the play's egalitarian, pacifist message which seems to strangely not be that egalitarian or pacifist. You see the actors not all that thrilled by the prospect of warmongering and the actresses outright offended by Aristophanes's take on women.

And then it strikes you. This is your ship, this is your play and you're performing it. It can end however you like.

As you veer wildly off script, you begin to feel something akin to pride. This is your play. This is your voyage. No matter what the tides bring, or how the Fates conspire, it will end the way you want it to. A happy ending.

Gain +1 or subtract -2 .

8 The Stray

During one of your reconnaissance runs into the Cretan highlands, you stop at a small, isolated town, seemingly spared the horrors of the Labyrinth.

As you walk around, gathering information, you come upon a little malnourished dog. It looks to be of a noble breed, but the people of the city treat it with disdain. You're not surprised. The dog bears the mark of the Labyrinth; it's been transformed, its features angular, symmetrical, like the maze itself, and its curly tail now a zigzagging angular spiral. It's kind of cute.

You feed the poor creature—seeing that nobody else will—and continue on your mission. However, the dog starts following you around. It has not experienced kindness such as yours for a very long time. Even though you try to pay it no heed, it tries to endear itself to you with all the charm its small frame can muster.

"Just kick the monster and it'll go away," you hear one of the residents mutter.

An anger grows inside you. It's not the dog's fault it got touched by the maze. The Truth of the Labyrinth corrupts all, willing, unwilling, and unaware. Soon the island may share the fate of this dog. Will the residents of this town start treating each other this way?

You suppose it's already happening. Even the peaceful Labyrinthians are derided and shunned. How many of them chose this way? How many were led to it? How many had nowhere else to go?

Misery is a fertile ground for indoctrination. You decide to keep the dog. You call it Mazey.

Labyrinthians: Diplomacy +1. Gain +1 . Gain *Mazey, the Labyrinthian Dog* card (Secret deck 2, card 22). Mark E3.

9 The Burden

Wailing pierces the night. Though it's the cry of a grown man, bah, a sage, it still sounds like the bawling of a newborn child. You would think it the result of a grave battle wound, but it couldn't be further from the truth.

In fact, it was the result of low water intake and a poor diet.

"Surely, it can't be this bad," you say, looking at the pale face of the Old Priest, no other visible signs of trauma.

"Be silent, insolent child, for you know not how this renal invader ravages my body!"

You're not so sure. Sure, you've heard about kidney stones, but come on, how bad can they be? They're so small. Sometimes you can't even see them. These men are clearly exaggerating to wring every last ounce of sympathy from you.

Still, this has been going on for a few hours now, with no end in sight. Healers, scholars, philosophers, and ex-priests—all men!—none have succeeded in the struggle against this insidious foe.

The Old Priest has been put in a small bath with hot water, dubbed the Kid(ney) Balaneion, given ample water to drink and some more or less useless herbs.

"He needs to ride it out," says one of the healers. "And if it gets stuck?"

The mortified look on the man's face speaks volumes.

"Then it will ride him."

"Hang in there, OP," one of you says encouragingly, not really knowing what else to say.

"Throw your well-intentioned drivel into the bottomless pit the Eschaton turned Mount Olympus into, you damn brat!"

It's over in the morning, the Old Priest spent, but happy. In fact, you have never seen him smiling so much. You fear his teeth will fall out.

"The release, the sweet release. Dear Argonauts, you have no idea what a god's curse is until you try giving birth to one of these." He raises his hand, though you struggle to see what he's holding, so minuscule it is. "I hope you never find out."

Gain +1 .

99 The Burden (Fated)

Oh, how you laughed about the old man being laid low by a teeny-weeny pebble. The ribbing, the roasting. All in good fun, you thought.

Well, now that you've got one of those teeny-weeny pebbles inside you, it doesn't seem that much fun in retrospect. Not. At. All. In fact, for the past hour, you've begged for the sword just to be rid of this unspeakable, nigh indescribable life-denying pain. A dull, slow pain crushing you from within, coming like the tide, forcing you to expel all bodily fluids, in every possible way and combination, through every possible orifice, sans the one: the only one that matters in this predicament. That one remains clogged.

"There is much wisdom in struggle, yes?" muses the Old Priest and you're not sure if you detect a hint of sarcasm there. You detest him just as much. "Do not fret, my friend. With time, all pain shall pass. Unless, of course, the stone does not pass. Then the pain will not pass as well," he adds, the tips of his lips twitching. "But it may subside. For a while."

Your condition stabilizes in the evening. The stone indeed did not pass. This is a horror you will revisit.

A calm washes over you and you observe the setting sun. You feel tears welling in your eyes. Strange, as the only thing you feel now is subtle relief. Your mind wanders to the healers and academicians, their progress hindered for unfathomable aeons by the gods' decree. You wonder, will progress soar now that they are gone?

Choose the player you hate the most. Their Argonaut gains the *Eschaton Stones* card (Secret deck 2, card 23). Subtract -2 .

10 Drunken Odyssey

The Argo has been hit by crisis after crisis with no respite and you have had little time to unwind, let alone really relax. No wonder that, when the possibility arose, a drink became a feast, a feast a fete and a fete ended up with you blacking out.

You're not proud of it. You wouldn't do it again. But it happened and you have to deal with it now. You just pray the massive hangover will not escalate into the dreaded two-nighter. Your aging bodies can't take this kind of strain anymore!

You somewhat come to terms with the world around noon and even venture out for something to eat, which is the best of signs.

"Hey there, Argonaut." One of the Balaneion philosophers, Onaia, stops you on your way back. "Quite the celebration yesterday, right?"

Their voice rings in your ears like the emergency horn.

"Quite, yes." You really want to just get back to your quarters and hole up like the filthy wounded animal you know you are.

"About that . . ." They don't let you leave. "The guards . . . at the Balaneion, they . . ." The philosopher is clearly embarrassed by all this. Maybe you should be too? Is it something you did? "They report you went skinny dipping in the Balaneion, sir."

You definitely should feel embarrassed. Did this happen? Maybe. Probably. Yes.

"I'm terribly sorry, I hope we didn't break anything?"

"It's not . . . Well, it's . . . How do I . . . You lost a Titan."

"What?"

"To quote the guard quoting you: you took the Titans for a spin. One went missing. We know it's alive because the connection is still there. But the Antikratos Helm must've been damaged, as we can't initiate a junction. We need to find it the old-fashioned way. Do you know where you, er, left it?"

Choose an Argonaut (you know the one!). That Argonaut lost a Titan. Lose -1 Titan.

And so it begins. The Titans that did return had sand on their feet. The coast is vast, though, and you need to narrow it down. You gear up—with water and hats that will shade you from the merciless sun—and begin to retrace your steps.

First, it's the Trade Fleet Dock, where you stole some Egyptian emissary's robes (sadly, they couldn't be recovered). As a side note, that would explain why you ditched them and went all Gaia on the Balaneion. Back to the investigation: you met the emissary at the old naos, where you were painting some obscene graffiti on those dour-looking Olympian faces. You still stand by this choice.

As some of those wall paintings showed you wearing Titan gear, it was off to the Argo Works next. Here you supposedly posed with Titan Armor (giant armor, tiny heads—it seemed funny at the time.), on a dare from one of Alkibiades's artificers.

You met that artificer on the Acropolis Deck and they . . . They told you about Akleios Cove!

Soon you find yourself on the beach, looking for giant footprints. That's not hard. A Titan's foot leaves quite the imprint. One set of tracks leads inland to the nearby forest. With a Titanokinigos team backing you up—from a distance, to not cramp your style—you venture forth. The footprints start meandering, which puzzles you quite a bit. Titans are usually quite direct. Was it sightseeing? Further down the trail you find a broken part of the Antikratos Helm, caught up in a branch. This is the reason you couldn't simply junction. You advise caution. Who knows what other functions of the protocols have been deactivated?

And then you find it, sitting on a hill.

A pair of wild dogs is running around it in circles, wagging their tails. The cumbrous giant tries to follow them with its unseeing gaze and unwieldy hand, but can't keep up. It stops when a flock of birds lands on its outstretched other hand. The giant's head lowers and tilts slightly, as if it is inspecting them curiously. As they fly away, toward the sunset, the giant too looks upward. Are those tears you see flowing from below the helm's faceplate?

As you approach, the Titan notices your presence and acknowledges it by turning to you. You know Titans to be wild, violent creatures. But this one is anything but—even though its rage-allaying helm is malfunctioning. It even leans toward you, so you can reach the Antikratos systems more easily.

Its face, half-covered by the helm's plate, doesn't betray much emotion. Yet you ascribe emotiones to it anyway. Nostalgia, sadness, loss.

What were you doing, O giant one, when we plucked you from nature and forced to fight our battles? Where would you go if we set you free?

Gain +1 ▼. Name the Titan.

The Argonaut who lost the Titan chooses:

1. *The struggle is far from over and even if you wanted to, you couldn't do it alone, without your giant warriors to hold the darkness at bay. You need this one too, though you will take great care of them from now on.*

Take the Titan back to the *Argo*. Gain +1 named Titan. Whenever this Titan gains Ω over 9, it stays at 9.

2. *There will always be battles and people who need to fight them. But you choose to fight, the Titans do not. Their service is a necessity and their mindless violent nature and aggressive behavior toward humanity an excuse to use them in this way. But you can't, in good conscience, bring this one back.*

Leave the Titan in the wild. Subtract -3 ▼, gain 1 Mnemos node.

Dreams of Pharos

1	Scroll 13914152012118	☐
2	Scroll 19891622191245181972191 24	☐
3	Scroll 20189191151291514201121 1	☐
4	Scroll 45120815611441815752119	☐
5	Scroll 351420913114519	☐
6	Error 20851915141561651252119	☐
7	Scroll 16181522945143515641541122119	☐
8	Tablet 01892519156208521815142651651516125	☐
9	Scroll 156208519918514199	☐
10	Holy Scripture 16181513520852119201811419718519199151 4	☐

1 Scroll

13914152012118

Starless night and the calm black sea,
The endless hidden staircase
and the endless chasm to be,
Open, O maw of eternity,
open before the Seeker.
A light in the darkness calls you to port,
The light of the Pharos, of knowledge and hope.
Walk through the city, but do not linger,
As dawn brings with it the zero point cinder.

Once more you visit the dreamy library of Alexandria. As you walk its empty halls, each step echoing on the marble floor, you wonder, where are all the scholars?

The scroll you find this time looks quite new. It describes a painful birth caused by gods' mischief and their insatiable hunger for immensity. A lot of guilt and a lot of suspicion, though not from the one you would expect.

And expectations are what makes the first-born try to ride the tiger's back—it all ends in black sails and blacker hearts, as usual.

What of the third?

Pharos Delve (12)

Success: Play the next battle with the top BP card in the BP deck revealed.

Fail: Lose -1 ✕ or ☾, whichever you have more.

2 Scroll

1989162191245181972191 24

Starless night and the calm black sea,
The endless hidden staircase
and the endless chasm to be,
Open, O maw of eternity,
open before the Seeker.
A light in the darkness calls you to port,
The light of the Pharos, of knowledge and hope.
Walk through the city, but do not linger,
As dawn brings with it the zero point cinder.

Once more you visit the dreamy library of Alexandria. How many scrolls do these halls contain? The obtuse numbering system would suggest . . . an unimaginable volume. Who collected it? What kind of building is able to hold it?

The scroll you find this time looks foreign. It's stamped with the seal of a giant straddling two small islands. It tells of master shipwrights designing trireme successor vessels. These ships would be much larger, with many banks of oars. The ships' descriptions fit those of the Symmachy, though the scroll suggests the designs were ordered for Athens by an undisclosed third party. The master shipwrights had a second project: a machina that would drink ambrosia to create heat, which would turn water into air; this would somehow move ships without oars or sails, much like the Argo. Can you imagine the clouds of smoke?

Pharos Delve (12, if ☾ is 2 or less, otherwise 10)

Success: If your ☾ is 2 or less, gain +1 ☾. Otherwise, at the start of the next Battle, place 2 Opening (▼) tokens in the Kratos Pool.

Fail: At the start of the next battle, Escalate 1.

3 Scroll

2018919111512915142011211

Starless night and the calm black sea,
The endless hidden staircase
and the endless chasm to be,
Open, O maw of eternity,
open before the Seeker.
A light in the darkness calls you to port,
The light of the Pharos, of knowledge and hope.
Walk through the city, but do not linger,
As dawn brings with it the zero point cinder.

Once more you visit the dreamy library of Alexandria. How do you even get here? There are stories about the Knowledge Nymph guiding scholars with the Pharos's light, but you have not met her. Or maybe you don't remember?

The scroll you find this time looks quite strange, almost as if it was written in sound, not text. But that surely cannot be—you see the letters plainly.

"Everything went as planned."

"So we're in undiscovered country now. Your asset?"

"Lost, but can be reclaimed. Everything ends up at the bottom, eventually."

"Then he will notice."

"Then we toss again. And again. Failure is the grist to our mill. It builds you up."

"Not everything is as . . . resilient to suffering as you are. And you need to take entropy into account. Nothing lasts forever, not even eternity."

"Thankfully, we need much less than forever, mortal."

Pharos Delve (13)
Success: Play the next Battle with the top AI card in the AI deck revealed.
Fail: Lose -1 ✕ or ⬤, whichever you have fewer of.

4 Scroll

45120815611441815752119

Starless night and the calm black sea,
The endless hidden staircase
and the endless chasm to be,
Open, O maw of eternity,
open before the Seeker.
A light in the darkness calls you to port,
The light of the Pharos, of knowledge and hope.
Walk through the city, but do not linger,
As dawn brings with it the zero point cinder.

Once more you visit the dreamy library of Alexandria. The mood is more somber than usual, eerie, as the vision of imminent destruction hanging in the air seems like enough to set your mind ill at ease.

The scroll you find this time looks damp. It tells of the death of Androgeos, the heir to Crete's throne. There are conflicting versions here, a Minoan and Athenian account. The Athenian claims Androgeos came to their polis with the monstrous snow-white bull in tow, demanding fealty for the Dynasty. When King Aegeus refused, he set the Bull and his forces loose upon the city. Only by the grace of Herakles was the giant bovine slain, and Androgeos died in the ensuing chaos.

The Minoans claim Androgeos came to Athens to participate in the Panathenaic Games and took all the prizes. But the games were just a ruse on the part of King Aegeus, who wanted to lure the heir to Crete's throne away from the safety of his island and take him hostage. Androgeos died trying to escape from a tower in which he was imprisoned.

A war soon followed, then the terror of the Minotaur reigned.

All you know to be true is that the Panathenaic Games were held and that there was a snow-white bull there.

Pharos Delve (12)
Success: Gain +1 ⚜.
Fail: Gain +1 ⚠.

5 Scroll

3514209133114519

Starless night and the calm black sea,
The endless hidden staircase
and the endless chasm to be,
Open, O maw of eternity,
open before the Seeker.
A light in the darkness calls you to port,
The light of the Pharos, of knowledge and hope.
Walk through the city, but do not linger,
As dawn brings with it the zero point cinder.

Once more you visit the dreamy library of Alexandria. As you walk around its spacious halls, you admire the stonework. It is intricate but not uniform; you notice at least three distinct architectural styles, one building on top of another. How old is this place? How many generations of scholars has it seen?

The scroll you find this time is ancient and full of angular glyphs. It tells of a bronze tribe of Gegeneos, who would later be called by another name. They built great cities, simple but monumental, from precisely cut blocks. Excellent mathematicians, they still retained their connection to the Earth Mother, though the text implies it was not divine reverence, but rather caretaking. 'Sustainable' is a word that appears more than once, though you're not sure how to interpret it.

The record of their people ends abruptly, putting a close on the Bronze Age.

Their lasting contribution to the sciences includes the discovery of the null number, which they dubbed 'zero.'

■ *Is 'zero.'*

Pharos Delve (13)
Success: Gain +1 🜂.
Fail: Gain +1 ⚠.

6 Error

208519151415616512521l9

Starless night and the calm black sea,
The endless hidden staircase
and the endless chasm to be,
Open, O maw of eternity,
open before the Seeker.
A light in the darkness calls you to port,
The light of the Pharos, of knowledge and hope.
Walk through the city, but do not linger,
As dawn brings with it the zero point cinder.

In the Alexandrian port, you see a man in his prime sitting on a stone pedestal, looking toward the sea. You have never met anyone in one of these dreams. Some of you have seen specters, echoes of other scholars, but this strapping man is as real as you are.

As you approach, he doesn't look up.

"Sit beside me," he says. "Share the moment."

As you take your place on the pedestal, you ask the obvious. "Who are you?"

The handsome man smiles and shakes his head sheepishly, his flowing blond hair cascading onto his shoulders like a golden waterfall.

"It's not important who I am, just the message I bring." He looks to the horizon again. "The world is such an ugly, dark place, full of injustice and perversion. I want to save it." He sighs. "And for that I need to go where the Moirai fear to tread."

"You're looking for answers in the Great Library?"

"No." He smiles again, this time like a father gently admonishing a child. "You will not find any answers in books, for they are written by aloof philosophers more concerned by some made-up dream worlds than the here and now of earth and blood."

"No," he continues, "I come here to admire the view. The burning horizon at dawn keeps me motivated. Keeps the fires of my anger going."

One Argonaut gains +1Ω.
Pharos Delve (11)
Success: During the next Battle, at the start of the Titan Round, you may add 1 Break (🜲) token to the Kratos Pool.
Fail: At the start of the next Battle, Escalate 1.

7 Scroll

16181522945143515641541122119

Starless night and the calm black sea,
The endless hidden staircase
and the endless chasm to be,
Open, O maw of eternity,
open before the Seeker.
A light in the darkness calls you to port,
The light of the Pharos, of knowledge and hope.
Walk through the city, but do not linger,
As dawn brings with it the zero point cinder.

Once more you visit the dreamy library of Alexandria. You think about all the scholars who came through these halls, when the library still stood, and now, after the calamity of the Eschaton has erased it from the earth. But if Eschaton truly destroyed Alexandria, where are you now?

The scroll you find this time is has been recently perused. It tells of Daedalus coming to Crete many years ago, before the Eschaton. His errand was urgent, so he agreed to all of the young King Minos's terms: he would build wondrous machinas that would in turn build cities on their own, without the need for laborers—or slaves. And he would build a grand monument to those who once ruled Crete, a garden of logic that would serve as a guide for generations to come. This monument was later refashioned into a prison for the Minotaur. And in return?

All Daedalus wanted in return was to be allowed to use Minos's slave labor to build a Vault with something called 'paracausal properties.'

Pharos Delve (14)
Success: Least likely Argonaut gains 1 chosen Mnemos card from the Mausoleum.
Fail: Each Argonaut gains 1 Fated Mnemos card. If they can't, they lose all Fated Mnemos nodes.

8 Tablet

01892519156208521815142651651516125

Starless night and the calm black sea,
The endless hidden staircase
and the endless chasm to be,
Open, O maw of eternity,
open before the Seeker.
A light in the darkness calls you to port,
The light of the Pharos, of knowledge and hope.
Walk through the city, but do not linger,
As dawn brings with it the zero point cinder.

Once more you visit the dreamy library of Alexandria. You have never stopped to admire the simple machinas that make navigating the vast atheneum so easy. Even the crude crane-like contraptions that allow you to move between floors and cut down on backtracking.

The scroll you find this time is no scroll at all: it's a tablet of unknown metal, inscribed in a language you cannot comprehend. Thankfully, there is a companion papyrus with a fragmentary exegesis, by an unknown priest of Zeus.

It tells of an age long past, when the sky was full of smoke and the earth was full of grease. Of a time when the people paid no heed to their gods and instead spent their lives adoring their machinas. In the end, their disdain and pride in their creations turned against them, bringing forth the cataclysm that leveled their cities, made their wombs barren and their seed infertile, and put an end to their age.

Pharos Delve (13)
Success: Gain +1 🜂.
Fail: Gain +2 ⚠.

9 Scroll

156208519918514199

Starless night and the calm black sea,
The endless hidden staircase
and the endless chasm to be,
Open, O maw of eternity,
open before the Seeker.
A light in the darkness calls you to port,
The light of the Pharos, of knowledge and hope.
Walk through the city, but do not linger,
As dawn brings with it the zero point cinder.

Once more you visit the dreamy library of Alexandria. On your way there, you admire the azure waters of the bay, illuminated by the brilliant light of the Pharos itself. How much of the world is water? How many secrets does the Great Sea hold?

The scroll you find this time is written in an erratic, rambling fashion. In first person narration, it tells of a scholar trying to understand the sirens. It seems the siren society was quite different before the Eschaton: more structured, less feral. Though they still treated mortals as lesser creatures, there is evidence of trade with the Bronze People holdouts and something called the Leleges Empire.

The Spiral Pattern was always central to the sirens' belief system, though after the Eschaton, when their people had diverged into two branches—enigmatically called the Upturned and the Stranded—it became something more.

The rest of the writing is illegible and gradually turns into doodles of spirals.

Pharos Delve (13)
Success: Least likely Argonaut gains 1 random Mnemos card from the Mausoleum.
Fail: Least likely Argonaut gains 1 Fated Mnemos card. If they can't, they lose all Fated Mnemos nodes.

10 Holy Scripture

16181513520852119201811419718519991514

Starless night and the calm black sea,
The endless hidden staircase
and the endless chasm to be,
Open, O maw of eternity,
open before the Seeker.
A light in the darkness calls you to port,
The light of the Pharos, of knowledge and hope.
Walk through the city, but do not linger,
As dawn brings with it the zero point cinder.

Once more you visit the dreamy library of Alexandria. It is a shame this enlightened place of free thought and learning was destroyed at the very beginning of the Eschaton. Its guidance is sorely missed. Only the Last Tome remains.

The scroll you find this time must've come from one of the Grand Temple of the Olympians. It retells the myth of the contemptuous firebrand, Prometheus. The gods, in their wisdom, had a plan for the world, from the lowly ant to the sinful and weak mortal. The plan was good and ensured that the natural order of things was followed. The future promised was radiant and good. But Prometheus, envious of the Olympians' bond with the mortals, conspired to unravel it all.

Thankfully, the gods saw through the blackguard's scheme and managed to avoid disaster. Prometheus was imprisoned and sentenced to a punishment to fit his crimes: endless cycles of suffering.

Pharos Delve (12)
Success: Gain +1 🜂.
Fail: Lose -1 ✕ or ⬤, whichever you have less.

11 Error

1194145251920151451 9

Starless night and the calm black sea,
The endless hidden staircase
and the endless chasm to be,
Open, O dear dead gods,
you don't have time for this!

Once more you visit the dreamy library of Alexandria and you're in a hurry. It hurts, it hurts so much and there is nothing in the world you can do to ease this pain. Why, why can't the stones just pass, why did they grow so large, why is this even happening?

This hoard of knowledge, surely it contains the answer. Why does it hurt so damn much?

Pharos Delve (16)
Success: You learn why it hurts so much. It's quite the twist.
Fail: There is no point to this pain! It's like the world wants you to tear yourself to pieces! If the gods made this, then it's good they died in the Eschaton, hopefully as painfully!
Gain +1 ⚜ and +1Ω.

Inward Odyssey

1 Endless Decks

The metallic coffin is cold to the touch. As you move your hand over its surface, your fingers find subtle grooves, a pattern of some kind, hard to discern. The coffin has a window, a translucent pane, and through it you see the noble features of a dark-skinned woman, her face relaxed and gentle, as if she was asleep.

And she very well may be—it's impossible to know which of the Argonauts interned in the Mausoleum are just asleep, waiting for their turn at the aeons, and which have passed away to Elysium—or whatever place souls journey to after the Eschaton.

You look up. The tower-like crypts loom above, like the giant petrified trees revealed by the receding sea. How many of you are here? A hundred? A thousand?

This is the third of your expeditions into the depths of the Argo*. The Old Priest mentioned maps of the place, and for a time, these were enough. But now you've reached the bottom of the Mausoleum and there are still chambers to be explored. There are always undiscovered chambers, whole sealed decks, untouched for dead gods know how long.*

"This is a very special ship," said the Old Priest the last time you broached the subject. "And maybe, in time, we will learn its secrets."

It's hard to keep track of time below deck, but the dwindling water supplies tell you it is time you turn back. Just as you reach one of the endless staircases, something big lumbers out of the shadows.

A Titan. You don't know how it got so close without you noticing. You raise your guard, but it doesn't attack. You notice it is wearing an Antikratos harness. It's of the common class, dubbed Dreamwalkers by the Last Academy, but something seems slightly different about this one. It's leaner and more agile.

You decide to take it back to the Titan Stoa.

If you have fewer than 6 Titans, gain +1 Titan and assign it the *Iapetan Strain* Pattern card. Otherwise, assign the *Iapetan Strain* Pattern card to any of your current Titans. Name this Titan.

The Iapetus Strain is a Trauma Pattern, so it replaces the normal Trauma Table of the Titan Sheet. Unlike Gear, Patterns are permanently tied to their Titans and lost (returned to the box) when that Titan is killed. Take care of your Titans! See Pattern rules on p. 47 of the Rulebook for more detail.

2 Phos Dance

The Argo *is abuzz with rumors about the latest Last Academy discovery. Not everyone was onboard with the establishment of the scholar collective. There were fears they would hoard knowledge, use it to gain more power and control. So far, these fears seem to have been unfounded.*

Socratoares and his 'war philosophers' have been working closely with the Argo *Works on improving the Antikratos Helms and their Triskelion connection, while inquisitive scholars have been poring over the Last Tome, trying to master its fulgent, ephemeral script. They started to call this ability the 'phos dance,' though it is the letters, not the reader, that move.*

And on those endless pages, they have found something: mentions of the fabled Centimanes, the many-handed giants who once ruled Crete. Though information is scarce or inaccessible, what is there paints a picture of a mighty civilization of builders and architects. And, curiously, shepherds. Secondary and tertiary sources chart their rise and expansion—and then simply stop. As if the Centimanes suddenly ceased to exist.

There is mention of the Centimanes Glyphs you've been seeing around the island, but there is no translation. However, a young promising scholar by the name of Palamedes is sure he has deciphered a piece of the puzzle. This glyph, found on the Centimanes Stone, a broken stele kept in the Last Academy, means 'one.'

Is 'one.'

Gain the *Archeolinguistics* Technology card (Secret deck 1, card 1).

3 Glitch in the Engine

You are in the mess hall, in the middle of supper, when the Argo suddenly shudders and the loss of speed is instantly felt. You quickly make your way to the Aeolipile Engineroom, where the giant spheres that make the Argo move spin in perpetual motion.

Many of those spheres are near motionless now. Others spin far faster than normal. Dangerously fast.

"There's been a malfunction," Alkibiades reports, wiping sweat from his tired brow. "The spheres are compensating for the loss of power. I don't know if the Argo can take any more of this."

"What can we do?"

"Look for the breach."

If you have 5+ , lose -1 .

After a while, you find the problem: one of the ambrosia pumps has been damaged. The ambrosia tank's wall is stained black, and the thick liquid overflowing, seeping out through microscopic cracks. You feel such bottomless want emanating from the dark mass that you take a few steps back.

The air fills with the screech of metal and the bronze wall of the tank crumples like dried skin. You realize it's going to blow, but it's too late to run, too late to warn anyone.

You brace for the worst . . . and hear the deafening sound of twelve pumps dumping the tank's contents in perfect synchronicity, at a rate you previously thought impossible. The pipes should rupture, but they don't.

"The sabotaged pump caused a reverse flow to the distribution tank." The voice is vaguely feminine. "It was about to go metastatios on you, silly Argonauts."

The woman who crawls from beneath the cluster of pipes wears revealing clothes and a strange headdress. Her eyes—those are not the eyes of a mortal.

"I am what you would call a Nymph," she proclaims, seeing your confusion. "And I just saved all of your lives. You're welcome. Build us a place worthy of the gods laid low," she adds, eyeing the engine room. She runs a finger along one of the pipes and then inspects it for grease. "Not of worship, but of allegiance. If you do so, we might just pay you more visits. You do want us to visit, don't you?" As she says that, she winks and disappears among the machinery.

The Old Priest knows of the Nymphs.

"They are a group of powerful entities that sprang into being after the old gods of Olympus had died. Their motivations are unknown and their methods are inscrutable," he explains. "And they like to play with the fates of mortals, just like their predecessors . . . but they may be bargained with."

Work on the Nymph Adyton begins immediately. But one thing clouds this promise of a strange new alliance. She said "sabotaged."

Gain the *Strange Alliance* Technology card (Secret deck 1, card 2), 1 Summoning Charge and the *Engine Nymph* Summoning card (Secret deck 3, card 27). You can now summon Nymphs into Battle or during your Voyage (see Summoning Rules on p. 22 for more details).

4 A Distant Thunder

With the Argo *at anchor in a sheltered bay, resupplying freshwater reserves, you decide to visit a nearby village nestled snuggly at the base of an impressively steep mountain. Maybe you'll find some clues pertaining to your mission. And if not, if this settlement has been spared the brunt of the Eschaton and the current crisis, maybe, just maybe, you'll find a moment of reprieve.*

The village is small, barely a dozen houses among huge moss-covered blocks, and at first it looks abandoned. As you meander among the megalithic stones, you find carvings, weathered, but still readable.

This place once belong to the Centimanes, you realize, the long-lost race of many-handed giants. As you marvel at the stonework that has withstood the test of time—and the Eschaton—you notice a goat.

A majestic specimen, standing tall on one of the largest stone blocks, its head raised high, toward the mountain.

"Descendant of Amaltheia, The Great Goat-Mother," says an older woman, a shepherd by the looks of it, as she emerges from a house tucked neatly between two stone blocks.

"Is she, now?" you ask, amused.

"Distant descendant." The woman smiles. "You know the tale?"

"Of the goat that nurtured infant Zeus and hid him from his father? Who doesn't?"

"Ah, but do you know what happened after that? When Zeus returned?"

You give her a puzzled look.

"It's not a tale you would have heard before the Eschaton. The priests forbade it," the woman explains, inviting you to follow her toward the far edge of the village. "But here in this village, we know it. It has been passed down among us since time immemorial."

And the story flows through her. The Great Goat sacrificed much to hide the baby Zeus from his tyrannical father, even more to raise Zeus so he could overthrow him. But Zeus was his father's son and his strength was as fragile as his ego. Once he took Olympus, he began to fear the Goat-Mother and those who helped her raise him. For would they bow to him now? Those who saw him defenseless? Would they respect his rule, or question it? So he descended from his throne and returned to Diktaion Antron. He slaughtered the Goat-Mother and made a cloak of her skin, and poisoned her milk. He collapsed the cave, and he slaughtered all who helped her and all who lived in a day's journey from the mountain, so there would be no one to witness his cruelty.

"But someone witnessed it," concludes the woman, stopping just outside the village. Seeing your disbelief, she adds, "It's all true. The giant men saw it. Go to the mountain. There was once a dangerous passage into the cave, but now the quakes have revealed it completely."

Though still skeptical, you climb the mountain. The cave is there, its mouth wide open thanks to a maze fault running right through it. Inside, the cave is spacious and oddly symmetrical. It is not of the Labyrinth, but another work of the Centimanes.

The walls are charred and clumps of fulgurite are everywhere. Fulgurite forms when the ground itself is fried by lightning.

One of the walls is covered in Centimanes Glyphs and rare Centimanes paintings. They show a giant goat, charred, and a man wreathed in lightning. There are other, smaller, infinitely cruder paintings here, made long after the original work was put to stone. There is script too, right at the end. First in a strange linear language you do not recognize, then in a more familiar but still archaic form of Minoan.

"Zeus murdered the Goat-Mother," it reads.

A story told and retold over countless centuries, yet virtually unchanged for all this time. Love repaid with hate, nurture repaid with destruction. Uncontrolled rage fills you. It's as if you just entered the Balaneion. You see, no, feel the events. You can almost taste the ozone in the air; see the brilliant flash of lightning, hear the screams of all those electrocuted in the name of Zeus.

The awakened emotions pass through you like a thunderstorm. Now, again, you are at peace. And for once, you are thankful for the Eschaton.

You bow your heads in silent recognition of Zeus's victims, and depart for the Argo*, taking some fulgurite samples for further study.*

Random Argonaut gains +1 Ω.
Gain the *Spark of the Dead Gods* Technology card (Secret deck 1, card 3) and the *Zeus Godform* Awakening card (Secret deck 3, card 24). Add the *Awakening* Trauma card (Secret deck 2, card 6) to the Grave Trauma deck. Swap the *You Died* Obol card with the *You Died (Awakening Chance)* Obol card (Secret deck 2, card 7). You can now Awaken in Battle (see Awakening Rules on p. 59 of the Rulebook for more details).

5 Mark of the Maker

These last few weeks have been tense. The Argo *is an advanced ancient vessel in a world barely recovered from a great cataclysm. You lack both the resources and the expertise to service it, much less to repair something that gets broken. And things break all the time, especially now, when you've decided to directly oppose the Primordials in battle.*

Both the Last Academy and the Argo *Works have been tackling the problem from different angles, salvaging components from different parts of the ship, rerouting systems, even jury-rigging Daedalus machina you've found along your journey.*

And one day, on one of your expeditions into the belly of the Argo*, you find a workshop like no other, full of decommissioned machinas and strange contraptions, plastered with blueprints of indescribable inventions. You recognize the hand of the Great Inventor.*

He too, it seems, found his way onto the Argo*, and stayed for some time, at least long enough to start making maps of the bottomless ship. The workshop looks to have been abandoned in a hurry, though truth be told, it's hard to tell. It could be years or decades since anyone last set foot in the room.*

Among the countless writings, you find two that catch your eye: a description of some ancient equipment, fit for a Titan and extreme dangerous, that could possibly be used to patch up the Argo*'s hole-riddled hull, and an uncharacteristically crude map of Crete, with some places clearly marked. Daedalos safehouses perhaps? Prospective Vault locations?*

Either way, now at least you have some way of fighting against the merciless entropy of metal.

Gain the *Argo Onboarding* Technology card. You can now visit Daedalus Workshops (see *Argo Onboarding* Technology card).

6 Of Dreams and Memories

You have visited the Argonaut Mausoleum many times now. You come here to reflect, as you have found this is the quietest place on the ship; poignantly so.

As you walk among the metal coffins, you wonder about the logistics of this place. There can only be a few Argonauts awake at a given time, and a new one wakes once another is gone. How does the ship know? Is it the interment that triggers this reaction? Is there a thawing process?

What if you forced a container to open before its time? You lower your head. You know the answer to that one. On the way from Kephallonia to Crete, a group of refugees—the people who would one day become the Argo*'s crew—broke one of the coffins open, trying to free its occupant who they thought was imprisoned. Reportedly, there was a piercing noise, like a siren, but louder, and the Argonaut was found dead, though they could not establish the cause of death, for there were no wounds on the body.*

A strange feeling comes over you. Sorrow and longing. Affection and grief. You say a few words in memory of the nameless unknown to whom you are bound not by blood, but by some incomprehensible purpose.

You think of the Argonauts who faced the Hermesian Pursuer, and whose death allowed you to be awakened. You think of the Argonauts who will take up your mantle once your time too has passed.

This chain of lives gives you some strange comfort and a feeling of belonging.

You go down to the Titan Stoa and find the lone Titan that survived that Pursuer encounter, even though the Argonaut piloting it did not.

You pay your respects. As you are about to leave, the Titan bows its head. It seems it too remembers the one who junctioned with it.

If you have 4 or fewer Titans, gain +1 Titan and assign it the *Promethean Strain* Pattern card. Otherwise, assign the *Promethean Strain* Pattern card to any of your current Titans. Name this Titan.
The Argonaut with the least Mnemos nodes gains 1 node. Gain the *Mnestis Thesis* Technology card

(Secret deck 1, card 4).

7 Blood of the Mother

You have arrived on a small island after following a curious lead from an unlikely source. For weeks the academicians tried in vain to analyze the fulgurite you recovered from the Diktaion Astron cave.

But then a lowly deckhand you picked up on your way to Knossos revealed themself to be a former priest of Asklepios. They could not attest to the truthfulness of the claims made against Zeus, but knew much about the Goat-Mother.

"They say she yet lives," they swore, "and travels the islands of the Great Sea, helping the dying find health—or peace. Surely, if the story is true, she could tell us what really happened."

The woman sitting on the stone in the middle of the clearing doesn't look special . . . until you notice her legs. Furry, hooved. Like the satyrs of Boeotia. She senses your presence and looks up, her pitch-black eyes anything but mortal.

"Come closer," she says in a strange voice. "Let me see if you are worthy of the bloodmilk."

You approach cautiously.

"We seek the Goat-Mother Amaltheia. Do you know of her?"

"I am of her, in a fashion," the being answers, sizing you up. "I am a Nymph. I bring life back from the brink through the spilled blood, through the spilled milk. Build me an edifice on your ship and I will let you sip hope, but only a little."

She stands, ready to leave, as if all she was doing was waiting for you, as if all of this has been preordained.

"We met one of you, the one that deals with machina."

The Amalthean Nymph replies without turning, "That one you did not meet. That one lost her way in the Great Machine."

The Great Machine. You have not heard of such a thing, though by the ominous tone of the Nymph's voice, maybe that is for the best.

Gain the *Amalthean Nymph* Summoning card (Secret deck 3, card 29). Gain +1 Priest (of Asklepios).

8 See the Forest

A throng of spears pierces the calm sea from beneath the waves, their tips dulled, barely visible above the waterline, like the spines of a Cretan hedgehog among autumn leaves.

You have been coming across this sight more often now. These are trees, giant and old, petrified by some unknown calamity, possibly the same one that cast them down to the bottom of the Great Sea. The artificers of the Grand Agora have been harvesting them for Titan gear since even before you reached Crete. Last Academy scholars believe their appearance is tied to the lowering sea levels.

This time the sight is different. The tree line extends beyond the horizon, as if the sunken wilderness has no end. In an aeon past, this was a mighty forest, one to rival the wild woods of Boeotia.

At dawn, you set out into the maze of petrified spires in a small armada of launches. Throughout the day you stop at regular intervals so the diving teams can explore the depths. The first few times they return empty-handed. But further into the forest, they find stone structures among the trees. A settlement, its scale to match that of the wilderness. The glyphs found on one of the buildings betray their architects: the Centimanes.

In the evening, further into the forest, you scout an island made of flotsam, positioned precariously atop the canopy of a particularly thick grove.

You make land and explore. In the shadow of a shattered trireme hull, a group of people ekes out a meager existence, malnourished and sickly, their tired, grief-stricken eyes hungering for something. But not for food. This is a deeper, soul-wrenching hunger.

As soon as they take notice of your party, they rush you and try to force you into the water, to drown you. There are bloated bodies floating in these shallows. You imagine their zealous frenzy could overpower shipwreck survivors or hapless merchants, but to you they pose no threat. Once half of their number is dead or otherwise incapacitated, they yield.

"This is a temple of Poseidon, heathen," hisses one of them. "You are trespassing!"

"As we do," you reply with a calm smile. "How many have you sacrificed to your dead god? You think this will bring him back?"

"Back?" the halt mad priest replies mockingly. "There is no going back. The gods are dead, killed by heathens like you! No, we're going to drown this world, like our Lord Poseidon would have wanted."

You look at the decrepit shacks these people live in, at the makeshift altar with a figure of Poseidon at its centerpiece, at the bloated remains of the unfortunate who tried to seek shelter here. You feel pity for these people, driven to the brink by their crisis of faith. Is it the death of their god that has led them onto this path, or the draconian culture of worship that preceded it?

Your pity turns to anger.

Once you get back to the Argo, and closer to civilization, you hand over the coven to the Horned Guard, so justice can be done.

Gain the *Poseidon Godform* Awakening card (Secret deck 3, card 25).

9 Days of Meaninglessness

This has loomed over you from the very moment you awoke from your sleepless sleep in the Mausoleum. For the rest of the people onboard it has probably been brewing for much longer.

You see it in the eyes of the people you pass in the corridors, in their longing gazes, always stuck on the horizon. The yearning for purpose.

The Argo *left Kephallonia of its own accord, the people inside reluctant passengers turned crew. Then it was crisis after crisis, the Hermesian Pursuer, the Hekaton, the Temenos. But between those intense moments of elation and dread, the boring wait. The jumbled thoughts about meaning, the state of the world and your place in it.*

Are you doing enough? Are you doing anything? Is it the right thing to do? What should you be doing? Are you wasting your life? Is there a higher purpose to all of this? Is this all? Is thinking about this a sign of a sickness of the mind? Is this the cursed Mazetwalker? Is the Truth at the Labyrinth the logical conclusion? Is there nothing beyond death? Was it all for naught? Why even bother? Why not end it?

This is a spiral of doom with a stronger pull than even the whirlpools of the sirens. You do everything in your power to combat it. You put on a brave face for your crew. Deep down inside, you also feel creeping doubt.

Why are you even here?

Days pass and you try to occupy your mind with menial tasks. You volunteer at the Titan Stoa, helping to clean up and ready your Titans for battle. As you work for hours on end, you come to appreciate the calm, deep concentration of the giants.

It is, of course, the result of the Antikratos protocols holding their primal urges at bay, but still, you envy them. Envy their peace.

During your time in the Titan Stoa, you've grown accustomed to your Titans, especially the one brought from the Cretan heartland not that long ago. The Titanokinigos team told a story of valiant survival: the Titan was caught in a maze outcrop and it must've been searching for a way out for days. It was wounded, hungry, and tired. But it never lost hope. In the end, it made it outside, where the team recovered it.

Maybe we're not so different after all.

Lose -1 . Assign the *Mazewalker* Pattern card to any of your current Titans. Name this Titan.

10 Memory of a Distant Shore

As your journey goes on, many reminisce about the old days on the shores of Kephallonia. You, of course, know the story, though the Old Priest has told it in rather broad strokes. Maybe it's time to retell it once more?

He's reluctant at first, but you press on and he eventually gives in.

"It all started with the Eschaton," he recounts, sitting comfortably in a large chair on the Acropolis Deck. "I was . . . Well, I was still old, just less so. I remember looking at the sky and seeing a pillar of light cut the heavens in two. It was a moment, a flash, and so far way, yet I felt the soaring heat on my cheeks. The light faded, swallowed by thick, greasy, voracious darkness. Olympus was gone, you see, but the rest of Hellas was soon to follow.

"I knew we had to find shelter. Not many listened to me—I was but a beggar working the streets of the island's capital—but a handful did. We made for the coast, where the sea supposedly spat out the corpse of a gargantuan beast. Scylla, by any other name.

"But I knew it was no beast. It was a ship. Of metal and stone. You know the one.

"We made it inside right as the first wave hit Kephallonia. I—my son did not heed my call."

There is great sadness in the Old Priest's voice. The passage of years has not dulled the pain or weathered the memory.

"The first few weeks were hell. The game was gone. The sea receded. The rivers turned gray from all the ash. Many think the Eschaton happened overnight. What we mean is, those who died that night were relatively few—and lucky. The rest of us had to scavenge to survive. Desperation pushed many to unspeakable acts.

"In retrospect, the Fates smiled on us. The ship provided a defensible position and the odium of a curse that surrounded it made many avoid the place completely.

"Still, as the disparate community grew, there were thefts and raids, and all sorts of villainy. It was Polyphemus who kept the peace, ironically."

"Polyphemus, the Cyclops?"

"No," the Old Priest smiles. "Cyclopes do not venture this far into the Great Sea. They rather like the highlights of Lakonia. It was a Titan, its head obscured by a helm, not unlike the ones we now use.

"It roamed the ship and its surroundings, making everyone keep to themselves. Without it 'standing guard,' we'd have been at each other's throats.

"Weeks turned into months and months into years. Many sought shelter in the wreck: refugees and outcasts, adventurers and scholars, pirates and artificers—all sorts of people looking for a home and a new beginning.

"There were so many factions back then, so much politics."

"And you came out on top?"

The Old Priest chuckles. "I think everyone just got tired of arguing. It was better to work together. We found useful gear in the depths of the ship. We had ample water and food." He sniffs, wiping tears. "I thought I'd die there of old age, looking at the old Kephallonian palace in the distance, its toppled spires piercing the low, leaden clouds. Imagine my surprise!"

Quoth the story, "you say when it's clear the tale has run its course. "Oh, whatever happened to that Titan you mentioned? Polyphemus' was it?"

"You know what?" says the Old Priest with a surprised look. "I think it's still here! Though they may call it something else now. You should check on it, if you like. It's part of the living history of the Argo!"

If you're on a further Doom card than Story card (for example, if Doom 2B and Story 2A), gain +1 . The Argonaut with the most Mnemos nodes on a single Mnemos card gains 1 node for that Mnemos.

Assign the *Dreamwalker II* Pattern card to any of your current Titans. Name this Titan.

11 Garden of Solitude

You are surprised to learn there are game hunters on the Argo*. Not hunters that go on land to forage for food, mind you, but hunters who stalk their prey on the ship itself.*

"How does that work?" you ask the leader of these hunters, Arcisteia.

"You know the story of the Argo*, of its Kephallonian days, right?" she replies, preparing her gear for the next expedition. "Over the years, the beached ship attracted more than refugees. All sorts of creatures got in. Others were brought in, either with the intention of livestock farming, or simply as pets." She smiles. "There are wild places on the ship which nature has reclaimed. We keep the animal populations in check so they don't become a problem for the crew."*

You decide to tag along for one of these hunts. That part of the ship is still relatively unknown to you so it'll be a great opportunity to learn.

As soon as you enter the Wild Hold, you stop in awe. There are trees here. No, a forest! Nature has indeed reclaimed this space, quite literally. Of course, there are plants on the Argo*, whole decks turned into fruit gardens and fields, but nothing so . . . untamed.*

Soon the hunting party splits up and you're left to your own devices. You wander from chamber to chamber, marveling at the way nature has ingrained itself into the metal hull, wondering how light is getting so deep into the ship.

Then you stop. On a rise, where two trees join and form a thick canopy right beneath the deck plating, stands a beautiful woman.

"You make poor hunters, Argonauts," she says. "Just like this one made for a poor saboteur."

You follow her gaze down to her feet, where a man is sprawled on the ground, dead, his body encased in some kind of exoskeleton, already part of nature. The woman . . . sprouts out of him. Now you notice the branches growing out of her hands and her lush leathair.

"You're a Nymph."

"And you're trespassing," she answers indifferently. "This is my garden. Keep away, lest you want to end up like this one."

You do as she asks. Later, many others try to reach this 'Garden of Solitude,' but none succeed. It's as if the place has simply vanished, or was never there in the first place.

Gain the *Solitude Nymph* Summoning card (Secret deck 3, card 28).

12 The Argonites

You have never delved this far into the bowels of the ship. If your deck count is correct, you should've punched through the hull by now! Yet there is always a lower deck.

"This is a powerful spell," says the Old Priest, "And one that lingers after the Eschaton. Most curious . . ."

You don't have time for idle speculation. You're here because some of your people went missing. First it was supplies, foodstuffs mostly, then cattle, and finally crewmembers. You have a sinking feeling you have a stowaway—a siren perhaps, or some other monstrosity that swam out of the sea depths and entered the Argo *through one of the fissures in the hull.*

You enter another chamber, a canyon-like space that trails into the darkness, one that could rival the home of the Argo Works*, the Grand Agora, where triremes hang from the ceiling like children's toys.*

But here, there are dwellings made from broken ship fragments, debris and flotsam, straddling both walls of the canyon like cocoons and connected with rope bridges.

"A town!" one of you proclaims with awe.

"Be on your guard," another reminds them.

This hanging settlement is bustling with activity. There are traders offering their wares, most of which you recognize as missing from the Argo*'s stores, fishermen with their bounties, even goat-herds tending to their flocks on a massive bent hull fragment, now all overgrown with grass.*

Goats!

"Deck-dwellers." A wizened woman stops you as you walk what could be considered the main throughway of the town. "I told them you wouldn't let losing even one of your own go. Bah! The jig is up." She frowns. "Your people are safe. We had a leak in the fishery and we needed someone with the know-how to patch it up. The Argonites are not about killing."

"What are the Argonites about then?" The Old Priest matches her frown. "You're stowaways!"

"We were here first, you old geezer," she retorts with a mean smile. "I've seen you all fight for scraps on Kephallonia, wage your little turf wars. We were down here all along and we had a good thing going, too."

"Why didn't you try to contact us?"

"Would you, back then?"

The Old Priest pauses to consider her words.

"I suppose not. But we're not those fractured refugee factions anymore. We're a crew, a community."

"So I've heard . . ."

You still can't believe there was some other group of people on the Argo*, one that arguably was here first. There is so much you still don't know about this ship!*

As you ponder the situation, more Argonites begin to gather. The old, the young, the wary. And the hopeful. You also notice your missing crew. They seem to have been treated well.

You could easily overpower and evict these people. These are fishers, herders, tinkers, and traders after all, not warriors. But what is there to gain in division? The refugee factions of the Argo *formed its crew, and in this crew there's always room for more.*

"Things are going to change around here," one of you declares. "If you're going to take from us, you need to start giving too."

The old woman, Metathena, gives you the stink eye—but slowly nods.

"Let's start with releasing our people . . ."

You've met the Argonites, a forgotten faction from the Kephallonian days! In time, they may be brought into your fold. For now, they'll contribute what they can.

If 2 or less, gain +1 . The leak has been sealed!
If ✕ 2 or less, gain +1 ✕ as some of the Argonites volunteer to fill the ranks.
If B3 is marked, you return the goats to the Argonites. Remove the Goats( ), reset , gain 8 Trireme resources.
Finally, assign the *Harsh Conditioning* Pattern card to any of your current Titans. Name this Titan.
Mark A1.

13 Children of the Earth

You still haven't gotten over the fact that there has been another tribe of people living on the Argo *since before the ship left Kephallonia, yet now they're here, among you, sharing their knowledge of the city-ship.*

It's with their help that you find a hidden chamber where a giant stone stele has been laid on its side, a web of bronze and wood scaffolding enveloping it. The wood has all but decayed, but the bronze still holds. Your craftsmen get to work.

The stele is a precisely cut block and the writing etched into it is reminiscent of the Centimanes Glyphs, though it seems a bit cruder. Could it perhaps come from an earlier period of the many-handed giants' history?

As you explore the numerous walkways of the scaffolding, you find bronze plates with partial translations, presumably done by the people who commanded the Argo *before you came along.*

You've never given this topic much thought. You were woken up from the sleepless sleep and took command of the ship and that was that. You just assumed the ship was yours. You were entombed on it, after all. But what if there had been someone before you? Someone who built the ship, who sailed it, and who, ultimately, beached it on the shores of Kephallonia. On the other hand, the Argo *left that island of its own accord. Could it have sailed crewless before? If so, why was it built? For whom?*

means 6.'

The stele doesn't answer any of these questions. It tells many stories though, of the Centimanes and another people called the Gegenees. One part is wholly dedicated to a record of war with some tyrannical empire, the Leleges, but the rest deals with the land.

The land was untamed, the stele reads, and the herds ran free. The Gegenees ran free too. This was the proposition of Gaia. Then came the Olympians and they gave many things to the Great people, one of which was agriculture. Demeter taught them to plow, to sow, and to reap. And the land was tamed. And nothing was the same anymore.

Gaia. An elder god. It's not a name you hear often. In the times before the Eschaton the priests forbade it. An ancient enemy defeated by the gods to usher in the age of Olympians.

If the official history is to be believed, Demeter was the one who dealt the final blow to the Earth Mother. Such devastating power . . . You suddenly feel it flow through you, as if reading the stele awoke something inside you.

And from the Titan Stoa, a thunderous wail that shakes the hull, as the Titans howl in unison. They felt it too.

Gain the *Demeter Godform* Awakening card (Secret deck 3, card 26).

14 Remembrance Day

For many, the Eschaton was the end of the world. Mountains shattered, seas boiled, rivers ran dry and dry land was swallowed by tidal floods, with waves that would cover a Titan.

The Zero Point Entity, only mentioned in whispers and never seen, has cut a path through Hellas and beyond, leaving only desolation in its wake.

It was years before mortals recovered and once more ventured into the wide world, now infested by the very things that brought down Olympus: the Primordials.

For you, it's different. You don't remember much from before you were woken from the sleepless sleep. It all feels to you like a dream, the luxurious civilization somehow less palpable, the road to recovery more clear. Maybe that is by design. Maybe your clean slates allow you to see more, experience more, make more enlightened choices not marred by years of struggle, not influenced by hearts so heavy with loss.

But then, why do you see those glimpses of your past lives at all? Why does melancholy strike you? Why do those pangs of love, hate, joy, sadness, and longing come and go as they please? You'd be perfect warriors without them.

"Thinking is good," says the Old Priest seeing your faces. "In moderation. Focus on the here and now, or the people we say goodbye to."

The Old Priest is right. This is Remembrance Day, the only holiday on the Argo*. A symbolic date to memorialize the Eschaton. Not to celebrate it or lament it. To remember it. To see it for what it was: a turning point of mortal history.*

This is also the day you pay respect to all those fallen in the service of the Argo*. Argonauts, crewmembers, friends. Even the Titans.*

There is so much sadness here, as there is joy.

"If only we were there . . ." one of you says without thinking.

"You would do what, exactly?" snaps the Old Priest. "Looking back is wise and respectful. Wishing to go back is cowardly and dangerous. It is refusing to grow up. If you could correct all your mistakes, how would you learn from them, and avoid repeating them?"

Before you can respond, a Titan emerges onto the Acropolis Deck, carrying a boat on its back. The boat is filled with stones, one for each crewmemeber who laid down their lives in the service of the Argo. The burden must be unimaginable, but the Titan bears it. It proceeds to the stern of the ship and then throws the stones into the sea, one by one.

Finally, a seed will be planted for each of those stones.

Place X on Inward Odyssey, where X is the number of Argonauts that have died until this moment. Gain +1 Titan for every 5 Titans you've lost until this moment. Finally, assign the *Heavy Gear* Training Pattern card to any of your current Titans. Name this Titan.

15 A Spy Among Us

Many times have you felt like the world was out to get you. Like the invisible forces of Fate conspired against you. And always you felt your adversary breathing down your neck, its dark, moth-like wings spread above you. Its cruel, inhuman eyes set upon you.

The Hermesian Pursuer: a monstrous Primordial unlike any other, more intelligent, more spiteful, not merely an animalistic force of destruction, but a relentless hunter hounding your every move.

It killed Argonauts before you awoke. It has taken your crew by the dozens. It toys with you and it always finds you. You think you are cursed.

You are wrong.

"What is it that I'm looking at?" one of you asks, as you size up the strange machina no larger than a mortal's head.

"It sings," whispers Alkibiades. "An inaudible song. Like birds and bats and bees. So they know where to fly."

You feel fear take hold of your hearts.

"Where did you find it?"

"It was hidden in one of the bulkheads, recently too. There may be more, it's impossible to tell."

So all this time when doom was stalking you, someone was guiding it. Someone from within the Argo *wanted the Hermesian Pursuer to find you.*

"Have you told anyone about it?"

"No."

"Keep it that way. As for the device itself . . ."

If P8 is marked, gain +1 and **return to the Voyage Phase.**

Otherwise, choose:

1. *Destroy it.* Immediately remove the Hermesian Pursuer from the map. If the Hermesian Pursuer was not on the map, gain +1 .

2. *Use it as bait.* Immediately move the Hermesian Pursuer to the *Argo*'s tile and start a Pursuer Battle. Gain the *Wise Providence* boon for this battle.

16 Fire in the Depths

The Argo *comes to a full stop, a wall of thick black smoke soaring before it and stretching for many miles in both directions. The water at the base of this fuming barrier is as black as night, thick and sticky like tar, but it bubbles and radiates intense heat.*

Divers tell impossible tales of fire beneath the waves going all the way down to the bottom of the sea. A black fire that no amount of water can quench, a raging fire that consumes stones as sure as wood.

There is something down there, that much you are sure of. The scholars of the Last Academy have been creating speculative maps of the sea floor ever since you discovered that giant petrified tree forest a while back. This was marked as a possible location for another such forest.

You decide to take a look, to dive as Titans which are known to endure the elements far harsher than any mortal could. But before you have time to don the giant bodies through Triskelion function, you are informed the Argo has a visitor.

A creature with distinctly feminine features, but hair of cascading water. A Nymph.

When you walk down to the Trade Fleet Dock, you find her inspecting the Titans you've prepared for diving with exaggerated concern. "I hope you weren't thinking of swimming down there," she says, not even sparing you a look. "Haven't these poor creatures suffered enough?"

You get straight to the point. "Are you responsible for the flaming sea?"

"Am I—" The Nymph bursts out laughing, clearly amused by the notion, then suddenly stops and turns her giant, fully-black alien eyes toward you. "Are you mocking me, Argonauts?"

You look at each other.

"No."

"Good. Keep to the shallows, or better yet, stay on land. The Great Sea and the Greater Ocean are no places for mortals."

You've heard this rhetoric before, from the gods and their cults. Know your place. The world has changed and you won't be kept down, by anyone.

"We'll take our chances."

The Nymph looks at you, puzzled, then laughs again.

"Good! And I will be there to witness it all! But for the sake of these poor souls you ride like pack mules, do not try it today. This forest will burn itself to cinder any moment now and then there will be nothing left there but blackness and death."

She turns on her heel and, without another word, jumps into the water. You swear, her body just dissipates as if it is made of salt.

You consider diving in the petrified forest anyway, but then the sea begins to expel its dead: fish, dolphins, whales, blackened, burned to a crisp. Even mighty sirens, their impregnable shells charred and made as brittle as dried-up leaves. Even a Titan could not withstand such an inferno.

You decide to leave this mystery be. For now.

Gain the *Depths Nymph* Summoning card (Secret deck 3, card 31).

17 United

You have sailed the waters of Crete and you have faced mighty foes there. You defeated Primordials that dethroned the gods, you've tangled with the Labyrinth and defied its Truth.

But of all the triumphs so far, the greatest one was this: the Argo *as a whole. Its community united around a common goal, and the goal itself: a meaning to the endless voyage.*

The Eschaton may have broken the world, but it did not destroy it. And a thing broken can be made whole again, stronger and better than it was before. Not so long ago this notion might've seemed crazy or, at best, idealistic.

But you have come so far in such a relatively short amount of time. You've saved people. You've made allies. You've tamed the Titans and harnessed the power of the gods themselves through the wonders of Awakenings. You've befriended the mighty, unknowable Nymphs. You've explored the ruins of the past and learned from its mistakes. You've made breakthrough after breakthrough after breakthrough.

And you felt true doing all those things.

"It's time to make it official," one of you says to the gathered crowd, the crew, the community of the Argo*. Some of these people have been with the ship since the days of Kephallonia. Others had barely enlisted yesterday. It doesn't matter. What matters is that they are here and they are willing to create something together, something larger than each one of them individually. "The* Argo *brought us all together on the shores of Crete. But we made the* Argo *what it is today. A shining beacon of hope and progress."*

"We have made a difference in many a life and we will continue to do so. From this day forward, the Argo*'s mission statement—if any of you had any doubts!" you add cheekily, "is this: to help those in need. To enlighten the darkest of places. To stand against injustice and evil. And through all these things, mend the world."*

The cheers and applause are enough to put a tear in the eye of even the most stoic of your comrades. The Old Priest stands to the side, his gentle smile reassuring. This is just the beginning.

Discard all . You cannot gain anymore. Gain 1 Sisyphus Tear. Finally, assign the *Aegisbred* Pattern card to any of your current Titans. Name this Titan.

18 The Final Deterrent

With the help of the Argonites, charting the innumerable decks of the mighty Argo *goes faster. Though you wonder, philosophically, if the ship is truly endless, does speed really matter? But there must be an end, right? A final chamber that holds an ultimate secret . . .*

One day, an exploration team assigned to the bow finds a spacious hold housing a gargantuan statue of basalt and electrum. The monument is so big, it needs to be scaled like a mountain. It dwarfs even the Titans sent in to help with setting up the scaffolding. Its ridge nearly scrapes the bulkhead, yet it's not its height but its length that truly defies belief: you could line up five triremes in a neat row and the statue would still come out ahead!

As the hold is drenched in darkness, it takes many days to discern what the statue depicts: Muses. All twelve accounted for . . . and an extra one to spare.

Then, a breakthrough: the monument is hollow, a wide tunnel spanning most its length. And at the end, a sort of sluice gate, beyond which you find a Gordian Knot of intricate mechanisms. This is a single giant machina, though clearly defunct. Its ancient gears ground to a halt countless years ago, its pipes clogged with rust, its purpose unknown.

Many academicians visit the site of the Thirteenth Muse and try to guess its function. And then, one day, a lowly engineer who has witnessed the Symmachy's fleet in action, recognizes a familiar shape and deciphers its purpose:

"It's a weapon."

The hold is shut and visits are restricted, though the research on the Thirteenth Muse continues unabated. You need to know. All this time you thought the Argo *was an ark. What if it is a warship?*

Gain 8 Armament resources.

19 Black Blood Cryptex

If P8 is marked, gain +1 and **return to the Voyage Phase** (you can still read this adventure, but you do not gain any other rewards from it).

A while back you discovered the Hermesian Pursuer did not simply hunt you. It was beckoned to the Argo *by a powerful transmitter.*

In other words, someone called to it. You spent many nights trying to unravel this deadly riddle: who would have wanted it here? Who had the means? Who wanted the Argo *destroyed so badly they were willing to go down with the ship just to seal its fate?*

Since you disabled the transmitter, the person or persons responsible have gone to ground, though your adversary did not relent. Either there was more than one device or the Primordial has permanently caught your scent.

This pursuit will end in only one of two ways, you realize: either you kill the creature stalking you, or the Argo *is doomed.*

On your orders, a group of scholars has been meeting in secret, poring over battle reports, and studying transcripts, trying to find something, anything, that could give you an edge over the fearsome monster.

One night you are summoned to the Last Academy. They have found something. A weakness.

The non-organic tissue hidden in the ambrosia sack dubbed the 'Black Blood Cryptex.' Each time this tissue was exposed, the Hermesian Pursuer changed its behavior, becoming more aggressive and brutally efficient. It felt threatened.

The working hypothesis is this: Primordial biology differs greatly from that of mortals. What we took for the monster's head may simply be a result of mimicry. In reality, this Black Blood Cryptex may house the creature's true cognitive functions.

Aim low, Argonauts. You may not get a second chance.

During Pursuer Battles (but not Mnestis Battles) you gain an automatic Crit Chance every time you attack the *Black Blood Cryptex* BP card.

20 Echoes of Long-Lost Battles

Ever since you were woken from the sleepless sleep, you have wished for nothing more than to remember. The tantalizing glimpses of your lives have flashed before you on a few occasions, but even they did not provide any insight into how you got onto the Argo*, or how you ended up in the sarcophagi of the Argonaut Mausoleum.*

Some time ago, the scholars of the Last Academy found a defunct shrine to Mnemosyne, the goddess of memory. The shrine differs from those found in the forlorn naos. It's structured like an amphitheater. It's quite large for a deity not deemed worthy of the 'Olympian' status and it houses many complicated machinas, dormant, but seemingly in working order.

It is also connected to the Argonaut Mausoleum.

You have committed considerable resources to bringing this place to life. You hope it will answer some of those lingering questions, give you some taste of closure, and if not that, then at least a clue where to look next.

The day finally comes. Many have gathered to witness the activation of the Mnemosyne Machine. The amphitheater is packed as if it was the premiere of the newest Askhylos play.

The lights dim, the gears start turning. The projector casts a picture onto the far wall. It shows the Temenos standing triumphant among the ruins . . . of Sparta. When the image starts moving, the crowds gasp and back away in fear.

You manage to stand your ground, knowing it isn't real, but the vision is quite convincing.

"What are we looking at?" you slowly ask one of the academicians responsible for the project.

"It's—it's shadow play," they answer with a sigh. "The machine creates illusions based on our voyages. Some recreate our history, others guess at how events would have unfolded if things were different."

"Different?"

The academician shrugs.

"We're not sure how it works. It's physical. You can—you can enter the illusion, touch it. Live it, breathe it . . ."

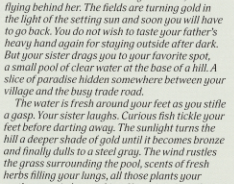
"Fight it?" you suggest, looking at the Temenos, larger and more menacing than any you have seen.

As the projector is deactivated, and the illusion slowly fades. It's not what you hoped for, but maybe it's something you can use. If these images can be interacted with, maybe you can use these . . . scenarios to hone your skills. And maybe there's insight to be gained here too.

When you have time, you will revisit this . . . Mnestis Theater. With your Titans.

Argonaut with the most Mnemos nodes on a single Mnemos card gains 1 node for that Mnemos. For the next Battle, gain the *Wise Providence* boon. Gain the Cycle II *Mnestis Theater* Technology card (Secret deck 4, card 33). You can now access Mnestis Theater Mode (see Mnestis Theater Rules for details).

Mnemos Breakthroughs



A Broken Promise

M006 *The dream is more vivid now.* You run after your sister, her hair flying behind her. The fields are turning gold in the light of the setting sun and soon you will have to go back. You do not wish to taste your father's heavy hand again for staying outside after dark. But your sister drags you to your favorite spot, a small pool of clear water at the base of a hill. A slice of paradise hidden somewhere between your village and the busy trade road.

The water is fresh around your feet as you stifle a gasp. Your sister laughs. Curious fish tickle your feet before darting away. The sunlight turns the hill a deeper shade of gold until it becomes bronze and finally dulls to a steel gray. The wind rustles the grass surrounding the pool, scents of fresh herbs filling your lungs, all those plants your mother uses in her cooking. Your sister's smile outshines the sun. Is this what Olympus feels like?

When the first moths flutter around the edges of the pool, your sister lets go of your hand. "You will be going tomorrow, right?" You nod. You should have known she would listen in. She steps out of the water and starts walking back toward the village. "Must you?" You are close to your house now. "Are you unhappy here?" Her fingers hover over the slingshot haphazardly attached to her belt.

"No. I just—the world is so big. I'll be back before you notice!"

"So promise me you will be back." She finally looks you in the eye. She is standing so close to you, you can count the freckles on her face. "Promise me you will come back to me."

You hug her and promise before you hurry inside the house, hoping your father isn't home yet.

Add the *Abandoned Temple* Terrain to the next Battle (if possible). Note "Breakthrough M016" on your Mnemos Track.

M016 *The memory is more vivid now.* So many breathtaking sights. So many tastes and pleasures one could get lost in. Dawn at Athens's Acropolis. The taste of Acadian wine. A lover's embrace. It is easy to forget home. Then you remember the swords, the blood, the grunts and efforts, the weight of other mortals around you, under you, on top of you. The stench of the battlefield, of warriors pissing themselves as they die, of rotting corpses. You remember the fresh breeze of survival and the elation of freedom, your shoulders finally unburdened.

Years pass. You've grown tired of the big world. In your mind, you keep coming back to the pool at the foot of the hill, your sister's laughter, the setting sun that turned everything gold. You yearn to go back.

The fisherman in front of you shakes his head. "It was truly a shame. Smoke seen for miles around, looted fields and houses. All the animals stolen or slaughtered."

You force your mind to calm and steel yourself. You will not break down after all these years. "What about the people?"

"There was no one to bury the dead," the fisherman answers as he folds his net. "The land went to the Temple of Poseidon."

Where were you when your father stood in front of your house on fragile legs, a scythe in his hands? Drinking with the comrades who ditched you went the winds changed? When your mother hid in the stables, muffling her sobs in her apron? In bed with the most recent flame? When your sister was running away from men twice her size, with only her good aim and slingshot for weapons?

You could have come home. But you didn't.

Gain the *Alone* Fated Mnemos (if able) and +1 Ω. Note "Breakthrough M026" on your Mnemos Track.

M026 *The truth—you can almost grasp it now.* More years have gone by. Without a home to go back to, you're cast adrift on the sea of life. More wandering around the highroads of Hellas, more odd jobs, more wine and song and lovers to drown the numbing feeling in your heart. More mercenary work and more death—much more death.

It's as if you're looking for it. Each battle more hopeless than the last, each taking you closer to Hades's door. You're drawn to lost causes like a moth to a flame. Like those moths around the pool near the place your house stood . . .

This last skirmish may be your last. You've won, but the toll on your body and soul is unimaginable. Broken bones, wounds deep and as numerous as the inlets of Crete, arm severed at the wrist and a fractured skull.

Even the house of Asklepios wouldn't take you, not wanting to sully their reputation with a lost cause.

You wake up with a fever. You're hooked up to machina of some sort. You don't remember how you got here. You look around with unseeing eyes.

"There is knowledge beyond the gods out there. You're strong. You'll live."

Your ears ring and you force yourself up. It has been so long and yet you would recognize her voice anywhere. The woman tending to you is the age your sister would have been if she'd lived, with freckles dancing on her face. You notice the piece of wood she's wearing as a necklace, in the shape of the letter lambda. Or a child's sling.

"You—" You manage to breathe. "You could've hit a Cyclops in its eye with that."

It's true. It's her. The tears start pouring. She hugs you and you don't want to ever let her go. In this unlikeliest of ways, you have come home at last. You spend the next few days catching up and regaining your strength.

Once you're strong enough to travel, you leave for Athens, to settle your affairs. And after that, you will never leave your family's side. That's a promise.

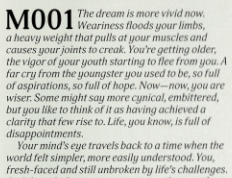
Choose:

1. *The Fates have given you a second chance to make things right. You will not waste it. You leave the* Argo *and return to your sister.*

Mark F11. Gain +1 and retire your Argonaut. Then activate a new Argonaut.

2. *If you fail here now, no one will have a home to go back to. You will bear this burden so no one else has to. The promise . . .* Nevertheless, you choose to *stay on the* Argo.

Gain +1 and the *Alone* Fated Mnemos (if able). You cannot gain Mnemos nodes for Mnemos cards or the *Alone* Fated Mnemos card.



A Dream You Hold

M001 *The dream is more vivid now.* Weariness floods your limbs, a heavy weight that pulls at your muscles and causes your joints to creak. You're getting older, the vigor of your youth starting to flee from you. A far cry from the youngster you used to be, so full of aspirations, so full of hope. Now—now, you are wiser. Some might say more cynical, embittered, but you like to think of it as having achieved a clarity that few rise to. Life, you know, is full of disappointments.

Your mind's eye travels back to a time when the world felt simpler, more easily understood. You, fresh-faced and still unbroken by life's challenges. And there, before you, your mentor, the one whose opinions you idolize, the one whose approval you so desperately crave. They have guided you since childhood, their wisdom and experience shaping you into who you are.

Approaching them with your inspiration was no small effort on your part, a gamble as you felt insecurity and doubt gnaw at your insides. You laid out your plans before them, hands folded anxiously behind your back as you explained your vision with shaking breath. They sat in silence until you had finished, their features unreadable, their eyes sizing you up time and again, as if measuring your value. Hesitance began to overtake you. This was a foolish idea. You never should have—

"An unusual proposal," they muttered. "But intriguing. How do you plan to achieve this?"

Feeling a swell of surprise at their unexpected supportiveness, you timidly explained what would be needed, how you planned to proceed. They nodded quietly.

"Well then, it seems as if you have a great deal of work ahead of you." They smiled. "But I cannot think of anyone more suited to the task."

Warmth blossomed in your chest, a spreading heat that flowed into your limbs and up to your face. Hearing those words, that simple affirmation of confidence, empowered you more than anything else in the world. You turned on your heel, quickly striding away. They were right. You had a lot to do, but you'd give it your all if it meant making your vision a reality.

How naïve you were, back then.

Gain 3 Monument resources. Note "Breakthrough M011" on your Mnemos Track.

M011 *The memory is more vivid now.* You slump down on the cold flagstones of the street, heedless of the dirt and debris that surround you. None of it matters now. Everything has been for naught.

Every last coin you saved is gone, squandered in pursuit of your grand vision. The last investment turned sour, a swindler taking what little you had and vanishing with it. The sour words of your spouse ring hollowly in your ears, cursing you for your single-minded dedication to your scheme, mocking your failures and obscuring what small victories you had attained along the way.

Hopelessness swells within you, a rising tide that floods your lungs and buffets you about like a piece of driftwood. How many years have you thrown away on this fool's errand, this rogue endeavor? How much wealth? What friends and family lie neglected by your narrow focus?

This course was doomed from the start, you realize. A foolish vision half-imagined. You should have given up a long time ago. A sigh tears free of your chest, a rumbling from deep within your soul. Finally, summoning all the strength you have left, you stand. It is time to go home. to face reality, and leave foolish dreams in the past.

Why, then, did you persist for all these years? You've never stayed down, never settled, even in the face of crippling adversity. And you failed, time and again. What do you have to show for it?

If you don't have any *Morpheus Module* cards, gain one. If you do, gain +1 Ω. Note "Breakthrough M021" on your Mnemos Track.

M021 *The truth—you can almost grasp it now.* Your mind returns to the present, to your far older and wiser self. You blink away the melancholy tear that dances in the corner of your eye, the grief over the innocent youth lost so long ago.

A letter rests in your hands, a weathered piece of parchment that you have been avoiding opening. A final missive from your mentor. Their age catching up to them, they have reached out to you, but in your shame, you have hidden away. You can't imagine facing up to their disappointment, seeing their crestfallen expression, the dull light in their eyes. You've failed them. Best not to thrust it in their face. Even so, they've persisted, until finally, days after their passing, this letter has reached you. With slow, reluctant hands, you finally open it, reading the heavy but neat script therein.

"My dearest student,

Time grows short for me, and I am certain that the Moirai have begun to tie together the threads of my fate. It pains me greatly not to have seen you in so long, and I am certain that in part your hesitance is because of the burden of expectation that I placed upon you. For that, I am truly sorry.

I know that life has placed many challenges in your path. You have endured much hardship in your quest for fulfillment in life, and not all who surrounded you have been supportive of your course.

Regardless, I just wanted you to know that I have always held you in the highest regard, and never once found you to be lacking as a person of powerful spirit and drive. I know in the depths of my soul that, no matter the vision you commit yourself to, you have the ambition to make it a reality. There are those who will doubt in you, but the truth is that the only person whose beliefs need matter to you is in fact yourself. As long as you hold firm to your convictions, you can make any dream bear fruit. You are the master of your own path, and gatekeeper of your dreams.

No matter the choices you make, I am ever proud of you."

The words of the letter strike you like a hammer raining blows down upon an anvil, each phrase another shock of painful energy coursing through you. Tears are flowing freely now, and you feel your shoulders sag with grief.

"Your persistence has inspired a whole generation of my students. They made your dream their dream. I have nothing more to teach them, but maybe you can lead them to the better future you envisioned."

You look at the young, bright-eyed envoy who delivered the letter. So much eagerness, as if you were looking in a mirror.

Another sensation is rising. Like embers buried under a blanket of ash, now given air once more, the flames of ambition and drive are rekindling inside you. You feel the wisdom of your former mentor's words. Perhaps it is not too late to make your vision a reality.

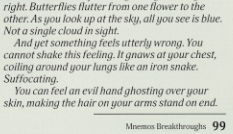
Choose:

1. *It is never too late to follow an ambition, to strive to make the world a better place, to improve the lot of others, to make your mark on the world. You have a chance to complete your former journey, should you choose to embrace the dream once more.*

Depart the *Argo* to continue your quest for your long-abandoned dream. Mark C11. Gain +1 and retire your Argonaut. Then activate a new Argonaut.

2. *While your mentor's words warm you, they also ring a little hollow. You know, in your heart of hearts, that some dreams are not meant to come to pass. Some ambitions are supposed to die, and your vision was one of them. You find peace in that finality, and now you have a new focus for your life.*

Let go of your dream and remain aboard the *Argo*, dedicating your life to the quest of the city-ship. Gain +1 . You cannot gain Mnemos nodes for Mnemos cards. After each Timeline Battle, lose 1 Mnemos node from this Mnemos.



A Familiar Curse

M032 *The dream is more vivid now.* You sit in a meadow, surrounded by tall trees. The wind rustles through the leaves and you can feel the wet morning dew through your clothes. A rabbit hops through the grass on your right. Butterflies flutter from one flower to the other. As you look up at the sky, all you see is blue. Not a single cloud in sight.

And yet something feels utterly wrong. You cannot shake this feeling. It gnaws at your chest, coiling around your lungs like an iron snake. Suffocating.

You can feel an evil hand ghosting over your skin, making the hair on your arms stand on end.

Someone is watching. Or something. You can feel its burning gaze on the back of your neck, drilling a hole through your skin. Sweat starts forming on your brow.

When it becomes too unbearable, you stand, only to stagger toward the edge of the meadow. But you find no shelter in the shade. You take step after step, getting away as fast as your legs can carry you, but you are still followed.

Once you escape the forest, the uneasiness subsides, but the iron grip around your lungs remains. Aftershocks of your anxiety, you rationalize. This isn't a curse, it's just a bad feeling. It will pass.

If you have any Afflictions, lose one of them. Note "Breakthrough M043" on your Mnemos Track.

M043 *The memory is more vivid now. The sun is hidden by thick clouds in the sky and a small breeze has picked up, yet you shiver, hot sweat rolling down your back. It's been getting worse and worse. Each day, you force yourself to get up, to ignore all the warning signs, to go through the day until you can collapse for several hours of restless sleep.*

You keep walking under the sheltered sky, bones heavy and mind adrift, forcing your eyes to lock onto your destination: a temple on a hill.

You wonder why the Arae are after you. This has to be some sort of punishment. Somehow you had angered the gods. But you have always been very dutiful, you have prayed and prostrated, to no avail. No one has listened. You have started to believe you deserve it. There must have been something you have done, something so vile you would be cursed. You think about all the people you have crossed. Nothing comes to mind and yet everything becomes a source of worry.

You travel to the Temple of Hygieia in Corinth to seek help, but when you arrive, you are met with a long line of petitioners, each and every one sick or dying. Some have come with gifts, often their life's fortune, everything for a chance at the goddess's favor.

As you spend time among the dependents and the destitute, listening to their stories, it dawns on you: none of them are guilty. None of them deserve this. An anger grows in you.

"You begin to see." A voice from below a nearby awning draws you in. "Do you have the courage to understand?"

Gain +1 Ω and add the *Abandoned Temple* Terrain to the next Battle (if possible). Note "Breakthrough M034" on your Mnemos Track.

M034 *The truth—you can almost grasp it now. One by one, parts of your body rebel against you, like puppets taken over by an evil master. Your muscles first, twitching during spells of weakness, refusing to cooperate when needed. Then come the moments of absence. One minute you are doing something, the next you shudder as if woken from a nightmare and notice the sun has moved in the sky. The shade doesn't make it better. Then come the dull aches deep within your body, echoes of something terribly wrong.*

"You are dying," the strange woman in the Corinth back alley said. "And you can't do anything about it."

At first, you refused to accept this. Your story cannot end this way. There is still so much to do. And yet, with the dull aches that tear your insides apart, comes clarity. You are dying. Could you have prevented it if you had acted earlier? Deep down, you know it wouldn't have changed anything.

You do not deserve this, but the world doesn't care. You cannot change what is happening. You can only decide what to do with the time you have left. Will you dwell on your fate or make something of it?

Choose:

1. *You only have so much time left. You won't let denial rob you of it, or let charlatans take it from you piecemeal. You need to accept there are things outside of your control and take a step forward. You accept death will come some day and enjoy the rest of your life in peace, away from all this fighting.*

   Mark L11. Gain +1 and retire your Argonaut. Then activate a new Argonaut.

2. *No, there is nothing wrong with you. There never was, it was just a curse, a god you crossed. If you pray more, repent more, surely it will go away. You will live a half-life of false promises and meaningless struggles.*

   Gain +1. Start each battle with the *Fused Souls* Trauma card. You cannot gain Mnemos nodes for Mnemos cards.

A Night to Remember

M010 *The dream is more vivid now. You're young, on the verge of adulthood, and the night is warm and full of stars. The city is ablaze with a thousand torches and braziers. It shines and shimmers like a jeweled necklace. The sounds of the celebration reach you even here, atop the roof of the old academy.*

This is the happiest moment of your life.

Your polis, the great city of philosophy and reason, Athens, has won a war with its bitter rival, the brutish Sparta. You imagine the daring, noble deeds performed in the name of your birthplace. Heroes must've been baptized in the glory of battle and now, victorious, they return to their home city to celebrate and be celebrated. Oh, how you long to be one of them, to write your name in the annals of history, remembered for all time! Soon, you tell yourself.

The sound of the celebration reaches a fever pitch and the fires seem to grow even higher. Now the sky looks like a pale reflection cast in the sea of night.

This is the happiest moment of your life, but not because of Athens's victory.

You glance to your left, where Aletheia sits. Even looking in her direction makes your heart beat twice as fast and your stomach ties itself into a knot. You like her. You always liked her, even before you knew what liking someone was.

Maybe you still don't? You—you want to be close to her. Closer. Is this that love your uncle was always talking about, when he was pining over his latest conquest? No, that was something brief, faint, invisible.

This is as real as anything. You work up the courage and, leaving everything to your heart and the Fates, lean in for a kiss. You've never kissed anyone before, but this feels right.

She looks deep into your eyes. There is sadness there. She edges away and you immediately freeze. You've misread everything. You hastily back away, ashamed of displaying your unrequited emotions.

You try to play it down, but you feel like a fool. Rejected. This is the saddest moment of your life. You look to the starry sky and start counting.

Gain +1 Ω and 1 Despair token. Note "Breakthrough M020" on your Mnemos Track.

M020 *The memory is more vivid now. You're still sitting on the top of the old academy building, Aletheia beside you. You shouldn't, but you feel ashamed.*

"I thought . . ." you start, but the words get stuck in your throat. You turn away. "I will join the warrior cadre soon," you change the subject. You feel determination growing inside you. You will show her who you are! "Prince Theseus is training with them now. I will train the hardest and I will become the best. I will win the next war for you and return a hero! And, maybe then . . ." you lose your confidence again, but manage to power through it, "Maybe then you will find me worthy. Maybe then—"

She puts her hand on yours, tears in her eyes. "No, never."

Never. Never. This night will be etched in your memory forever. A defining moment. You thought it'd be like in one of the romantic stories of star-crossed lovers. But life isn't about that, is it? Maybe that's the true coming of age: dispelling the myths to see the world for what it is.

"Never become a warrior," she continues, lowering her head. "I do not want to lose you."

Lose you? What is she saying? But when you tried to reach her . . . this deep sadness . . .

"My father was a warrior," she whispers. "Do you know his name?"

If you don't have any *Morpheus Module* cards, gain one. If you do, gain +1 Ω. Note "Breakthrough M030" on your Mnemos Track.

M030 *The truth—you can almost grasp it now. You're still sitting on the top the old academy building, Aletheia beside you. A torrent of emotions passes over you. You don't know what to think. You want to answer her at least, tell her her father's name. But you don't remember it. You remember him, vaguely, a burly man who seldom smiled. But a name?*

"My father was a warrior," she repeats. "He followed King Aegeus to Sparta. He died at Sparta. No one will sing songs for him. No one will know of him. His story ended there. He left my mother, my sister and me to fend for ourselves." Now she looks deep into your eyes. "If he was a baker, a potter, a healer, a worker, he would still be alive, celebrating with the rest of Athens."

This is the grievous sadness she carries with her, you realize. This celebration—for her it's like a funeral elegy. A grim reminder of the cruelty of the world. All your previous thoughts of glory dissipate as you imagine her father, his face obscured.

"Promise me," she whispers. "Promise me you won't become a warrior. That you will stay with me and lead a good life. Promise on my father's name. Noxis."

"I promise," you hear yourself vow and you mean it. All that talk about becoming a warrior, it was what you thought people like Aletheia wanted of you. To become worthy. But you are worthy. We all are.

You kiss. You have thought about it many times, but it's nothing like you imagined. It's sweet and soft and wet, and there's this heat rising inside you. Your head suddenly becomes so light . . .

You spend that night together, perched on the rooftop of the old academy. You will never forget it.

Choose:

1. *You made a promise to Aletheia. You know not where she is now or if she survived the Eschaton, if you've stayed together of if the fickle Fates have split you apart. But it does matter. The promise, you meant it. You cannot fight it any longer. Your renounce violence and leave the* Argo *to be at peace.*

   Mark J11. Gain +1 and retire your Argonaut. Then activate a new Argonaut.

2. *A lifetime ago you made a promise to Aletheia, one you cannot keep. Fighting is all you know and you feel lesser for it, but it doesn't make it any less true. You will fight until you die and no one remembers your name. You will stay on the* Argo *and fight until death claims you.*

   Gain +1. You cannot gain Mnemos nodes for Mnemos cards. When the next Argonaut dies, you die in their stead. You die at the end of the current Cycle (if you live that long). Then, blur out your name on the Argonaut Sheet.

Blood on Your Hands

M007 *The dream is more vivid now. You jolt awake at sudden noises. Someone is screaming outside, and there is creaking and crackling. Then you notice the smoke outside the window, thick against the night sky and hiding the moon from view. Everything is bathed in tinges of red and orange as flames dance on the wooden beams.*

You hear shuffling in the house and suddenly your father bursts through the door. You've never seen him afraid before and it twists something inside you. It's a natural reaction. You don't understand what is going on, but you know it's bad and scary. Tears well up in your eyes as your father comforts you.

"Stay here. It's going to be all right." You feel a kiss on your forehead and a sudden rush of air as he runs outside.

Obediently, you don't leave the room, but you watch the conflagration through the window. A sudden silhouette catches your attention. Someone dressed in black lurks at the edge of the light. You can't see their face, but there is something off about them, something in the way they stand on the side, away from the commotion but too close to the fire . . .

When you blink, they are gone. Something snaps inside the burning building. Thoughts of that stranger leave your mind as you see your father running into the inferno. You want to scream and bang your small fists against the windowsill, but no sound escapes your mouth. You remain there, watching, your heart beating faster than ever before, as your father valiantly tries to put the fire out.

Then the roof collapses.

Those who rush toward the flames are held back by others, their cries mingling with the crackling of burning wood and the roaring of the fire. Your face is wet and your lip wobbles, but you are focused solely on the spot where your father disappeared into the blaze. The heat is so intense now, you can feel it through the window. With bated breath, you count the seconds until your father emerges heroically from the wreckage.

But he never does.

At the start of the next battle, place 3 Fire tokens in the Kratos Pool (See Fire token rules in the Cycle II Book). Note "Breakthrough M017" on your Mnemos Track.

M017 *The memory is more vivid now. It took years, but you finally have a solid lead. Your brother tried to talk you out of this but one look at him was enough to strengthen your resolve. You can still remember how it all changed after that night. Amid the pain and tears, a rift began to tear your family apart.*

First your mother, who couldn't deal with the consequences and became a shadow of her former self, an empty shell who sat hunched all day at the kitchen table, unaware that her two children needed her. You used to blame her for her weak spirit, for abandoning you. Until you had to bury her. Then you wished she would just come back.

Then things changed between you and your brother. While you longed for revenge, your brother put everything behind him, willed himself to forget, to begin anew, far away from all the pain. Your arguments still ring in your ears, but you will not back down, not now.

A small house stands in front of you. It doesn't look like much on the outside and one look through the window tells you the inside isn't much better, but that doesn't stop you from entering once you realize the door is unlocked. A person bolts to the window, a flight response, a scared look on their face, but you force them to sit on the bed with a firm shove. The glint of a blade persuades them not to try anything stupid.

"Since you don't know who I am, let me tell you," you begin as you drag a chair to the bed and nonchalantly lay your sword across your lap. They hide their coughs in their sleeve and you notice various medicinal herbs scattered on the table. Their pale skin looks almost transparent in the candlelight. Yet it isn't enough to make you change your mind.

"Years ago, there was a fire . . ."

You tell them everything—from the charred body of your father to your mother's slow decline and your brother's detachment. You tell them the gory details, sights and smells you wish you could forget. A few times they bend over the bed to vomit, but you pay it no heed. You force them to listen until you grab your sword firmly again.

"And now, I have finally found you." You stand up. "It's time to pay."

Gain +1 Ω and 1 Despair token. Note "Breakthrough M027" on your Mnemos Track.

M027 *The truth—you can almost grasp it now. "It's time to pay," you hear them say as they stand up, and you can't help but back away from them until you hit the wall. You are cornered. There is nowhere else to go.*

What have you done? All these lives ruined because of you. Most days you don't remember what happened that night. Were you drunk? Were you sick? You cannot recall, but after hearing this story in excruciating detail, you remember. A silhouette slipping into the fire to put it out. Screams all around you as the scene was engulfed by flames. The heat of the inferno roaring in your face. Yes, you remember.

You caused this.

A wave of nausea hits you but you don't have anything left to vomit. Guilt chokes you and disgust makes your head swim. You imagine this poor family torn apart by your actions. And you ran. You ran and you have kept running away ever since, leaving pieces of you behind until there was almost nothing left. You try to blink the dizziness away and focus on the blade inching closer toward your neck, but all you can see are your hands. Red and slick with blood. You shake your head and blink.

You can feel your head pounding and an itch scratching at your throat. It's been like this for months but now you barely have the strength to boil water for the medicine. As your cough feels like it's ripping your lungs apart, the blade stops near your neck. Since that night, you've moved from place to place and have paid no heed to your wellbeing. You lived in squalor and poverty. You practically invited death. But you never thought it would happen at sword point.

Perhaps it is better if it ends this way. To go now, swiftly, instead of suffering for months to come. "Do it," you croak and the blade trembles. There is such fury in their eyes when you meet them. So much pain and hesitation on those young features. Another coughing fit prevents you from repeating yourself and you close your eyes, waiting for the final blow.

You hear the blade return to its sheath instead.

"Revenge will not bring my family back," they say. "And guilt-ridden despair will not make amends." They leave without a second glance.

You blink in surprise. Why come all this way and not finish the job? To make you suffer for unforeseen years as you run farther and farther? Rightly so. You deserve it after what you've done. Yet . . . What did they mean by not making amends? Have you not punished yourself enough for what you did?

Choose:

1. *You punished yourself with guilt, but this doesn't solve anything. You are still running. You have committed a crime and have to pay for it. Justice demands that you turn yourself in and serve your time. Perhaps afterward, you will be able to meet your own gaze in the mirror. And make amends. You leave the* Argo *and serve your time.*

   Mark G11. Gain +1 and retire your Argonaut. Then activate a new Argonaut.

2. *This child has spared your miserable life. Now you have to live with your guilt. You will keep on running, as you have always done. You'll run from the consequences of your actions by staying on the* Argo.

   You cannot gain Mnemos nodes for Mnemos cards. You start each battle with the *Abandon* Kratos card; do not gain Courage bonus for the Abandon test.

Curse of the Gods

M033 *The dream is more vivid now. It starts with a date. One you can't immediately recall. She brushes it off, a quick smile replacing her frown. You take her into your arms, and she places her head on your shoulder. "It must have slipped your mind," she tells you later. "It's just a number. It's all right." She kisses you and all is well.*

Then it happens again. You mistake her parents' names, her sister's, the place she grew up in. Her frown deepens and her smiles become forced, but her hand is still holding yours, her sigh content. When she kisses you, it's rough and bitter, forceful even. She apologizes and blames your forgetfulness on the war and how stressful your work must be. "These are terrible times," she says.

You leave it at that and life goes on.

It's the end of summer, the season Fates put the two of you together. The sun feels warmer on your skin, warmer than usual. You notice her flinch when she catches you enjoying the sunlight but she doesn't say anything, and she stops going out when the sun is at its highest. You wonder if she has become sick or suddenly worries about getting sunburned, but she reassures you with a smile. It's nothing.

Discard a Fated Mnemos. If you don't have any, gain 1 Mnemos node. Note "Breakthrough M036" on your Mnemos Track.

M036 *The memory is more vivid now. You force yourself to keep going, but every slip-up is a bitter reminder of the curse. Forgotten conversations lead to arguments, nights*

are spent cradling her shaking body in your arms as she cries herself to sleep and begs you not to forget. With each passing day, her façade breaks.

Until you look at her one evening and frown. You know those eyes, the curve of her nose, the way her lips taste. You know what hides beneath the clothes, the sound of her voice, the smell of her skin. All of these certainties are still there, at the forefront of your mind, and yet one word escapes you.

It scares you that you can't remember her name. The more you rack your brain, the more hopeless it becomes. She notices. She opens her mouth in shock when you tell her. Surprise, anger, and despair, all cross her face, before she kisses you as soft tears fall down her face. She whispers words of encouragement to coax her name out of you, assuring you it's only a bad dream. That everything will be all right.

But you can't remember. Her name or who she is. Her cries turn to curses and violence, her anger at the gods, at you, at herself. You spend that night alone. Is it a first? You don't remember.

Her visits become less and less frequent, just as your fondness for her fades. Her flowing hair becomes as irrelevant as the wind blowing in the trees. Her laughter disappears in the noises of the town. The warmth of her skin is as fleeting as the sun.

When her face becomes just another mask in the crowd, she stops coming.

Lose -1 . Note "Breakthrough M038" on your Mnemos Track.

M038

The truth—you can almost grasp it now. They say you only miss someone when they're gone. When she left, she took a piece of your heart with her, a piece you didn't even know you had. How can a heart still beat when it's ripped apart?

With the longing comes the pain, the endless nights spent turning over and over while a cacophony fills your head. You try to force yourself to remember. You alternate between begging and cursing. The ache imbues your body with such raw emotion you feel you're drowning slowly and painfully while the world keeps turning, without you, without her.

Soon, nothing will remain.

When morning comes, thoughts of her vanish and for a split second you are glad the pain is over, that soon you won't remember missing her. It's all gone when the sun rises, hard and cruel.

When you step outside, there is a beautiful man with blond hair waiting for you. It takes you a moment to remember him as he smirks.

"Helios," you whisper nervously. You forgot so many memories but not meeting him. Such a cruel twist.

"Memory is such a funny thing," the god says smugly. "How does it feel to forget what matters most to you? To be abandoned and forgotten in turn?" You feel small next to the god. Sweat rolls down your face and neck as if you are standing next to the sun itself. Which, in a way, you are. You have no doubt Helios would incinerate you on the spot if he wanted to and the mere fact that he hasn't yet confirms that he takes pleasure in your pain. Your curse isn't going to be lifted.

As if reading your thoughts, Helios says, "As much as I enjoy seeing you suffer, I, too, can be merciful." You can't tell if his words are genuine, and you refuse to look him in the eyes, fearing it would burn your retinas to a crisp.

"Apologize now. Beg for forgiveness, and I shall take the pain away. You could become someone new, have a fresh start. For if you don't . . ." The heat and light emanating from him become unbearable and you have to close your eyes. "You will wander aimlessly forever, unable to remember anything, or anyone. Lost and untethered, you will never know love again. For not knowing is worse than being dead."

Love . . . Something warm awakes in your heart. A tiny thing, no bigger than a grain of sand. It is so small, you wonder if you are not imagining it. A promise. Didn't you make a promise to someone?

"What have I done to offend you?"

"You don't remember?" Helios asks perversely. "It doesn't matter, does it? I am your god. I tell you to kneel, you kneel. I tell you to bark, you bark. I tell you to hand over your loved one . . . You get the point. Now, apologize. Repent. Yield. Grovel. Beg for mercy. Give me your love, mortal."

Choose:

1. *You are nothing more than a poor sinner. You have angered a god and all you can do now is grovel at his feet, beg for forgiveness, the wretched mortal that you are, while the last strings of your memory keep your mind together. You know they are not merciful but maybe, this time, if you only abase yourself, if you hand over your love . . . You ask the gods for forgiveness.* **See M044.**

2. *Your love will prevail. You remember it now. You will not let the cruelty of the gods prevent you from keeping your promise. Time has passed, but you will find your love, even at the risk of forgetting everything all over again, even if it means forgetting your own name. For what worth is a promise not kept? How can you live a life devoid of love? Even the gods must yield to love. You defy him.*

Gain +2 . **See M035.**

M044

"Thank you," says Helios gratefully, as he hugs you and kisses you. "I needed that."

"Thank you . . ."

"Now go, wander the earth, the brainless monkey that you are!" He tosses you to the ground and laughs.

You cry, but there is no one there to hear you. You've given him everything you had and this was your reward. For gods do not keep promises. They consume them.

Gain +1 . You cannot gain Mnemos nodes for Mnemos cards and Fated Mnemos cards. After each Battle, remove one node from the *Curse of the Gods* Mnemos card. If you cannot remove a node, you die.

M035

You insolent fool," says Helios, radiating searing spite. "You will pay dearly for this."

"With what? You have taken everything I had. And you just told me not knowing is worse than death."

Helios gives you another look of contempt, raises his hand and . . . disappears.

You are left alone, clinging to the last strands of love—and hope.

You need to find her.

Leave the *Argo* and look for your love. Mark M11. Gain +1 and retire your Argonaut. Then activate a new Argonaut.

Death Follows

M031

The dream is more vivid now. You open your eyes as you feel immense pressure on your chest, a tremendous weight pushing down on you. You see nothing but darkness, warm and cloying. The stench is terrible, pungent and sweet. That's when you see it, barely visible in the tiny sliver of light that seeps down to you.

Sliding past you, slick with blood and other grime, the face of a young man is mere inches from your own. His eyes are closed, his jaw hanging slackly open. You knew him, once. The miller's son, who grew up alongside you. You try to back away, but a hand slithers over your shoulder. You are trapped in a tangle of limbs, torsos, and heads atop limp necks. You've awoken in a pile of corpses.

Your motions become more frantic, shoving powerfully against the crushing weight above, trying as hard as you can to burrow your way out. Claustrophobia seizes your throat, panic flooding your mind, until you finally break the surface, emerging in a flurry of flailing limbs. Your shoulders heave as you try to draw in enough air, and look about.

A deep pit surrounds you, coarse earth forming steep slopes that contain dozens of bodies. The bodies of the people of your home, mercilessly slaughtered. And you, left standing as the sole survivor. Overhead, the skies boil with dark black clouds as fat droplets of rain splatter down upon your upturned face.

Crawling out of the corpse pile, you glance down to your belly, remembering the blade that pierced you, the burning pain as your lifeblood poured out across the ground. A jagged scar remains where the wound once was.

You glance up and spot a figure standing over the pit, glaring down at you. They are tall, gaunt, and clad in a heavy black robe that obscures all features. They watch you in silence for a moment, then turn away. They vanish. You are alone.

You desperately clamber out of the pit, your fingers clawing at soil that is rapidly turning to mud. You look around, but there is no sign of the figure. Questions assault your mind, foremost of which being, how are you standing here, still alive? Why?

You walk away from the pit, your mind troubled, your spirit ill at ease.

During the next Battle, the first time you draw a Major or worse Trauma card, you force another random Titan to draw it instead. Note "Breakthrough M041" on your Mnemos Track.

M041

The memory is more vivid now. The ancient temple sits atop the cliffside, a dark, beetle-like shape clinging to the sheer rock face. Its columns are crooked, its domed roof discolored with age.

You climb the winding stone steps that lead up to the shadowed edifice. Scars mar your body, each one carrying a tale of harrowing danger and frightful pain. An arrow that just barely missed your heart. Bone fractures from enduring a collapsing building. The tremor in your arm from the time you fought off that clutch of bandits. Countless times that death cast its shadow over you, then averted its gaze, stealing away those who walked by your side, those who trusted you, those who called you friend.

You have to know what it all means. Why you seem fated to dance on the precipice of life and death, but never find your way into the care of the afterlife. Why Lord Thanatos refuses to embrace you.

There are other petitioners too. Men and women on their knees, begging for forgiveness or crying over the loss of a loved one. Some seem like they come here each day, the memory of the death visited upon them more real than the life around them. Lives stopped so the dead can have an illusory semblance of life.

As you move further into the temple, shapes emerge from the shadows around you. Priests in black robes approach you in silence.

"Why do you grace the house of Lord Thanatos, stranger?" His voice creaks with many years of experience.

"Time and again, death has touched my being, and yet always, I am denied, rejected. Others suffer. Why?"

"If the god of death doesn't want you," the priest replies, carefully considering your words, "then you must have offended him greatly. This is his punishment you must endure."

"I have done nothing . . ."

"Insolence! You do not dispute the will of gods! You simply abide by it!"

With this, he dismisses you, and you leave the temple with a frustrated heart. Where you had hoped to find answers, you found only judgment.

During the next battle, the first time you draw an Obol, you force another random Titan to draw it instead. Note "Breakthrough M037" on your Mnemos Track.

M037

The truth—you can almost grasp it now. You lie upon the earth, a chill flowing through your limbs. You can feel the wound that paralyzes you, the ax still lodged in your chest, coated in your lifeblood. Behind you, the village burns, the Spartan raiders tearing through its people as screams of pain and terror rise on the wind.

Time passes, and the screams grow silent. And yet, still, you do not die. Why? You want to believe toward the heavens, cry out upon the whipping winds, but there is no strength in your limbs, no power in your chest. All you can do is keep drawing in ragged breaths, fire filling your lungs with every twitch of your muscles.

Then, like a nightmare rising from the depths of your mind, you see it again. The figure. The shadow. Dark robes swirl around them, obscuring their outline, while the depths of their cowl are filled with murky blackness, hiding all within.

"Please . . ." Your voice creaks with pain as you lift a trembling hand. "Lord Thanatos, I beg of you, however I offended you, I have suffered enough . . ."

A deep, grating noise escapes from the hooded figure, a rhythmic crackling sound that you slowly realize is, of all things, laughter.

"You think this a curse, the will of the gods, and spend your waking hours contemplating it. You have been to the house of Thanatos, saw throngs of thralls more concerned with the dead than the living, and still you did not see."

"But . . . my home, my family! My comrades—" you sputter, blood-flecked spittle gathering on your lips.

"Death follows you because you seek it out! Because you feel you should have died!"

"But I want to die . . ." you manage to gasp.

"No. You want to end the suffering. Quell the sorrow. Unburden the guilt of surviving when so many close to you have died. So I unburden you: death claims us on a whim. We do not have time to feel guilty for living."

"You want to know why you cannot die?" it continues. "By chance. And you dishonor those who died by wishing in death. The purpose of living . . . is to live." They finally turn away from you. "But if you continue to throw yourself at death, you will find it."

The ax still creaks in your chest, your muscles tight around it.

Choose:

1. *It's funny how a few words can change your perspective. You felt guilty for living, so you rushed to meet death. No wonder it followed you. And yet, time and time again, when it came to it, your fought to stay alive. You should feel blessed, not cursed. And not squander the chance you have been given. You decide to leave the Argo and abandon your pursuit of death: it's high time you learned how to live.*

Mark K11. Gain +1 and retire your Argonaut. Then activate a new Argonaut.

2. *There is much truth in the stranger's words, yet you cannot let go. You remember the dead and you remember their accusatory gaze. You owe it to them to continue. You decide to stay on the* Argo *and continue to seek death.*

You cannot gain Mnemos nodes for Mnemos cards. Until you are alive, each time another Titan draws an Obol card, add 1 *You Died* Obol card to the Obol Deck.

Family Feud

M008

The dream is more vivid now. You feel the heat in the flesh of your cheeks, the rush of emotions coursing through your veins, the tightness of breath in your lungs.

Before you, your own father, looking down upon you with such disappointment, such condescension. Always trying to keep you restrained, always sculpting you according to his vision rather than allowing you to flourish on your own. Today—today was a step too far, and now you've finally stood up for yourself. Said what needed to be said. What can never be taken back.

The look on your father's face speaks volumes. A flash of anger run through by a core of icy sorrow. His spine straightens as he glares down at you.

Your fists clench by your sides as you continue to breathe heavily. You do not break eye contact, as difficult as that small act of defiance is for you.

"So, it's to be like that." His voice is low, barely a whisper. "Get out."

Silence more thunderous than any storm Poseidon could muster falls upon your family home. For a moment, nobody moves. Your eyes glance to your mother, her mouth agape in half-protest before she quietly lowers her gaze. Your brothers, neither daring to even flinch in the face of your father's wrath. Your sister, her expression one of shock, disbelief, and growing sorrow. None are willing to speak up in your defense. Your father, his features turning an apoplectic shade of crimson, draws in his breath for another tirade.

"I will not tolerate someone to live under my roof who rejects our way of life so completely. You are corrupted, twisted, unclean!" he seethes. "Leave. Take your diseased speech with you, and never come back!"

You turn on your heel, rushing from the home you have known all your life, your heart pounding against the confines of your chest. You feel like your spirit is breaking as tears—be they of pride or grief, you cannot say—brim in the corners of your eyes.

You dart out into the shadows, determined never to return.

Start the next Battle 2 spaces farther from the Primordial. Note "Breakthrough M018" on your Mnemos Track.

M018

The memory is more vivid now. You pace anxiously in the market square, the bustle of activity surrounding you as dozens, hundreds of people go about their day to day lives, oblivious to the twisting maelstrom of emotions that clusters in your ribcage, threatening to burst free.

You do not know what to expect. The message you received from your mother was curt, lacking in detail, and utterly cold. A summons, more than a communication between a parent and their child. Countless possibilities flutter through your mind.

She appears, moving through the crowds like a dark storm cloud passing over a tranquil sea, full of ominous foreboding. Her expression is stony, her poise stiff. She sees you, but there is no flash of warmth in her gaze. Instead, she merely cuts her way through the square, gesturing for you to follow her to a nearby taverna. After an awkwardly long silence while she waits for one of the serving girls to bring her some wine, she finally turns to you, her expression still one of icy indifference.

"I can't begin to tell you how much damage you have done to this family."

"You're blaming me?" You feel a surge of incredulity rise within you.

"I suppose this is what happens when you allow your children too much free rein." It is almost like she cannot hear you. Her gaze roves about the taverna. "Allowing you to read the texts of those philosophers, associate with those artists and charlatans in the back alleys of the town. No wonder your morals were corrupted."

"I'm just trying to live a life that is true to who I am." You say. "True to who I need to be."

"You turned your back on your family!" your mother spits. "Your home. Your gods!"

A few heads turn and she lowers her voice.

"Do you—do you at least still revere them? The gods?"

You glare down at the table, not sure what to say. Truth be told, even you are not sure what lies in your heart. She reaches out with a tentative hand, placing it on top of yours.

"What am I supposed to say to your grandparents, when we a reunited with them in Elysium, and you've been cast into Tartarus?"

The words stab you like icy daggers, but still you say nothing, unable to meet her gaze. Instead, summoning all the will at your disposal, you pull your hand away from hers. She is silent a moment longer, then empties her goblet, a single long swig of the blood-red wine before she stands.

"I hope that one day you'll see the error of your ways and return to us. There is still time to save yourself. But, if you cannot . . ." She hesitates, as if the words pain her to speak. "The priests do not forbid us from having further contact with you, but until you correct your ways, we do not wish to hear from you."

She turns, leaving without even a simple farewell. You are left to stare down at the table before you, both numb and in agony, hot and cold at the same time as equal parts of grief and anger tear their way through you. You made your choice, the one that needed to be made. It was the right one, wasn't it? It had to be . . .

Start the next Battle 2 spaces closer to the Primordial. Note "Breakthrough M028" on your Mnemos Track.

M028

The truth—you can almost grasp it now. You stand on the edge of town, watching as a large cluster of people moves up the hill toward the temple at its crest and the necropolis beyond. Within that field of the dead, you know that the tomb belonging to your family awaits, home to your grandparents, their parents, and their forebears going back at least two centuries, perhaps further. The place where your mother was laid to rest just a few years ago.

When the news of your father's passing reached you, you weren't sure how to react. A chill raced down your spine, while an odd pressure built up within your skull. You should have felt grief, you know that much, but you felt oddly . . . calm. As if mustering any sort of emotional response was too much effort. Had it really been so long since you had parted with your family, that you could no longer be moved, even by the death of your parents? Is it possible for a child to let go of the love they had once had for their own blood? The idea seems so strange and farfetched to you, and yet here you stand, numb. Emotionless. Hollow.

You stand there for a long time, mulling over your thoughts in silence. So many years spent living without your family, your mind swinging from grief at their absence to anger at the injustice heaped upon you. You've faced so many trials in life alone because of this feud, having to find strength within yourself instead of from your family. Slowly, you've built up a new circle of associates, a chosen family. And yet, even now, the specter of your past hovers over you, dominating your every thought and choice.

A figure detaches itself from the funeral pro-

cession, making his way toward you. One of your uncles, eyeing you warily, and yet smiling with a warmth you did not expect. He bows his head, acknowledging of the mutual loss that has brought you both here.

"I'm glad you could make it," he mutters. "I was worried—"

"That I wouldn't try to be here?" You find it hard to keep the chill out of your words. "It's what is expected of me, isn't it?"

Your uncle sighs, a long and low sound full of weariness and age.

"I know that things between your father and yourself were strained, to say the least. What happened between you . . . I never agreed with it. But your father was the head of his household, and you were his child. He made his decisions, and in the end it cost him so much valuable time with you. I saw how he stubbornly clung to his grudge, carried it with him to the very end. That stubbornness, that pride—it robbed you both of any chance to reconcile. I can see much of that same proud nature in you."

"What's your point?"

"My point is that I don't want to see you suffer the same loss that your father did, thanks to his grudges. You still have a family here, a chance to reconnect and rebuild." He turns his gaze to you, eyes gleaming with genuine kindness. "You're still running from the pain of this feud, from the memories of your past. As long as you keep running, you'll always be dominated by that pain."

You sigh, listening to his words with a heavy heart. He is right, although you are reluctant to admit it. These past years, you've hidden from the pain of your parting from your family, filled the void in countless ways, but the shadow of the past has always loomed over you. You glance at the funeral procession, noting the lowered heads, some so familiar to you, others entirely new. Then you turn away, lifting your face to the heavens. A breeze tugs at you, filling your nose with the scent of the open sea, and the pathways of the world.

Choose:

1. *Your uncle is right. You cannot hold this grudge forever. You cannot let your father's convictions have a hold on you. You have a chance to reconnect with those who had no say in the matter, to rebuild the connections that were lost. You can return. Let go of your feud.*

Mark H11. Gain +1 and retire your Argonaut. Then activate a new Argonaut.

2. *Your uncle may be right, but not in the way that he thinks. You cannot hold onto this grudge, but you are also loath to go backward. Your time alone has taught you that home and family are ideas, and you can find your own path without being bound by blood. Forget your feud, and leave to start a new life elsewhere, with a family of your own choosing and a home that you make for yourself.*

Mark H11. Gain +1 and retire your Argonaut. Then activate a new Argonaut.

3. *The feud you carry as a burden may be difficult to bear, but you are not yet ready to let go of the past. You will never forgive them for what they did to you. You continue your travels with the* Argo. Gain +1 . You cannot gain Mnemos nodes for Mnemos cards. You can never become the party leader.

Haunted

M009 *The dream is more vivid now. You can hear their whispers at every step. They linger in the corners, wait in the shadows, and follow you wherever you go. No matter how far you run, how long you hide, they always find you.*

"It's all your fault," a voice says. It's always the same one, bitter and angry, reproachful and ashamed. You used to love that voice. It lulled you to sleep and gave rhythm to your life. You cherished the person it belonged to, but now it scorns you and pursues you. You will never be at peace. You cannot escape and yet you still try.

But then comes another voice. One that brings you to your knees.

A child crying.

And then a third voice rings, light yet full of sorrow with barely contained tears. "Daddy, what is happening? Where did you go?" As those questions echo in your ears, you press your hands against them, willing it all to go away. "Daddy, I don't understand. I'm scared." The pleading pulls at your heartstrings but there is nothing you can do.

The second voice keeps crying. How you have wished to hear those voices again, to see their faces, to hold your family in your arms. You've dreamed of your reunion with a smile on your face during those lonely nights at sea. Now, you want them to leave you alone, but they remain here, by your side. The way it should be . . . and yet it feels wrong.

"You left us!" the first voice yells. "You left and we were swept away." You remember how it happened. You relive that moment every morning and each time, you take longer to process it all. There is nothing left but the voices, the haunting presence that won't go away.

"Never," it whispers.

Gain 1 Despair token. Note "Breakthrough M019" on your Mnemos Track.

M019 *The memory is more vivid now. You let your feet carry you to that accursed place. At first, it seems that nothing has changed. The birds that still sing in a forest nearby. The cypress tree by the road, taller than you remember it. The rock that looks like a throne near the house.*

But there is no house.

There is only rubble, pieces of wood and stone thrown haphazardly together, decayed and overgrown. Deep black stains. You imagine it's dried blood. The closer you get, the more debris surrounds you. Broken pottery and amphorae, torn fabric, and bent metal. None of these things would mean anything to anyone else and yet they tell your entire life story.

A life story that started like a glorious sunrise, bathed in gold and happiness, but ended in the darkest of nights, cold and empty, in a rumbling of thunder and the cruel tremors of the earth. No one saw the earthquake coming and you happened to be away from home that night. Why did the gods have to take your family from you?

The guilt weighs heavily on your shoulders every single day as you think about them. You are constantly brought back to the happy days, playing in the sun with your children, your love singing lullabies at night. What would they be doing now, if they were still alive?

These questions haunt you as much as their faces and keep you up at night. They gnaw at your heart and leave you breathless, begging for this pain to stop as your heart is ripped into pieces again and again. You wonder how a heart can keep bleeding after all this time, when so many tears have already been spilled.

Your anguish becomes your partner during the day and your lover at night. It melds to your shadow, like a heavy burden you have to drag everywhere, as you walk slower and slower each day. You can feel it consume you.

You fall to your knees where the front door once stood. It will soon be over. None of this will matter. You will join your family wherever they are and your suffering will end. The thought of seeing them again brings a smile to your face. Everything suddenly feels lighter. You can taste the wind on your lips, the soft caress of a warm hand on your cheek. Yes, it will soon be over.

A tug on your arm breaks your reverie.

You look down at the child by your side. Red cheeks and glazed eyes, with golden hair, like someone else you knew. They are so much alike it hurts.

"Don't go," she pleads and your heart breaks in tandem with her voice.

Discard 1 Despair token. Note "Breakthrough M029" on your Mnemos Track.

M029 *The truth—you can almost grasp it now. You tell yourself it's all your fault. You weren't there when your family needed you the most. You should have died with them that night. But you didn't . . .*

And your younger daughter didn't either. She stayed with you all along, scared and lost but always there. Real and within arm's reach, reaching out to you even when you didn't listen. She saved you from yourself. It took you a long time to realize she wasn't gone as well and now the sudden reality weighs on your shoulders.

You still have a daughter. And she still has a parent. You cannot take care of her, not after losing everyone else. She would be better without you. She doesn't need a failure of a parent who gets lost in their grief. She needs someone responsible and reliable, someone who would provide for her. But no matter the excuses you tell yourself, you know deep down your are just afraid.

Afraid of your daughter reminding you of the family you have lost.

Afraid of letting her see those ugly vulnerable parts of you.

Afraid of losing her as well.

And afraid of moving on, forgetting your loss.

But if you give up, you will lose her now, forever. Suddenly, every one of your fears dissipates. The voices are gone too. Save one.

You still have a daughter. And she still has a parent.

Choose:

1. *The longing and pain will always be there but it's only by accepting it that you can move on. You need to take care of your remaining child, live with her and for her. Together you can overcome this, and perhaps even help others who suffered the same loss. It is time you became a family again. You return to your daughter and leave the* Argo.

Mark I11. Gain +1 and retire your Argonaut. Then activate a new Argonaut.

2. *The* Argo *is no place for a child. You cannot take care of her just like you couldn't take care of your spouse and her sister. She deserves better than a parent who couldn't save their family. Only by taking yourself out of her future can you ensure that she has one, away from all the pain and suffering you would bring. You entrust your child to your relatives and stay on the* Argo *while your grief consumes you.*

Gain +1 . You cannot gain Mnemos nodes for Mnemos cards. You start each Battle with 2 Despair tokens.

Imprisonment

M002 *The dream is more vivid now. The walls of the cell are closer than you remember, and the weight of the chains greater. The perpetual darkness is broken only by a crack in the wall. There is nothing here for your mind to work on, so you focus on that one point of light, and tug at the chain rhythmically, and try not to go insane. Each time you jerk the chain, a rattle sounds, true as the sun coming up in the morning for those who can still look upon it. Each day you fail.*

No one ever comes to check up on you. You don't remember falling asleep. When you wake up, there's a small bowl of food just within your reach. Will this torture ever end?

You don't know who put you here or why. Was it something you did? Did you commit a crime? Violate some law? Look at someone the wrong way? You don't understand why they're keeping you alive. Is this even punishment, or are you just waiting for the true judgment?

Sometimes you think you hear voices, distant conversations in hushed tones. Sometimes rain patters on the outer walls of the cell. Sometimes you hear the wind whistling.

Always you are alone, imprisoned. There is no end to it.

A lesser mortal would lose hope. You? You pull at the chain.

Gain +1 . Note "Breakthrough M012" on your Mnemos Track.

M012 *The memory is more vivid now. Each time you jerk the chain, a rattle sounds, the only reminder you are alive. Some days, when the food bowl hasn't appeared, you are too weak to stand. You sit, then, tracing the grooves in the rough rocks of the cell's walls, counting cracks or imagining shapes.*

You have come to think your imprisonment has something to do with the gods, or an affront to them. Too much of Tantalus in this cell, too much of Sisyphus. You have no way of tracking time, the rock too hard to carve with your bare hands, yet you believe you have been here for years.

One day you try to speak and it takes considerable effort to remember how. Have you tried screaming? You must have. That would have been a natural response. You've screamed and screamed and no one came, so you became silent.

One day the bowl is empty, and a small piece of parchment has been laid in it. One word is written on it, in red letters:

CONFESS.

Confess to what? To what? What have you done, what could anyone have done to deserve this? You remain silent.

The next day, the same message. And the next, and the next.

CONFESS.

All they want is for you to confess. Does it matter what you did, in the end? If confession is all they require, shouldn't you give it to them? End this torment?

CONFESS.

A lesser mortal would. You? You scream and pull at the chain.

Gain +2 . If you don't have any *Impetus Breakers* cards, gain one. Note "Breakthrough M022" on your Mnemos Track.

M022 *The truth—you can almost grasp it now. Your scarred wrists have grown into thick hide. You don't even feel the pain anymore. Your throat has gone coarse and your voice has become like a shriek, an ancient war cry.*

The message comes day after day, yet they have to stop. They have to feed you, or you would die, and what would be the point of it all then? And when they finally feed you, you laugh, as you think it is you who have broken them at last.

That night you grow sick. Something in the food. The next day you can't stand. A lesser mortal . . . but not you. The next day you work up the strength to pull the chain. A rattle answers and you are at peace.

And the torment continues, until the bowl stops coming altogether. You don't stop. Each time you jerk the chain, a rattle sounds. And one day the rattle is followed by a crack and a thud.

You've yanked the chain from the wall.

At first you are confounded, then happy, then sad. You laugh and you cry. Once the tears have run dry, you climb to the crack in the wall and start to widen it with the chain's hinge. You're thin, but you're strong, your arm muscles like two relentless machines.

It doesn't take much, the old mortar failing, having been worked by rain longer than you've worked on the chain. And then—then you're free.

Unrestrained, unbound, vast, and fathomless, terrifying freedom. You look at the sky and fall to your knees. So big and open. You look back into the cell, your cramped, cozy home for who knows how many years.

It was one thing to fight against something, to try to break free. Weathered by years, without a drachma to your name, unknown to all, what are you to do now with all this freedom?

A lesser mortal would crawl back to that cell, to live the only way they know.

A lesser mortal.

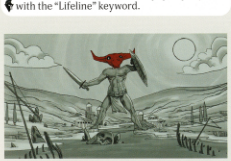
Choose:

1. *You are no lesser mortal and you will not be kept in a prison, even a sympathetic one. You have not chosen this life aboard the* Argo*, nor the burden of joining with Titans. You need to exercise your freedom and find your own way in the world.*

Leave the *Argo* to forge a new path. Mark D11. Gain +1 and retire your Argonaut. Then activate a new Argonaut.

2. *The hardest chains to break are those we cannot see. There is something holding you back, something making you stay. You're still imprisoned, it's just that your cell is a ship.*

Gain +1 . You cannot gain Mnemos nodes for Mnemos cards. You cannot equip *Rope* or with the "Lifeline" keyword.



Minoan Heritage

M004 *The dream is more vivid now. You are just a child. You stand atop a tower, a lighthouse perhaps, watching a massive fleet assemble in the bay below. At its head, a gigantic octarime with a figurehead of a golden bull. A hundred sails are hoisted, like a flock of seagulls taking flight.*

An older man appears beside you. He wears a flowing silk robe of white and blue, and has cold, deep-set eyes, pursed lips and a long, curly graying beard.

"Your brother sails to Athens," he says, pointing at the flagship. "He will bring us much glory at Marathon."

"Glory?" you ask with awe.

"The currency of history, the favor of the gods. You too will have your chance to gain yours, in time, little one." The man smiles and for a moment there is warmth in his eyes. It disappears quickly, as he looks to the palace on the hill. "Hopefully you will not turn out like your sister. Come, envoys from all corners of the island are waiting. They hate my visage, so let them get their fill."

"Father?" you ask timidly. "Why do they hate you?"

The man sneers.

"Because they are children and do not know how the world works. That knowledge is the burden of rule. They hate me, so they don't have to hate each other."

You walk the rest of the way in silence.

At the start of next Battle, gain the *Marked for Glory* Trauma card. Gain 4 Trireme resources. Note "Breakthrough M014" on your Mnemos Track.

M014 *The memory is more vivid now. You go to the throne room, but he isn't there. Lately, he's never there. He prefers the balcony overlooking the bay. As if that ship will ever come to port.*

You find him there, as expected, a wine jug all but empty in his limp hand. Dark rings under blank eyes, ruddy cheeks, and a grimace of disgust.

"Father," you say as calmly as you can, "Ariadne is missing again."

He doesn't move, doesn't look up.

"Father. Did you hear what I said? Do you care?"

"If you're so concerned about your sister, why aren't you out there, looking for her?" This comes out of nowhere. "Your brother would never stand for this Theseus nonsense."

"I am not my brother!" you bark, more harshly than you intended.

"That much is clear." Now he looks at you. His mad gaze pierces through your soul. "Am I to leave our kingdom in your frail hands one day? Pathetic. I should never have taken you in."

The words strike you like a hammer.

"You heard me. You're no child of mine. Begone!"

Gain the *Ikari* Fated Mnemos (if able) and +1 . Note "Breakthrough M024" on your Mnemos Track.

M024 *The truth—you can almost grasp it now. The countryside is in chaos. Some say Knossos was taken, others that Theseus has fallen. No one is certain what will happen. You do not care about any of this, not since you learned he is not your father. Uncovering the truth has become everything.*

You have followed countless leads, questioned countless witnesses. The king has a habit of taking theirs heirs of rival noble houses as ransom. That is how he destroyed them. How he united the island. All those children have ended up as apprentices to Daedalus, or they were sent straight to the maze. All, but one, it seems.

You ride all night. You think you have found your true lineage. At dawn, you arrive at a decrepit manor on the southern coast. An old woman walks out to greet you, her noble features eroded by time and hardship. She smiles and bows servilely.

"Blood of Minos! We have no troops to give."

"What?" You frown. "No. I came here . . ." What to say on such an occasion? You go for the truth: "I am your child, taken from you many years ago."

The woman smiles again and shakes her head.

"No, poor princeling. You are not mine."

"How can you be certain? Minos—"

"Your father killed my child in front of me after I revealed where my husband and his coconspirator were hiding."

"No, he told me—"

"Poor princeling. Minos is a cruel man playing cruel games, but he would not stomach raising a child not his own. You have his eyes too . . ."

That last remark stings like a knife wound. You want to strike her down right here and now for even suggesting you have been played a fool . . . and you realize, you inherited more than his eyes.

"Your father is not a good man," says the old woman, emboldened by your brooding. "But you risked all to find me. You are a kinder, gentler soul. And this island needs a kinder, gentler ruler. With your siblings gone, there is only one true child of the king left."

If you're in *Cycle I: Truth of the Labyrinth*, **see M040.** Otherwise, **see M042.**

M040

Choose:

1. *You cannot run from your lineage, but you can create a new heritage for Crete. One not based on cruelty. It is time to accept your responsibility. You decide to accept you are the child of Minos.*

Mark B11. Gain +1 🜁. You cannot gain Mnemos nodes for Mnemos cards.

2. *You would not claim the name of Minos even if they locked you in a brazen bull. Better to live your days nameless and in peace, without the burden of rule. You will deny your lineage.* Gain +1 ⚠. You cannot gain Mnemos nodes for Mnemos cards. Start each Battle with +1 Ψ.

M042

Choose:

1. *You cannot run from your lineage, but you can create a new heritage for Crete. One not based on cruelty. It is time to accept your responsibility and go back. You decide to accept you are the child of Minos.*

Mark B11. Gain +1 🜁 and retire your Argonaut. Then activate a new Argonaut.

2. *You would not claim the name of Minos even if they locked you in a brazen bull. Better to live your days nameless and in peace, without the burden of rule. You will deny your lineage.*

Gain +1 ⚠. You cannot gain Mnemos nodes for Mnemos cards. Start each Battle with +1 Ψ.

Siren Survivor

M003

The dream is more vivid now. *You're lying on the beach, your soaking wet clothes slowly drying in the morning sun. The seagulls pass above you like glaciers.*

The strait was said to be dangerous, visited by sirens, but you were pressed for time. And where has it gotten you?

You wince and you feel your dried lips cracking. All your compatriots are gone now. The sirens are gone too, but you can still smell their salty musk. See the spiral pattern of their giant shells, feel their soft touch on your sunburned cheek.

If you could, you would lie here for an eternity. To move is to accept that you've survived. How did you manage to escape? Why did you survive?

And then it hits you. They let you go. As one was about to seal your fate with a salty kiss, your ears swelling up with blood, she looked deep into your eyes and said with a silky, yet distraught voice, "Nadir Spiral. Not enough."

You lost consciousness after that.

And now you have to live with it for the rest of your days. Another flock of seagulls comes into view. Their squawks make your wounded ears ring. A crab nibbles at your foot with its tiny claw.

It would be easy for you to lie here and wait for the end. But you survived. And a survivor has an obligation to keep going. So you will move forward. You will seek them out and make them pay. For the sake of your crew and your own.

Add the *Siren Shell* Terrain to the next Battle (if possible). Note "Breakthrough M013" on your Mnemos Track.

M013

The memory is more vivid now. *As you scramble from the cold water onto dry land, a familiar, calming feeling washes over you. You survived. Again. Among the hardened veterans of the war trireme, each and every one of them fighting tooth and nail, you are the only one who made it out alive.*

But as you lie there, your soaking wet clothes slowly drying in the morning sun, seagulls passing above you like glaciers . . . a sense of déjà vu slinks in. You're back where you began, a lone survivor.

You feel that pull again, to just stay here until death takes you, when you suddenly realize you've taken one down! Just as she leaned in, you stabbed her with a serrated spear, a spear that had a rope tied to it! Then the ship run aground and . . .

You force yourself to stand up. The wreckage of your trireme's bow juts horizontally from the sandy beach. You climb onto the figurehead and find the rope still tied to the deck. You pull it. Resistance! There's something at the other end. Once, twice, thrice! Heavier than you'd imagine.

Finally, you manage to drag it from the depths. Half woman, half mollusk. A siren, blue and bleeding, but alive! You heave it onto the beach and draw your xiphos.

"Monster, tell me . . ."

The siren looks around with unseeing eyes. Your blood boils with rage.

"Tell me! Why? Why did you let me live? Twice now . . ."

"Asc-ascending . . . Spiral. Not . . . not . . ."

You press the siren for answers and she dies in your arms. But not before revealing a secret: there's a great event coming and the sirens are gathering to witness it.

You will be there also.

If you don't have any, gain the *Grappling Hook* 🜍 card. If you do, gain +1 Ω. Note "Breakthrough M023" on your Mnemos Track.

M023

The truth—you can almost grasp it now. *It has been many months since you survived that first encounter and you are so very tired. You sometimes look back to that day on the beach and wonder how things could've been different had you not pursued the sirens so relentlessly.*

An artisan's trade left by the wayside. A love interrupted, a child unborn. So many people left behind. A life unfished.

And what did you get in return? Callused hands and a scarred back. Sleepless nights and a waking life, full of nightmares and nightmares' slaying.

Now you are here on this godsforsaken island of shipwrecks and siren shells. You look at a shattered bireme beached on the sandbar like a wounded whale, and the bones gleaming in the sand. That could've been you. You move inland, from whence a mournful song sounds. There are lone sirens along the way—sentries, perhaps—and you dispatch them all with little effort. That much this journey has taught you.

You crest a hill and slowly descend into a valley of shells, some as small as an aspis, others the size of triremes. A dozen or so sirens await you at the bottom of the valley. Before you have a chance to speak, one of the sirens says, as if she knows you, "Zenith Spiral. You have survived enough."

"What? Why? This life of misery you've condemned me to. I did not hear the song and yet I chased you halfway around the world, of my own free will. Why did you let me live?"

"So they would remember." You are dumbfounded.

"Have you not learned how to kill a creature twice your size? How to survive on the open sea for days on end? Have you not defied both gods and monsters? You have been shaped like a fine shell. Undeterred, you became the Survivor."

"Zenith Spiral," they continue, "You have survived enough. We may grant you death now. Or you may grant us death and continue the spiral. But you will not find peace."

Mark a fated box:

☐☐☐☐

Then choose:

1. *You have survived enough, and you deserve to rest.*

Accept death. Mark A11. Gain +1 🜁 and retire your Argonaut. Gain *Medusalem* 🜏 card (Secret deck 2, card 16). Then activate a new Argonaut.

2. *No, there must be another reason. You just need to . . . survive a bit longer.*

Continue the Cycle. Lose 2 Mnemos nodes from this Mnemos. Gain as many ⚠ as there are fated boxes.

Someone Waiting

M005

The dream is more vivid now. *What you remember most is the scent of their skin. The glimmer in the corner of their eye as they are about to do something irresponsible. The calming words that always seem to soothe you, no matter how mad you are. You remember when you last saw them.*

It was so long ago.

One day your king wished to impress a visiting princess—and she demanded he give her a Hyperborean bird. You were a sailor of some renown, so you, along with many others, were drafted to be sent on an expedition to a faraway land to look for the bird which might not exist.

You said your goodbyes. You promised to return, and they promised to wait for you.

Weeks became months and months turned into years. In the end, to your great amazement, you did find a bird, though it was not at all how you imagined it: not a living thing, but a strange contraption, a giant facsimile of an avian and made of bronze. It bore the distinct mark of the great skyseers.

On your journey back, during a violent storm, it was the bird, its damnable weight, that sent your trireme to the bottom of the sea.

The thought of them kept you afloat, kept you swimming when many others gave up. It kept you alive and it guided you to shore.

But the expedition lasted many years, and time waits for no mortal. You returned, at last, world-weary and a bit diminished, though rich in experience and full of unfulfilled emotions. They, however, had left.

During the next Battle, when you are about to draw an Obol card, automatically draw the *You Live* Obol card. Note "Breakthrough M015" on your Mnemos Track.

M015

The memory is more vivid now. *It could have ended there. For you kept your side of the promise and that is all the world could ask of you. You were not a fool, and the passage of years has only made you wiser to the nature of mortals.*

Things change and we change with them and a promise made is nothing but a wish cast on the wind, no less fickle than the demand of that foreign princess who sent you halfway across the world.

Yet you refused to believe they would just forsake you, that they would walk back on those words you shared. And so you decided to find them, even if that was the last thing you would do.

The trail was cold, but there was a trail, a whisper here and a murmur there. To Corinth, to Athens, to the vast lands of Boeotia, and farther still.

Weeks became months and months turned into years. You survived by taking odd jobs and mercenary work. Trader, scout, bodyguard, messenger—you did it all. There were times when you were on the verge of giving up, your goal a vanishing point just beyond the horizon. And then you remembered that scent and that glimmer and it pushed you just a little further, just a bit more.

The day you learned they were lost at sea, something broke in you.

During the next Battle, when you are about to draw an Obol card, add one *You Died* Obol card before that draw. Note "Breakthrough M025" on your Mnemos Track.

M025

The truth—you can almost grasp it now. *Too weak to go on, too strong to give up on living, you stayed where you were, in the port of Alexandria. A storied sailor and explorer, there was work for you here, work that did not require much, but paid reasonably well.*

Another person would've sunk to the bottom of the wine casket or smoked their soul out in one of the many opium dens, or even subscribed to one of the cruel cults of the Olympians, for a slim chance of a reunion in Elysium. But not you.

Your drug was the yearning. The long evenings and mornings spent gazing out at the horizon, as if you could will them to return. Many times you wondered, was it like this for them, those first few years? Seemingly going on with their daily lives, in reality living only for those few moments before closing and just after opening their eyes?

Weeks became months and months turned into years. It was all too easy to waste your life, waiting for something to happen. For your life to begin. There were moments when you questioned everything. When you cursed the day you made that promise, cursed them for not keeping their word. For wasting your life.

But did you really? You traveled the world. You've seen things most have only dreamed about. You have lived a dozen lifetimes, walked down dozens of paths, dabbled in dozens of trades and professions. And all of that with a bright light of purpose to guide you.

It was not a life to be ashamed of. Not a life of regret. The only thing you would wish for was to share this life with them.

Alas, rarely does the world grant our wishes.

So, you are stunned when one day they show up at your door. Much older than you remember, world-weary and a bit diminished, though with that same glimmer in the corner of their eye.

"I—" You stumble. "I looked for you Hellas over." They smile.

"And I for you. You waited."

Choose:

1. *The world is an uncaring place and it rarely gives out freebies. This is the rarest of gifts. You have found each other, after all those years, and you won't let anything else stand between you ever again.*

Leave the *Argo* to be with the one you waited for. Mark E11. Gain +1 🜁 and retire your Argonaut. Then activate a new Argonaut.

2. *You have both waited for so long . . . and you need to wait just a bit longer. The* Argo *needs you. Or at least, this is something you tell yourself, to avoid admitting you're afraid of finding out if it was worth it, in the end.*

Gain +1 ⚠. You cannot gain Mnemos nodes for Mnemos cards. You can never Awaken or use Second Chance abilities.

Hekaton Battle

LEVEL 1–3

Required tiles:

LEVEL 1–3

- 16x Column
- 2x City

LEVEL 4+

- 11x Column
- 2x City
- 2x Maze Fissure I
- 1x Maze Fissure O
- 2x Maze Fissure L

Introduction:

Fallen priests of Demeter believe that the Primordial known as the Hekaton was created in the image of the long extinct Centimanes giants. A biological impossibility, made entirely out of arms and hands and fingers, yet so animal-like in its behavior that you would swear it was one of Gaia's precious children.

On its tough, stonelike skin it bears the maze pattern, the sign of the labyrinthine plague. This ungodly symbol marks it as one of the Primordials serving the Labyrinth—or the Punished, who is said to have unleashed it.

It does not sleep. It does not tire. It does not relent. Its eyeless gaze makes your crew ill at ease. Does it think? Does it feel?

Battle Setup:

1. **Standard Preparations:** Perform Standard Preparations (See Rulebook, p. 34).

2. **Primordial Positioning:** Place the Hekaton miniature on the indicated space in the center of the board. Determine facing direction. (Look at the bottom card from the Minor Trauma deck and turn the Primordial in the direction indicated by the arrow in the lower left corner.)

3. **Evolution:** Mark the leftmost empty box on the Hekaton Evolution Track. This box indicates the Hekaton's level during this Battle.

4. **Additional Setup:** Follow additional Battle Setup instructions introduced by Traits (if any).

Aftermath:

Victory: The Primordial is slain (number of BP cards in the Wound Stack is equal to or greater than the Primordial's value). Proceed to **Rewards & Penalties.**

Defeat: All Titans died. Gain +1 and proceed to **Rewards & Penalties.**

Retreat: If two or more Titans die during the Battle, you may retreat at the beginning of any Titan Round. Gain +1 and proceed to **Rewards & Penalties.**

Rewards & Penalties:

Tides of Fate: Reset Triskelions.

Tides of Fate: Subtract -2 .

Resources: Gain resources for each BP card in the Wound Stack. You gain the resources indicated in the upper right of the card, multiplied by the Primordial level. Gain 1 Hekaton Core resource for every critically wounded BP III card.

Casualties: Discard all conditions and tokens from Titan Sheets. Note dead Titans on the Argo Sheet.

Voyage: Shuffle Exploration cards removed until the next Timeline Battle back into the Exploration deck.

LEVEL 4+

Labyrinthauros Battle

Required tiles:

- 1x Labyrinth L
- 1x Labyrinth O
- 1x Labyrinth I
- 1x Labyrinth Z
- 2x City

Introduction:

The Labyrinthians exert their influence over the rural countryside, and even in cities like Knossos they have a sizable—albeit secret—following. The Punished sees all and the maze answers their prayer by sending the Labyrinthauros.

Once a clockwork automaton, a statue made by Daedalus to guard the Labyrinth, it now races across the lands of Crete, bringing terror and death wherever it appears. They say the Metal Bull knows the hidden ways of the Labyrinth and can cut through space and time at will, but those are surely tall tales. Like the one about the true shape of the Waywatcher . . .

Battle Setup:

1. **Standard Preparations:** Perform Standard Preparations (See Rulebook, p. 34).

2. **Primordial Positioning:** Look at the bottom card from the Minor Trauma deck. If the arrow in the lower left corner points → or ↑, place the Labyrinthauros miniature on the A space, facing →. If the arrow points ← or ↓, place the Labyrinthauros miniature on the B space, facing ←. If it shows ↻, choose one of the options above.

3. **Evolution:** Mark the leftmost empty box on the Labyrinthauros Evolution Track. This box indicates the Labyrinthauros's level during this Battle.

4. **Additional Setup:** Search the BP III deck for *Gaze of Temenos* and set it aside. Follow additional Battle Setup instructions introduced by Traits (if any).

Aftermath:

Victory: The Primordial is slain.

Defeat: All Titans died. Gain +1 .

Retreat: Possible (2+ Titans died). Gain +1 .

Rewards & Penalties:

Tides of Fate: Reset Triskelions.

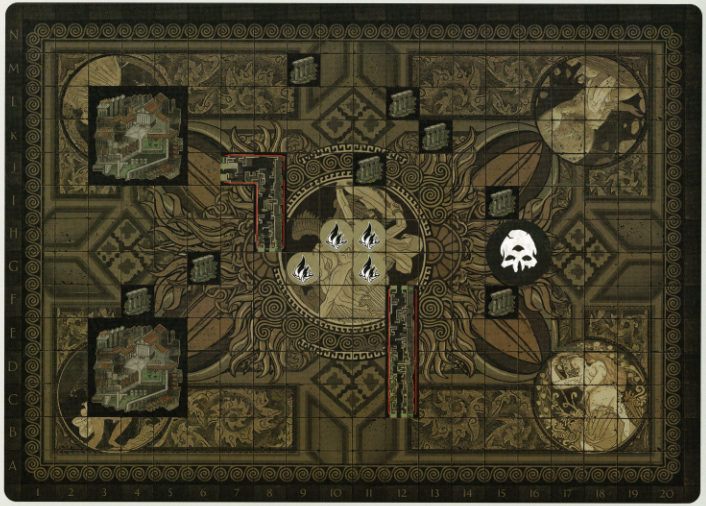
Tides of Fate: Subtract -2 .

Resources: Gain resources for each BP card in the Wound Stack. You gain the resources indicated in the upper right of the card, multiplied by the Primordial level. Gain 1 Labyrinthauros Core resource for every critically wounded BP III card.

Casualties: Discard all conditions and tokens from Titan Sheets. Note dead Titans on the Argo Sheet.

Voyage: Shuffle Exploration cards removed until the next Timeline Battle back into the Exploration deck.

Ambush Battle



Required tiles:

- 8x Column
- 2x City
- 1x Labyrinth L
- 1x Labyrinth I

Introduction:

The local villagers saw a Primordial crest the mountain ridge. You've grown somewhat efficient at dealing with the creatures, so you hastily put together a strike team of Titans.

When you reach the site, the place is deserted. This does not look right. You order a retreat, but it's too late. The air crackles and something heavy lands on the ground behind you with a loud thud. You turn around, realizing you've just walked into a trap.

Battle Setup:

1. **Ambush:** Choose the Hekaton or Labyrinthauros, whichever has fewer marked boxes on the Evolution Track.

2. **Standard Preparations:** Perform Standard Preparations (See Rulebook, p. 34).

3. **Primordial Positioning:** Place the Primordial miniature on the indicated space, facing the most Titans.

4. **No Evolution:** Do not mark any boxes on the Evolution Track. The Primordial's level is determined by the last marked box on its Evolution Track.

5. **Additional Setup:** Follow additional Battle Setup instructions introduced by Traits (if any).

Aftermath:

Victory: The Primordial is slain.

Defeat: All Titans died. Gain +1 .

Retreat: Impossible.

Rewards & Penalties:

Tides of Fate: Reset Triskelions.

Tides of Fate: Subtract -2 .

Resources: Do not gain resources for BP cards. Gain 1 Hekaton or Labyrinthauros Core (depending on which one you faced) resource for every critically wounded BP III card.

Casualties: Discard all conditions and tokens from Titan Sheets. Note dead Titans on the Argo Sheet.

Temenos Battle

Required tiles:

- 8x Column
- 1x Labyrinth L
- 1x Labyrinth O
- 1x Labyrinth I
- 1x Labyrinth Z
- 2x City

Introduction:

Where the Temenos appears, all hope fades. It is the Cataclysm That Came to Crete. The Miracle of the Punished. The Source of the Plague. The Pyramid of the Centimanes.

It is the Truth of the Labyrinth made flesh and stone and void. A Primordial of immense size and power, more force of nature than mortal creature. In the end, it will surely consume us all.

Battle Setup:

1. **Standard Preparations:** Perform Standard Preparations (See Rulebook, p. 34).

2. **Primordial Positioning:** Place the Temenos miniature on the indicated space in the center of the board, determine facing direction.

3. **Battle Track:** Mark the leftmost empty box on the Temenos Battle Track. Skip this step if there are no empty boxes. Temenos doesn't evolve and is always considered to be LVL 1.

4. **Additional Setup:** Follow additional Battle Setup instructions introduced by Traits (if any).

Victory Conditions:

Victory (Escape the Maze): You must find a way out of the maze the Temenos has built around you. Depending on the number of marked boxes on the Temenos Battle Track, the Argonauts may win as soon as the Temenos suffers:

Boxes	Wounds
1–2	3
3	4
4	5

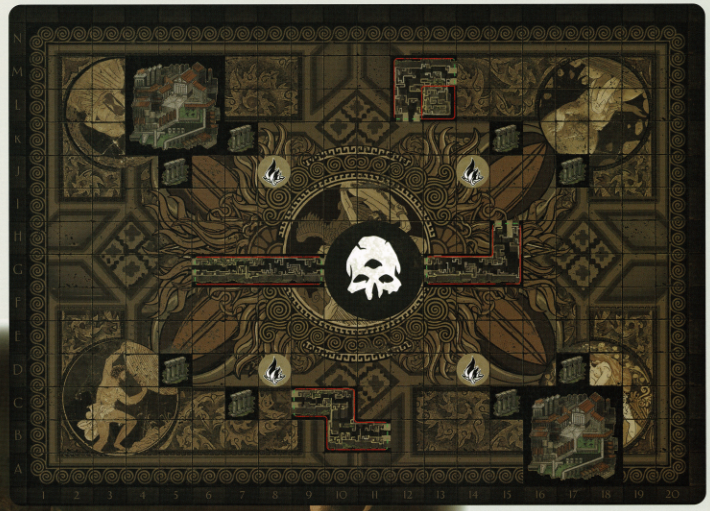
When this happens, you may proceed to **Aftermath** or continue the Battle. If you decide to continue the Battle, you may only declare a win immediately after dealing another Wound. In other words, you may check the above condition only after dealing an additional Wound.

Victory (Killed Temenos): If you deal 10 Wounds, immediately **proceed to 0169**.

Defeat: All Titans died. Proceed to **Aftermath**.

Fear is the Mind Killer: If the Battle was lost with only 1 Argo-bred Titan participating, kill another random Argo-bred Titan.

Retreat: Impossible. Is there even a way out of this maze? You cannot retreat from this Battle.



Special Rewards:

Escaping the maze as soon as possible is a wise strategy, but fighting the Temenos more will yield additional rewards! Dealing more than 3 Wounds grants the following (non-stacking) bonuses:

Wounds	Bonus
4	1 Maze Fragment
5	2 Maze Fragments and 1 Muscle Cluster, Clacified Knuckle Bone, Infused Mechanism or Fleshy Mantle
6	3 Maze Fragments and 1 Muscle Cluster, Clacified Knuckle Bone, Infused Mechanism or Fleshy Mantle
7	4 Maze Fragments and 2 Muscle Clusters, Clacified Knuckle Bones, Infused Mechanisms or Fleshy Mantles, as well as the Labyrinth Nymph (Secret deck 3, card 30)
8	5 Maze Fragments and 2 Muscle Clusters, Clacified Knuckle Bones, Infused Mechanisms or Fleshy Mantles
9 or more	6 Maze Fragments and 3 Muscle Clusters, Clacified Knuckle Bones, Infused Mechanisms or Fleshy Mantles, as well as the *Pyramidion* card (Secret deck 5, card 46).

AFTERMATH

Gain Special Rewards. **Then, if you have a noted Special Aftermath number (if you haven't, check the Story paragraph that led you to this Battle), see it now.**

There is No Maze Battle

Required tiles:

- 8x Column
- 1x Labyrinth L
- 1x Labyrinth O
- 1x Labyrinth I
- 1x Labyrinth Z
- 2x City

Introduction:

The Temenos emerges from the ruins of Knossos's acropolis, its deafening roar resounding through the streets, its gargantuan maw glowing with a sickly reddish violet. With each step it takes, the ground shakes. Are you imagining things, or is it even larger than before?

You quickly evacuate the palace and meet up with the Argo*, now practically aground in the port: Alkibiades has brought it as close as possible.*

The Temenos, its silhouette an ominous portent on the city skyline, is right behind you.

The Old Priest welcomes you aboard.

"So far, so good, eh?" he says with a chuckle, looking to the enormous Primordial. His hopeful demeanor puts you at ease a bit. "You've trained for this. The anchor has been dropped. Finish it."

As you slowly submerge yourself in the waters of the Palaneion, you look to each other.

"We sailed to this island unsure of our place in this world," says one of you.

And here, confronted with a cult of nothingness, you found purpose. You had the power to help people. To make a change. And, along your journey, you did.

"Now we know who we are. We are the Argonauts."

"We carry the burdens no other is willing to bear."

"And we triumph! Onward, Argonauts!"

This is it. You've lured the Temenos out. Now you need to put it down for good. No escapes, no resurrections. If you lose this battle, you lose the Campaign. If you win, well, you save Crete.

Battle Setup:

1. **Standard Preparations:** Perform Standard Preparations (See Rulebook, p. 34).

2. **Primordial Positioning:** Place the Temenos miniature on the indicated space in the center of the board. Determine facing direction.

3. **Battle Track:** Do not mark any boxes on the Battle Track.

4. **Additional Setup:** Follow additional Special Setup instructions (see below).

Special Setup:

If you have finished the Plight of the People hub: *As your Titan forms lumber toward the Primordial, you see the Cretans flooding the streets and the rooftops. What are they thinking? And what are they chanting? And then you hear it: "Argonauts! Argonauts!" They're—they're cheering you on!*

Each Titan gains +1 Ω.

If you have finished the Fated Conundrum hub: *You have wandered a mazed polis long before the Labyrinth got to Knossos. You got lost, you found your way and you've saved others. You've got this.*

When you draw an Obol card for Maze Reconfiguration, add another *You Live!* Obol card for that Obol Draw.

If you have finished the Hidden in Plain Sight hub: *As the Temenos shambles toward you, you notice dozens of tiny lights swarm the rooftops, like falling stars. The Hornsworn have joined the battle. You wonder what a ragtag band of rebels can do against such a foe, when suddenly an explosion topples one of the tallest towers in the city, right onto the Primordial's back, exposing a weak spot!*

The Temenos starts with the VP unlocked.

If you have finished the Man of Purpose hub: *The streets between you and the Temenos suddenly fill with Hornsworn warriors on foot and on horseback. They salute you, then rush toward the inevitable. Their charge buys you precious time.*

When you place your Titans during the Titan and Argonaut setup, each Titan gets a free Reposition 2 before the start of Battle.

If you have finished the Uneasy Rests the Head hub: *The Horned Guard form a buffer between you and the Temenos. You don't know who leads them, but they are organized and determined. With Crete's name on their lips, they engage the monster. Many will die, but their deaths will make a difference.*

Start the Battle with 3 Opening (▽), 2 Break (▽) and 1 Diversion (▽) tokens in the Kratos Pool.

If you have finished the Tears of a Minotaur hub: *Every man, woman and god has a blindspot. This monster is no different.*

For the duration of this Battle, Temenos Rear spaces are considered Blindspots.

If you have finished the Dreams Laid Bare hub: *The port streets suddenly fill with crowds of Labyrinthians. Their chants are filled, for once, with hope and the memory of Theseus and Ariadne's love. The Temenos reels. It fears hope.*

Gain the *Wise Providence* boon! (Titans have the Initiative.)

AFTERMATH

Defeat

You fought valiantly and gave it your all, but in the end, it was not enough. Your Titans fell one by one. You failed to stop the Labyrinth and there is no one else to take up your burden.

Your crew, gathered on the upper deck, watches as the Temenos lumbers toward the Argo *beached in Knossos port.*

You feel the chilling breath coming out of the singular gaping maw and fear fills you. Yet you stay on deck and don't avert your eyes. You will face oblivion head on.

The *Argo*'s odyssey ends here. Game over. Mark 1 fated box in the *Unfathomable Aeons* Cycle I Special Event.

Victory

The Labyrinth encloses all around you and time seems to all but run out, yet you don't relent. You never relent. For there is only one true path anyone can take—forward. There is no maze if you push on!

As if infuriated by your very thoughts, the Temenos rises high above the skyline. For the very first time you can witness the extent of its slug-like body. It bears down on you, a gloomy song resounding from its circular maw.

You answer with the most primal scream, the echo of the song of life. And you charge. And, against impossible odds, one of you deals the killing blow.

The creature releases an agonized roar and collapses to the ground, sending a shockwave of dust and debris throughout the city. When it settles, you are the ones left standing.

You are the ones who triumphed over despair.

You. Are. The Argonauts.

Story Concludes: See 0129.

Pursuer Battle

Required tiles:

- 16x Column
- 4x Ambrosia Pool

Introduction:

A terrible foe awaits you. It has pursued you on moths' wings across the Great Sea like the Messenger Hermes himself. It is cruel and it is cunning. It has a seething hatred for mortals and Titans alike. You know not what you have done to draw its ire, but it is as inevitable as the tide. It knows the Argo*'s scent and it will not stop until it extinguishes every living soul onboard.*

For the Pursuer, Titans are mere playthings and in play does it indulge. In that, Argonauts, there is hope. Exploit its cruelty and bide your time until you grow strong.

Battle Setup:

1. **Standard Preparations:** Perform Standard Preparations (See Rulebook, p. 34).

2. **Primordial Positioning:** Place the Hermesian Pursuer miniature on the indicated space in the center of the board. Determine facing direction.

3. **Battle Track:** Mark the leftmost empty box on the Pursuer Battle Track. Skip this step if there are no empty boxes. The Pursuer doesn't evolve and is always considered to be LVL 1.

4. **Additional Setup:** Shuffle the four Flare cards and place them near the Primordial Sheet. If there is a mark by the Adversary Battle Track, disable the Toying trait. Follow additional Battle Setup instructions introduced by Traits (if any).

Victory Conditions (Tease):

Victory: Depending on the number of marked boxes on the Hermesian Pursuer Battle Track, the Argonauts may win as soon as the Pursuer suffers:

Boxes	Wounds
1	5
2	6
3	7
4	8
5	9

When this happens, you may proceed to **Victory (Tease)** or continue the Battle. If you decide to continue the Battle, you cannot change your mind: now you can win only if the Pursuer is slain. When this happens, proceed to **Victory (Killed the Pursuer)**.

Defeat: Depending on the number of marked boxes on the Hermesian Pursuer Battle Track, the Argonauts are defeated as soon as:

Boxes	Defeat
1	1 Titan dies
2	2 Titans die
3	3 Titans die
4	All Titans die

When this happens, proceed to **Defeat**.

Retreat: Impossible. It is too late to escape now. You cannot retreat from this Battle.

Victory Conditions (No More Games):

Important: Use these conditions only if there is a mark by your Pursuer Track denoting this!

Victory: The Primordial is slain, proceed to **Victory (Killed the Pursuer)**.

Defeat: All Titans died, proceed to **Defeat**.

Retreat: Impossible.

Aftermath: Victory (Tease)

You may not be strong enough to slay the creature, but you are able to drive it away, for now. As the Pursuer's silhouette disappears in the evening mist, you hear a sinister cackle and wonder: did it let you win?

Lucid Dream: Add a *Dream of Pharos* Event to the Timeline 2 days from now.

Proceed to **Rewards & Penalties**.

Defeat

For once, the monstrous creature does not pursue you. It looms over the fallen like an omen of death, then leans across, gaze fixed on the survivors. One peck of the beak breaks the Antikratos Helm. A long proboscis extends from a hidden orifice and disappears into the crack. You hear an almost human cackle.

Taken to the Roost: Lose -1 ✕.

Proceed to **Rewards & Penalties**.

Victory (Killed the Pursuer)

The Primordial falls to the ground, its grotesque body still twitching. Cheers erupt all over the ship. You've dreamed of this day since you heard about the fate of the first Argonauts. But it is not over.

Black Blood Cryptex: If E1 is marked and you have 15+ ⍐, go to Inward Odyssey (19): Black Blood Cryptex.

Deceitful Tear: Gain 1 Sisyphus Tear (only the first time you win).

Lucid Dream: Add a *Dream of Pharos* Event to the Timeline 2 days from now.

Ship of Secrets: Gain +1 ⍐ (only the first time you win).

No More Games: From this point on, during Pursuer Battles in the current Cycle: Ignore Victory Conditions (Tease) and use Victory Conditions (No More Games) instead, disable the *Toying* Trait. Put a mark by the Pursuer Battle Track to note this.

Proceed to **Rewards & Penalties, then the Story Continues: See 0201 in the Cycle I Main Story Section.**

Rewards & Penalties:

Tides of Fate: Reset Triskelions.

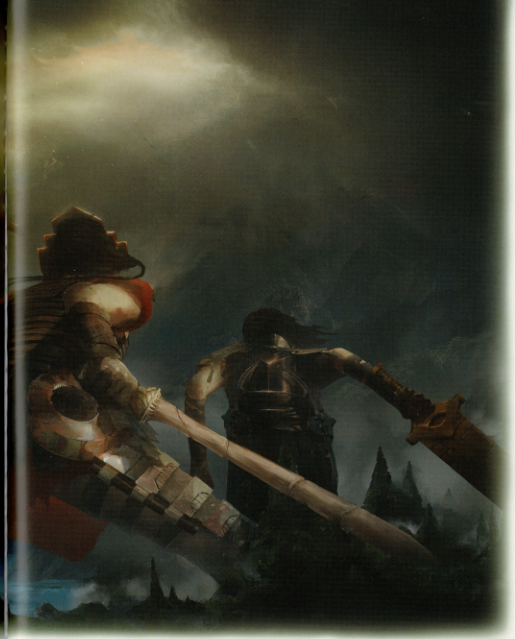
Tides of Fate: Subtract -2 ⍒.

Resources: Gain resources for each BP card in the Wound Stack. You gain the resources indicated in the upper right of the card, multiplied by the Primordial level. Gain 1 Pursuer Core resource for every critically wounded BP III card.

Timid: If the Battle was lost with no Argo-bred Titan participating, kill 1 random Argo-bred Titan that did not participate (if there are any). You cannot use a Pygmalion Stone to save this Titan and it does not grant a Pygmalion Stone mark (irrelevant in Cycle I).

Casualties: Discard all conditions and tokens from Titan Sheets. Note dead Titans on the Argo Sheet.

Pursuer Sighting: If this is your first Battle with the Hermesian Pursuer, add the *Pursuer Sighting* Technology card to your Projects and gain +1 ⍐.



Pursuit's End Battle

Required tiles:

- 12x Column
- 4x Ambrosia Pool
- 3x Ambrosia Trail

Introduction:

You enter the Hermesian Pursuer's lair. You have imagined this place many times. Sometimes it was a dark, dank hole in the earth. Other times, a cave covered in sticky cocoons. What you did not imagine was a small cliffside town, deserted and drenched in ambrosia. Is this where it took your crewmembers?

The creature is right there, hunched, trembling. You approach and the trembling only gets worse. But it's not fear, you realize. It's . . . The monster bursts out laughing, its ominous cackle reverberating in your skulls like a god's jest.

The trembling stops and the monster rises. It is not wounded. It has lured you here, far from the Argo. Now, it springs its trap.

Pursuer Battle:

This battle follows the normal Pursuer Battle Rules, with the following exceptions and additions.

No More Games: Remember? Disable the *Toying* Trait.

Victory or Death: You can win this Battle only by killing the Pursuer.

Pall of Terror: You cannot use Sisyphus Tears or retreat.

Memories into Nightmares: Using a Mnemos ability costs +1 Ψ more.

Aftermath:

Defeat

You will never forget the terror your Titan felt at the end. It is as if the Hermesian Pursuer has drawn out some primal fear, some atavistic response to an existential threat.

Then you are yanked out of the Balaneion, coughing and shaking, barely conscious. Only one thing rattles in your mind: it has won. And it will be coming.

Business As Usual: Suffer normal consequences of a Pursuer Battle Defeat (p. 118).

Pursuit Continues: Spawn the Hermesian Pursuer. The Hermesian Pursuer will continue to hunt you (ignoring the *Toying* Trait). You retain the ability to add the *Pursuit's End* Battle to the Timeline (**see 0201** for details) and subsequent attempts will ignore the *Memories into Nightmares* rule.

Victory

The Hermesian Pursuer falls to its knees. It raises its abnormally small head toward you, devoid of fear or humanity, alien to the end.

You strike it down with a single powerful blow . . . but you do not stop. The others join in. This time, no last minute escapes, no resurrection, no traps, and no reprieve. You will quarter the beast if that's what it takes for it never to rise again.

The savaged body releases its ambrosia load, perhaps as part of its death throes, and among the bubbling black fluid you notice the strange stone organ, the Black Blood Cryptex. You have seen it before but not up close.

Cross out the Hermesian Pursuer's name and all marks from the Adversary Battle Track. You can no longer initiate the *Pursuit's End* Battle. **Story Concludes: See 0299.**

Special Aftermath

0001

AFTERMATH
Defeat

This battle was decided before it even began. Your crew watches helplessly from the deck of the ship, their hearts filling with doubt and despair. There is no hope of victory and no sense to this slaughter. The towering behemoth of flesh and stone tears through your ranks with frightening ease. Its power is several magnitudes above your own, a monument to the Truth of the Labyrinth.

Your launches barely make it out as the gargantuan monstrosity rampages down the shore, but stops at the waterline. It raises its pyramid-shaped head toward you. It seems it cannot cross the sea. A blessing, for if it would reach the Argo *. . . But you know it will wait at the heart of the Labyrinth, this . . . Temenos. You dread the day you will have to face it again. And that day will come.*

Whispers of Despair: Gain +1 .
Argo Damage: Lose -1 .
Temenos Sighting: Add the *Temenos Sighting* Technology card to your Projects deck.
Then see **Rewards & Penalties** below.

Victory

You manage to wound the monstrosity and distract it long enough to evacuate the city. Your launches make it out just as the gargantuan creature rampages down the shore, stopping abruptly at the waterline. It seems it cannot cross the sea. It just stands there, towering over ruined buildings, its gaping maw turned toward the Argo*. It will wait for you at the heart of the Labyrinth, this . . . Temenos.*

Make no mistake, this is a victory. You could not have hoped for more given your position . . . but you can hope for the future. The true enemy has revealed itself and it's just a matter of time before you're offered a rematch. You will be ready then.

A Fleeting Dream: Least likely Argonaut gains 1 Mnemos node.
Then see **Rewards & Penalties** below.

Rewards & Penalties

Tides of Fate: Reset Triskelions.
Tides of Fate: Subtract -2 .
Resources: Gain resources for each BP card in the Wound Stack. You gain the resources indicated in the upper right of the card, multiplied by the Primordial level. Gain 1 Temenos Core resource for every critically wounded BP III card.
Casualties: Discard all conditions and tokens from Titan Sheets. Note dead Titans on the Argo Sheet.
Story Continues:
If L1 is marked, **see 0051.**
If L2 is marked, **see 0052.**
If J7 is marked, **see 0053.**
If J10 is marked, **see 0054.**
If G9 is marked, **see 0055.**

0002

AFTERMATH
Defeat

No one could have known what you would face in this sleepy coastal town, yet you cannot imagine even the best preparations would have made a difference. The monster, the maze personified, wreaked havoc among your Titans. In the end, you were powerless to stop it.

It would reach the Argo *and tear it to pieces—if not for the sea, which the creature seemingly cannot cross.*

As you retreat to the relative safety of the coastal waters, you bear witness to the destruction of Tryphena's town. The Labyrinth monster razes it to the ground, as if to send a message. You promise yourself, you will not allow this to happen again.

Whispers of Despair: Gain +1 .
Argo Damage: Lose -1 or gain +1 .
Then see **Rewards & Penalties** below.

Victory

You fight ferociously. There is no way you can kill the creature, but you manage to hold it back long enough to evacuate the town. The Minoans may mourn the loss of their homes, but at least they're alive.

The monster stops pursuing you as soon as you're on water. It retreats to the top of the cliff, then sits among the abandoned buildings of Tryphena's town. The hollow gaze of its maw follows the Argo *as it sails toward the open sea.*

Refugees: Gain +1 and +1 .
A Fleeting Dream: Least likely Argonaut gains 1 Mnemos node.
Then see **Rewards & Penalties** below.

Rewards & Penalties

Tides of Fate: Reset Triskelions.
Tides of Fate: Subtract -2 .
Resources: Gain resources for each BP card in the Wound Stack. You gain the resources indicated in the upper right of the card, multiplied by the Primordial level. Gain 1 Temenos Core resource for every critically wounded BP III card.
Casualties: Discard all conditions and tokens from Titan Sheets. Note dead Titans on the Argo Sheet.
Story Continues: Archive the *Shape of Things to Come* Doom card and read side 2A of the *Invisible Weights* Doom card. **Then proceed to the Voyage Phase.**

0003

AFTERMATH
Defeat

You fought valiantly and gave it your all, but in the end, it was not enough. Your Titans fell one by one. You failed to stop the Temenos from reaching the Argo*.*

Your crew, gathered on the upper deck, watches as the creature lumbers toward the ship lying slanted on the maze fragments like a helpless beached whale.

You feel the chilling breath coming out of the singular gaping maw and fear fills you. Yet you stay on deck and don't avert your eyes. You will face oblivion head on.

The *Argo*'s odyssey ends here. Game over. Mark 1 fated box in the *Unfathomable Aeons* Cycle I Special Event.

Victory (Rewards & Penalties)

You prevail even against the immense power of the Temenos. Your Titans bob and weave around its giant tentacles and deal wound after wound. Though the creature is far from defeated, it staggers and the labyrinth outcrop moves with it. The stone blocks shake and sink beneath the waves, releasing the Argo*.*

A Fleeting Dream: Least likely Argonaut gains 1 Mnemos node.
Tides of Fate: Reset Triskelions.
Tides of Fate: Subtract -5 .
Resources: Gain resources for each BP card in the Wound Stack. You gain the resources indicated in the upper right of the card, multiplied by the Primordial level. Gain 1 Temenos Core resource for every critically wounded BP III card.
Casualties: Discard all conditions and tokens from Titan Sheets. Note dead Titans on the **Argo** Sheet.
Story Continues: See 0056.

0004

AFTERMATH
Defeat

Even after all this time, all the technological breakthroughs and preparations, you're still no match for the Truth of the Labyrinth. The power of the creature is simply overwhelming. As your Titans fall to the ground, dead or dying, you sink in despair.

"Even in defeat you manage a victory." The Old Priest's words soothe your souls. "The Titans are majestic creatures, but they can be replaced. Their sacrifice allowed Alkibiades to extricate the Grave of Ariadne."

Doom: Gain +1 .
Argo Damage: Lose -1 .
Then, see **Rewards & Penalties** below.

Victory

You held on long enough for Alkibiades's ship-breakers to remove the Grave of Ariadne and safely transport it onboard the Argo*. This victory gives you hope for the future.*

A Fleeting Dream: Least likely Argonaut gains 1 Mnemos node.
Daedalus Treasures: Gain 6 Armament resources.
Then, see **Rewards & Penalties** below.

Rewards & Penalties

High seas-worthy: The *Argo* is now high seas-worthy. *Cycle II: Abysswatchers* is unlocked. Even if you don't conclude Cycle I, you can start Cycle II with Fresh Campaign Start settings (see Cycle II Rules for details).
Tides of Fate: Reset Triskelions.
Tides of Fate: Subtract -2 .
Resources: Gain resources for each BP card in the Wound Stack. You gain the resources indicated in the upper right of the card, multiplied by the Primordial level. Gain 1 Temenos Core resource for every critically wounded BP III card.
Casualties: Discard all conditions and tokens from Titan Sheets. Note dead Titans on the Argo Sheet.
Story Continues: See 0090.

0005

AFTERMATH
Defeat

The Hekaton rips through your ranks with ferocity and animal cunning. You thought you had it all figured out, that you had seen everything the Labyrinth had to throw at you. It was just a taste of things to come. And they will come, unless you put a stake in the Labyrinth's heart.

You give it your all: wild Titans from the Stoa, rank upon rank of hoplites, engine discharge from the aeolipilean engines—all the power you can muster. In the end, it's enough, barely. You have no way of killing it, so you manage the next best thing: you push it off board. Thankfully, like all the spawn of the Labyrinth, it cannot swim.

You need to count your losses and press on. You won't survive another ordeal like this.

Doom: Gain +1 .
Argo Heavy Damage: Lose -2 (but not below 1).
Valiant Sacrifice: Lose -2 (but not below 1).
Lambs to the Slaughter: Lose -2 Titans.
Fickle Fate: Gain +2 .
Then, see **Rewards & Penalties** below.

Victory

The fatal blow sends the monster to the deck. It reaches for you, grasping with its many hands, yet gripping nothing. Finally, it slumps, its countless fingers twitching and becoming rigid, each lifeless hand like a dead spider. In you, the Labyrinth has found its match.

Mazed Heart: Gain a 1 Hekaton Core resource.
Argo Damage: Lose -1 (but not below 1).
The Labyrinth Recoils: Swap Map tiles 22 and 23 with their special versions.
Then, see **Rewards & Penalties** below.

Rewards & Penalties

Tides of Fate: Reset Triskelions.
Tides of Fate: Subtract -3 .
Resources: Gain resources for each BP card in the Wound Stack. You gain the resources indicated in the upper right of the card, multiplied by the Primordial level. Gain 1 Hekaton Core resource for every critically wounded BP III card.
Casualties: Discard all conditions and tokens from Titan Sheets. Note dead Titans on the Argo Sheet.
Story Continues: Archive the *Invisible Weights* Doom card and read side 3A of the *No Way Out* Doom card. Then, **proceed to the Voyage Phase.**

0006

AFTERMATH
Defeat

Doom: Gain +1 .
Argo Damage: Lose -1 .
Then, see **Rewards & Penalties** below.

Victory

A Fleeting Dream: Least likely Argonaut gains 1 Mnemos node.
Then, see **Rewards & Penalties** below.

Rewards & Penalties

High seas-worthy: The *Argo* is now high seas-worthy. *Cycle II: Abyssswatchers* is unlocked. Even if you don't conclude Cycle I, you can start Cycle II with Fresh Campaign Start settings.
Tides of Fate: Reset Triskelions.
Tides of Fate: Subtract -2 .
Resources: Gain resources for each BP card in the Wound Stack. You gain the resources indicated in the upper right of the card, multiplied by the Primordial level. Gain 1 Temenos Core resource for every critically wounded BP III card.
Casualties: Discard all conditions and tokens from Titan Sheets. Note dead Titans on the Argo Sheet.
Proceed to the Voyage Phase.